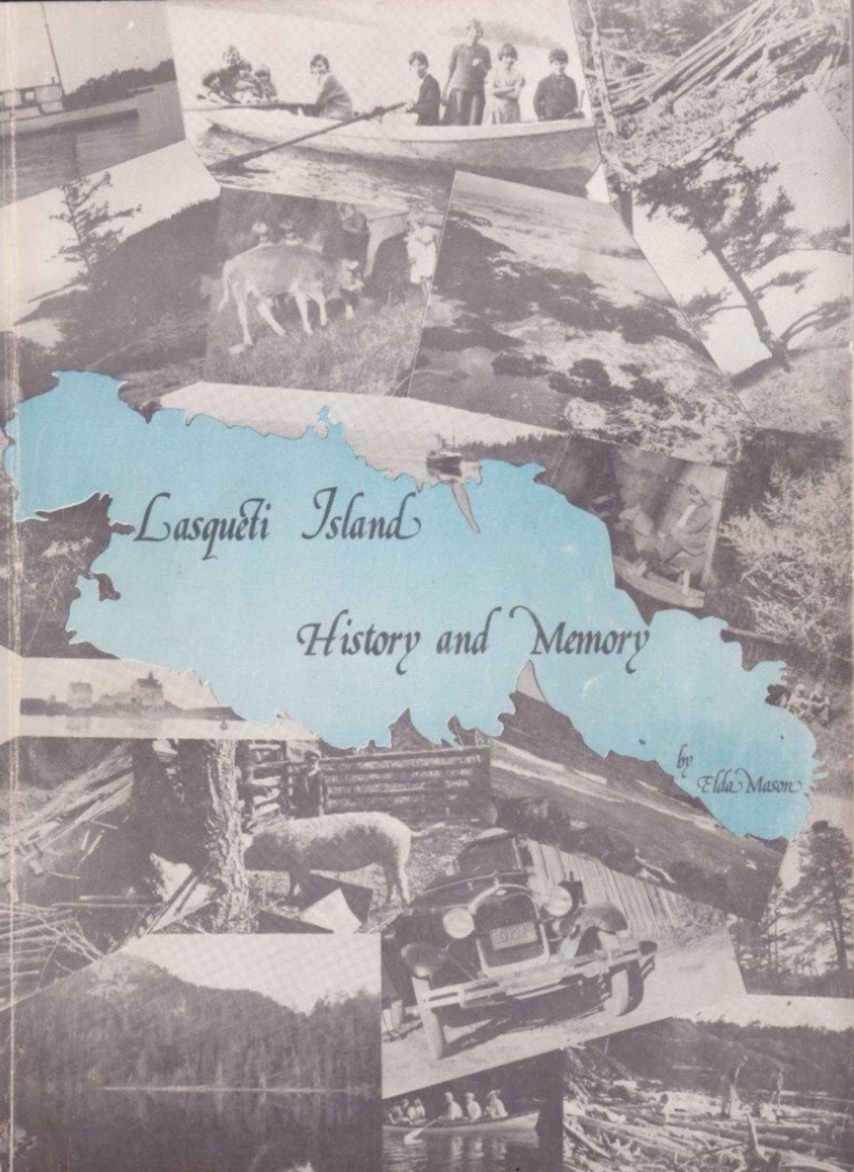


Lasqueti Island

History and Memory

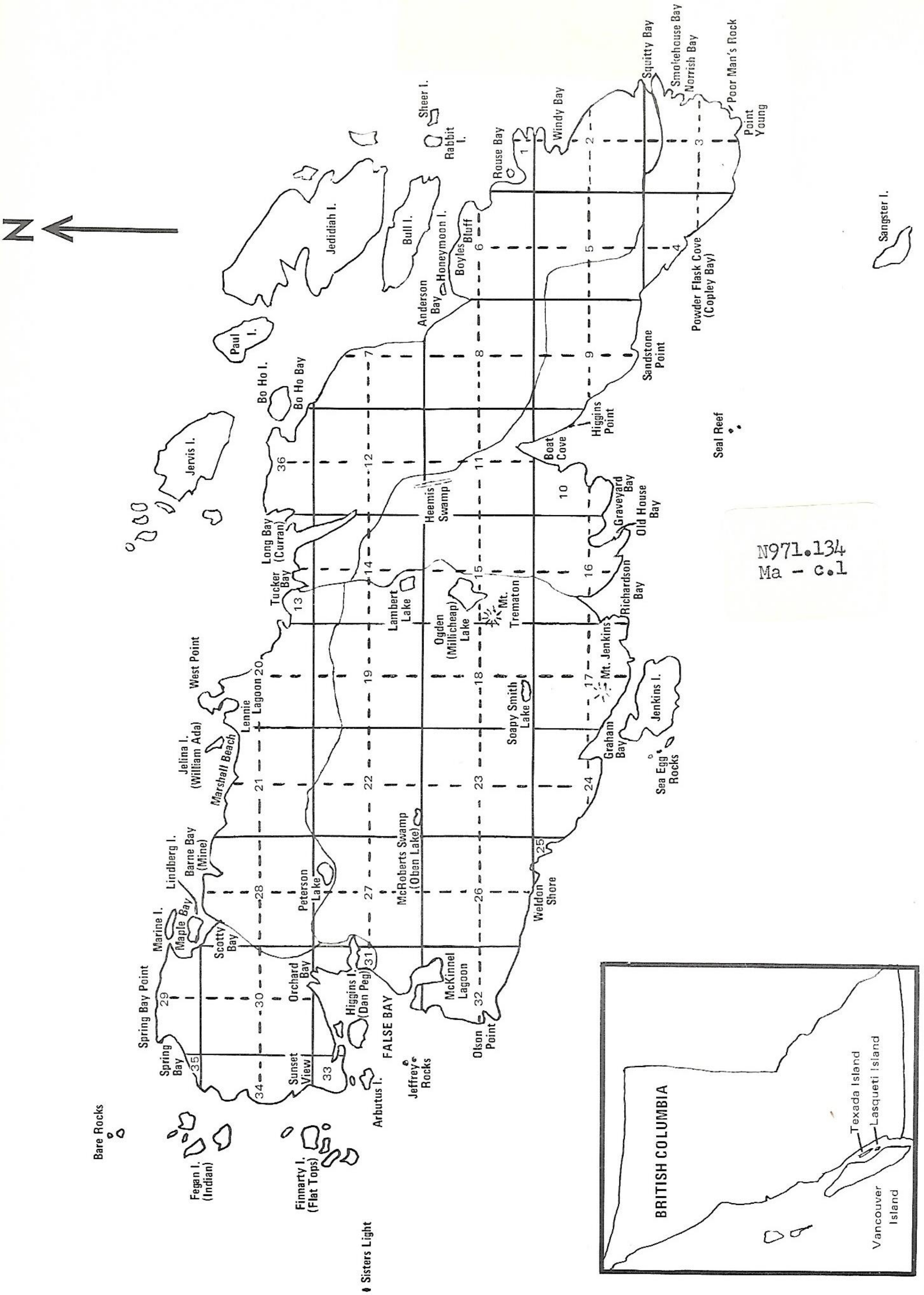
by
Elda Mason

LASQUETI ISLAND
HISTORY AND MEMORY

by
Elda Copley Mason

Dedicated to all those Lasqueti Islanders, beginning with my husband, Laurie, whose wonderful memories and keen sense of humour have made the writing of this book possible.

© 1976, Mrs. Elda Maria Mason, South Wellington P.O., British Columbia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Squitty Bay
Smokehouse Bay
Norrish Bay
Poor Man's Rock
Point Young
Sheer I.
Rabbit I.
Windy Bay
Rouse Bay
Jedidiah I.
Bull I.
Honeymoon I.
Boyles Bluff
Anderson Bay
Sangster I.
Powder Flask Cove (Copley Bay)
Sandstone Point
Paul I.
Bo Ho I.
Bo Ho Bay
Jervis I.
Higgins Point
Boat Cove
Seal Reef
Heemis Swamp
Graveyard Bay
Old House Bay
Long Bay (Curran)
Tucker Bay
Lambert Lake
Ogden (Millicheap) Lake
Mt. Trematon
Richardson Bay
Mt. Jenkins
West Point
Lennie Lagoon
Soapy Smith Lake
Jenkins I.
Jelina I. (William Ada)
Marshall Beach
Graham Bay
Sea Egg Rocks
McRoberts Swamp (Oben Lake)
Lindberg I.
Barne Bay (Mine)
Peterson Lake
Weldon Shore
Marine I.
Maple Bay
Scotty Bay
Orchard Bay
McKinnel Lagoon
Spring Bay Point
Higgins I. (Dan Peg)
FALSE BAY
Olson Point
Spring Bay
Sunset View
Jeffrey Rocks
Arbutus I.
Bare Rocks
Fegan I. (Indian)
Finnarty I. (Flat Tops)
Sisters Light
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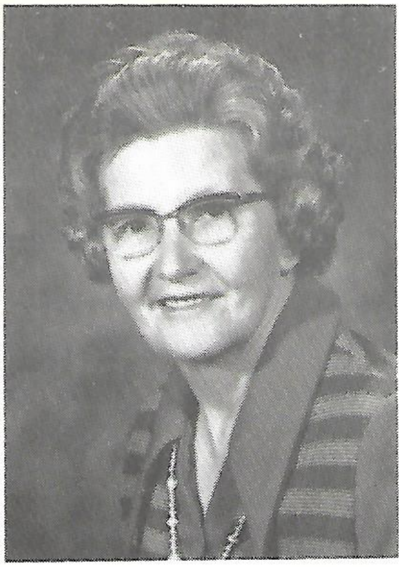

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

This story by the woman who is now Elda Mason sends my memory back to the girl who was then Elda Copley, in our childhood and girlhood days.

Moonlight nights of skating (in our shoes) when the old "cattle swamp" froze over just right ..... Clustering around a roaring bonfire ..... Picking wild blackberries ..... Carrying a picnic lunch through the woods ..... Rowing out to a small islet to gather armfuls of the multi-coloured carpet of spring flowers and building our castles, dreaming of the future.

Elda Copley was born in Fillmore City, Utah. Her father, Merian Copley, having gone there from British Columbia, met and married Hattie Owens. They came back to B.C. when Elda was very young. Elda is the eldest of nine children: seven sisters and a brother. She enjoyed helping her mother care for the younger ones. Often the family lived too far from the only school for regular attendance. However these children were fortunate in having talented parents who taught them not only school work but also numerous handicrafts and music.

I think Elda was happy on Lasqueti. Attuning herself to the natural surroundings, she seemed to find no end of things to observe. She delighted in the first wild flowers to peep through in early spring; investigated edible plants and berries; discovered nesting and migrating birds. Right on through the seasons she kept finding interest and sharing it with her family and friends. She maintained her interests, only adding to them the responsible tasks of growing up.

Elda wrote "private poetry" to a fair extent, as well as making exquisite paintings of wild flowers. I think she had the ambition to write long before she started on the story of Lasqueti Island. While she helped with her brother and sisters, and later as Mrs. Laurie Mason, raised five active children of her own she, put writing off. Now, luckily, her retentive memory serves her well, as does her lifelong habit of careful research.

Residents of Lasqueti were as varied a lot as can be found almost anywhere. Some came cruising by boat, looking for just such a spot to settle. Others were fishermen who found it a convenient location for their trade. There were loggers with their families, attracted by beautiful stands of untouched timber, and passers-by who had stopped to visit and stayed.

In her quiet way, Elda took the same interest in these people of the early twentieth century as she did in the birds and flowers of the Island. Compared to today, theirs was a simple life with fewer needs. Now, high-speed boats, planes, and communication have reduced the isolation of our coastal island.

Most of the older people have passed away. In loving memory of them all, I can't think of anyone more suitable to set down their story than Elda Mason. She has always been a happy friend to young and old.

Signed,
Agnes M. Carter.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to express my deep gratitude to the friends and acquaintances who have answered my questions and letters so patiently; the Vancouver Island Regional library; The Land Registry Office, the Archives and other public offices in Victoria; Eric Nichols for examination of letters; Cedric Hawkshaw for use of his file on Lasqueti; John Osland for examination of Farmer's Institute and Agricultural Association record books; Tom and Molly Millicheap for examination of letters, school papers and files, and early diary of T.A. Millicheap; Annie Camp for information from her diary. And lastly to my family for their patience while I worked on this book, in particular to Marvin who drew the map of Lasqueti and to Byron who edited this whole work.

INTRODUCTION

I grew up on an island where such natural phenomena as the velocity of the wind and the changes of the tide were of more immediate importance than the varying crises that might arise in the more populated parts of our planet. Not that we were not interested in world affairs — we were. But there were priorities!

On calm days, drenched by the sun, our bit of earth was filled with promise and adventure - the encompassing sea a highway to the world. But when the periodic gales shrieked around the headlands and the waves beat upon the reefs and beaches, our boats remained anchored - hidden from the fury in the handiest cove. We could be storm-bound for days at a time, literally prisoners of the sea! Storms were worst in the winter and at particularly bad times, some would say, "we will not stay in this lonely place."

Yet in the spring hope would return and out the settlers would go to wrest the stumps from another half acre - their crown grant a little nearer.

To all who lived on the island self reliance was a necessity. If there was sickness we used every means of home treatment; if food was short we learned to substitute; in desperation we sought the help of our neighbors. Frequently neighbors were very different in background and character and frequently it was just this fact which had led to their settling on Lasqueti in the first place. However, when help was needed or when companionship was desired, the inhabitants were forced to turn to one another. In many cases deep friendships resulted, but occasionally there were gnawing feuds.

And there was skullduggery:

Settler A: "Our neighbor's pig is doing very well."

Settler B: "Yes, a bit of fresh pork would be tasty indeed."

Following this line of thought it was soon concluded that it would be both a lark and a contribution to their larders if they were to steal the pig, butcher it and divide it between them. The theft and the butchering were carried out and the meat was hung with the agreement that it would be divided the next day. Early in the morning Settler A arrived at the home of Settler B and their conversation took this startling form:

> "How are things going today.?"
> "Oh, very well, and how are things going with you?"
> "Oh, just fine. I guess we had better finish up that little business of ours."
> "Business? What do you mean? Do we have some business?"
> "You know what I mean - the pig!"
> "What pig?"
> "Come on, let's get down to it. I came to get my half of that pig we butchered last night."
> "What are your talking about? We never butchered any pig!"
> "We did so! You know very well what I'm talking about! You're a dirty double-crosser and I'm going to get my half! It's hanging in your shed."
> "You astound me, sir! There is no pig in my shed, and if you insist on continuing your accusations I shall certainly lay a charge against you for slander."

Settler A could do nothing without incriminating himself. The secret was well kept for fifty years and the victim never did find out what had happened to his fat pig.

Happily, this type of behaviour was not the rule and we were more used to those who lived by codes of decency and honour. Throughout my life on Lasqueti we slept in security with our doors unlocked.

I believe that the natural beauty of Lasqueti was the main attraction to those who settled there. In its pristine state it encompassed a wide variety of terrain; mossy hilltops, with Mount Trematon*(1) the highest, rose from forests of tall fir and stout red cedar. In the mould at their roots, ferns and orchids grew in abundance. Holding lesser dominance in the forest were alder, maple, balsam, hemlock and crabapple while near the beaches, the arbutus and rare gnarled juniper thrust their roots into the rocky crevasses. And there were even a few dogwood to be found, seeded no doubt by migrant birds.

In places the forest opened to lush natural meadows and shallow swamps and there were even small lakes - rush fringed with yellow water lilies floating against their shores.

Among the animal inhabitants were the shy blacktail deer, the beaver and a variety of mice. Small birds filled the woods with song while large birds, the eagle, vultures and hawks were always in the sky. There were migratory birds; flocks of bandtail pigeons built their loose nests in the forest while waterfowl raised their broods on the shores of the lakes and marshes. On the beach, the crows argued and gossipped the day long, while the herons maintained their solitary vigil and the gulls soared endlessly on the air currents. And there were animals who called the beach their home as well; the mink and otter played along the driftwood and left their tracks on the soft sand - their food the bounty of clams and other shellfish.

But to many, the crowning delight of all were the wild flowers which in myriad species brightened the earth. From early spring when blue lobelia and pink seablush carpeted the moss and were followed by white curly lilies on the cliff sides, there were blossoms to pick. In April the ladyslippers began to bloom; in June, the briar roses warmed the air with their fragrance, in late summer, the hair bells hung on the rocks above the shore and sticky chrysanthemums thrust their yellow flowers from salt watered roots.

This was a setting that people from all walks of life might admire and which many would claim as their own. And though the beauty would change under the hand of man, man would add a beauty of his making: weathered cabins, pioneer gardens and hard won fields.

BURIED TREASURE

It was a warm, drowsy afternoon in the old False Bay School. Mr. Oben sat quietly at his desk, casting a speculative eye on his pupils as they sat slumped in their seats, half-heartedly struggling with the values of the adverb.

A wasp buzzed in through the open window, explored a bottle of insect samples and then buzzed out again. Someone yawned. Mr. Oben got to his feet. "I'll tell you a story," he said.

Magic words! We were instantly awake and he began:

"On such a day as this, many years ago, a Spanish caravel with a precious cargo of gold, sailed in these very waters. As the vessel came near this Island, the Captain directed them into a cove in search of fresh water. A small boat went ashore and soon found a cool spring. Back and forth plied the tender as the sailors loaded the water.

They had barely filled the kegs when, looking up the Gulf, a lookout spied a flotilla of Indian war canoes; as yet quite distant, but surely bearing down on them. They did not wish an engagement of such doubtful outcome. Judging wisdom to be the better part of valour and speed the better part of wisdom, they quickly lightened their ship.

Some of the water was jettisoned and much of the gold quickly taken ashore. They buried their booty; carefully tamping the ground and planting Spanish clover seed over the spot.

Then the breeze caught their hoisted sail and they silently slipped away after marking the place in their memory - the contour of the land, the little bay, the high mountain that overshadowed it.

They would return to retrieve their treasure. Yes ... they would return ... but they never did.

The old seaman who told the tale described it all in detail just as it had been told to him - the beautiful island with the Spanish name, the fresh water at sea level."

Our class was caught up in the spell. Our imagination flew to the many little bays on our Island where overhanging hills dominated the scene and where fresh water could be found at the high tide level. Spanish clover? What is Spanish clover? The open shoreline abounds in wild flowers; many are clovers.

Was the story true? We knew that our teacher had travelled to Australia in a full rigged sailing ship where he had made the acquaintance of a very old sailor. We also knew he spent much time in the hills prospecting. Was he looking for the treasure? We kept an open mind and an observant eye.

Now that seepage of water, that frowning hill? What sort of clover is this?

I talked to my dear old teacher a year or so ago and reminded him of the story. His answer quickened my blood.

"Did I really tell you part of my secret? I'm an old man now; it isn't likely that I'll get back there, but you'll get back. Listen! Here is another clue..."

EXPLORATION

Late in the 18th century, while eastern North America was being developed by the French and English, while southern areas were being colonized by Spain, and while the Russians were exploring the north-west coast, Lasqueti remained untouched by foreign influence. The middens which dot the island are certain proof that the native* (2) people were regular inhabitants but they came and went, always leaving the island as they found it - unspoiled and primeval. Who was the first white man to set foot on Lasqueti? We do not know.

It is possible that the legendary Juan de Fuca visited the island. In his old age in Venice he told of how during his forty years of service to the Viceroy of Mexico he had been sent with a small caravel and a pinnace up the coast of California. On his voyage he had found a broad inlet between 47 and 48 degrees north latitude and had sailed therein for more than twenty days. He told of finding that the coastlines trended northwest and that the inlet contained many islands on which dwelt natives who were not particularly friendly. After returning to Mexico he tried to raise interest in another expedition to the same area but was unsuccessful.

The Spaniards left considerable evidence of their explorations in the Strait of Georgia. Eliza's map compiled in 1791 shows an outline of Lasqueti and some of the surrounding islets. On his map the island is given the name 'Lasquety' and there seems little doubt that this name was first used as a direct result of his expedition from San Blas, Mexico. Tomas Bartoli of the Hispanic Studies Department of the University of British Columbia writes:

"In 1791 the packet boat San Carlos and the schooner Santa Saternina set out from Nootka to continue the exploration of the Fuca strait and other waterways in the area. Francisco Eliza was in command of the San Carlos and the expedition. The schooner was at times commanded by Jose Maria Narvaez, and at other times was under Juan Carrasco.

Late in June the two vessels spent some time at a port near present day Victoria, whence on July 1st the Santa Santurnina commanded by Narvaez set out to explore the Strait of Georgia up to about Cape Lazo. In the course of the cruise, about July 12th, Narvaez sailed on a northern course the waters between present-day Texada Island and the Mainland. He named this island San Felix. He also sighted the island now known as Lasqueti but which he called Texada. These islands are drawn in charts made by the officers Lopez de Haro and Juan Pantoja, bearing names originally given by Narvaez. However, Eliza subsequently made up a chart of the whole area and took the liberty of changing the names of the two islands; the one Narvaez had called San Felix became Texada and the island which he had named Texada became Lasqueti Island. Unfortunately I have found no information regarding the reasons for this change; the rather poor account given by Eliza about this expedition contains no reference to the change.

Although I cannot fully confirm it, it seems that Eliza meant to honour the naval officer, Juan Maria Lasqueti, whom he may have known personally. We know that in 1777 this man had participated in a voyage to Brazil.

Undoubtedly the charts drawn by Lopez de Haro and Pantoja were considered merely as study charts, while the one produced by Eliza became more or less official insofar as the Spanish were concerned. The present place names of this area are largely drawn from British Explorations, but since Captain Vancouver himself adopted the names of Texada and Lasqueti for these two islands, they have persisted to our time."

George Vancouver makes no mention of Lasqueti in his journal even though his chart of the area does show the island correctly named. He did visit and name Point Upwood, the southern extremity of Texada, from which Lasqueti is clearly visible only a few miles to the west. It was at this time, during the spring of 1792, that Vancouver spent several weeks exploring in the Strait of Georgia before circumnavigating Vancouver Island to make his famed rendezvous with the Spanish in Nootka Sound.

Certainly Vancouver saw Lasqueti, but whether or not he or his men landed on its shores is open to conjecture. Also unknown at present is whether or not the Russians visited the island. We do know that their quest for sea otter took them along the coast from the Bering Strait to California and it is reasonable to suppose that during some trip through the inside passage a stop was made on the shores of Lasqueti.

THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS

TRANFIELD

It was not until the latter half of the 19th century that white settlers came to establish homes on Lasqueti. It seems probable that Albion George Tranfield was the first of these. This is the claim made by his grandson who bears the same name and whom I visited in October of 1972 at his home in Parksville.

Albion Tranfield came from the United Stated to Nanaimo in the early 1860's. He established a meat market in that city and raised sheep on Lasqueti in a place he called "Foul Bay". This was very probably False Bay since evidence of his tenure is indicated on a very early map*(3) on which two pieces of land are marked 'Albion Tranfield's Preemption'. These two pieces are the peninsula which helps form McKinnells Lagoon and a section at Orchard Bay. Tranfield's ownership of this land was never recorded in the Land Office so it seems likely that he never completed the terms of his preemption.

Tranfield found Lasqueti a suitable place for his sheep and made regular trips to dispose of the mutton in his Nanaimo meat market. The travelling back and forth was done by sailing sloop by waiting for a good Northwest wind to speed his vessel to Nanaimo and then waiting for a brisk Southeaster for the return trip. Little more is known of Albion Tranfield's association with Lasqueti. He died in 1879 and is buried in the old Nanaimo cemetery.

JEFFREYS

Another possible candidate for the honor of first white settler on Lasqueti is William Jeffreys. (or Jeffries). Originally from Brent, England, it is believed that he left a ship in the early 1860's to explore the Strait of Georgia in a large, sail-equipped dugout canoe. While in Sechelt he married his wife, Susan, and they eventually spent some time living on the Island at Tucker Bay. Here Susan had a garden from which plum trees and Dusty Miller flowers persist to this day.

William and Susan Jeffreys are known to have had six children. The eldest, William, drowned at an early age while the other three boys, Bob, Abe and Alf raised sheep on Lasqueti, cleared land and built dwellings. The daughters were Susan and Mary Ann.

CAPT. PEARSE

Another of the first settlers*(4) on Lasqueti was a Captain Pearse whose military grant of 427 acres of Section 16 is shown on an old map*(3) which is presently on file in the Legal Surveys Dept., in Victoria. The map also shows his preemption on part of Section 20 at Lennies Lagoon and his house at the head of Richardson Bay. A story in a 1931 school journal*(5) states that it was Captain Pearse who first planted the now profusely growing foxgloves on the Island.

It is not clear whether or not Captain Pearse was related to Charles Eden Pearse who preempted the northwest quarter of Section 9 in 1879 and the northwest quarter of Section 5 in 1883. Nor is it clear if he was connected with Frank H. Pearse who preempted the north half of Section 3, in 1882.

HIGGINS

About the same time, Lasqueti became the home of Hugh Henry (Harry) Higgins. Like Captain Pearse, and Prouse, he was a veteran of the British Occupation Forces which for the 12 years preceding 1872 had been stationed on the San Juan Islands in Puget Sound. Soon after being discharged from his post as commander of a magazine, Harry Higgins moved to Lasqueti where he preempted the western half of Section 30 in 1882.

Despite the fact that this land was crown granted to Higgins in 1890, it is definitely known that he built and occupied a house on the eastern half of Section 34 during the same period of time. This piece of land was preempted first by a man named Creighton and was later owned by the Marshall brothers who sold it to J.S.G. Pemberton. However, according to Pemberton's daughter, Mrs. Eleanor M. Fisher, Harry Higgins had a legal claim to the seven acres on which he had built his house.

Situated on the waterfront facing the Finnerty Islands, this two room house was built of upright logs with a slabbed cedar roof; a window faced the sea and there was a fireplace of local sandstone and cement. Newspapers on the interior walls dated 1897 were still readable thirty years later.

It was to this house that Harry Higgins brought his girl-bride. She was Mary Ann Jeffreys, fourteen year old daughter of William and Susan Jeffreys who at the time were living at Maple Bay within Scotty Bay. This marriage was typical of the era - a lonely Englishman getting a wife for the price of a sack of flour, a canoe and a few other items.

Mary Ann was little more than a happy, carefree child when she had to take up the tasks of housekeeping and cooking. And very soon she had to leave her playful thoughts behind, for when she was little more than fifteen years old, she became pregnant with her first child. She herself delivered the baby on December 23rd, 1890. He was named Charles Talbot. During the years that Mary Ann lived with Harry, another child, Mary, was born in Nanaimo.

The Higgins family was visited frequently by Mary Ann's sister, Susan. Both girls were very attractive, with dark eyes, softly curling hair and musical voices. Soon Susan had an admirer, Louis Le Page (Later shortened to Page) from Nanaimo. He would land his rowboat at Squitty Bay or Powder Flask Cove and walk the trails to visit with the Higgins or the Jeffreys and court his bride-to-be.

Harry and Mary Ann worked hard around their seven acres in those early years. They cleared land, both near the beach and inland; as well, they kept sheep and cattle, building a barn for the latter. A wagon road was built too, which connected the cleared portions of the property and led back to a natural meadow on the preemption on Section 30. Undoubtedly the Higgins family used oxen as a yoke could still be seen hanging in the old barn many years later. As well, there was some planting of useful and decorative trees. Mary Ann planted a lilac, some plum trees and a maple which grew and flourished, while it is believed that Harry started the orchard at Orchard Bay.

As the years went by, a situation developed which at present times would take the courts and lawyers to unravel, but which at that time was settled without fanfare and in a manner agreeable to all parties concerned. Mary Ann and Harry were close friends with WILLIAM ROUS and his wife, Margaret who lived at Rouses Bay at the opposite end of the Island. The two families decided to exchange spouses and the plan seems to have been carried out without any difficulties. Mary Ann became Mrs. Bill Rous about 1895. She kept her daughter Mary with her and had three more daughters (Martha, Janie and Agnes) after her new marriage. These girls were all born on Lasqueti. Mary Ann's new husband raised chickens and usually kept about 200 sheep; he rowed or sailed his produce to Nanaimo.

Eventually the Rouses moved to Pender Harbour where Mary Ann became a beloved and trusted mid-wife who helped many of that community's babies into the world.

Young Charlie stayed with his father who by this time had sold his land holdings to J.S.G. Pemberton but was still living on the property as caretaker extraordinary.

PEMBERTON

Many stories have been told of John Stapleton Grey Pemberton's first visit to Lasqueti. The late Charles Williams, who knew Pemberton personally, claimed that it was the viewing of a beautiful sunset from the northwest shore which first caused him to be interested in the Island. We are able to gain considerable insight into Mr. Pemberton's association with Lasqueti by reading from a letter written by his daughter, Mrs. Eleanor M. Fisher, in 1972.

> Before my father married he had been secretary to the Opium Commission, England. After that was finished he travelled a great deal in China and other places. (he was made, before he left Oxford, a Fellow of "All Saints" Oxford, which honor was received only by the deserving few.) My father first married a Miss Marshall and had one son, Lawrence, born in April 1891. She died the following year. After the death of the first wife, the small son went to live with the Pemberton grandparents. When my brother was about three he was taken to live with an aunt in France. My father then started to travel again.
>
> He went to Canada and bought an Indian canoe and went up a lot of rivers. When he got to Vancouver he bought a small house, then decided to go by ship up the Gulf to the Queen Charlotte Islands. As he passed Lasqueti, he saw a man sitting, smoking near where the old farm house was and he (my father) said it looked such a lovely island he must stop and see it. The captain of the ship said he could not stop (no anchorage) but that my father could take his canoe and enough food for three weeks and go to the island and that he, the captain, on his way back to Vancouver would stop and pick my father up. This my father did.
>
> When my father landed on Lasqueti he was met by the man he had seen smoking (who was I think, Higgins) who turned out to be an old soldier who had been given 7 acres of land by the B.C. Government. My father asked if he could buy land and Higgins said he would sell his and that he had another friend on the island who would like to sell his land also. My father at length bought both lots. This is how he first came to Lasqueti in 1893 or 4. The two Marshalls were my father's brothers-in-law and had nothing to do so my father suggested they farm on Lasqueti for him. They did go for a short time, then one became master of one of the Gulf ships; the other's fate is not known.
>
> On the way back from Canada by father went to get his son who introduced him to a Miss Ross who lived in the opposite villa. Thus my father met my mother; they were married in April 1895. My father was going to take me to Lasqueti in 1914 but was prevented by the outbreak of World War I. I never got there till 1953 when I met you. However, my youngest sister Betty, accompanied my father on his visit to Lasqueti in 1923 or 4. My brother had no children so he left his land on Lasqueti to my eldest son, William, who as you know, was drowned off the Island on his way to Qualicum on Armistice Day, 1960.

The records at the Victoria Land Office indicate that J.S.G. Pemberton did indeed purchase land on Lasqueti at that early date thus beginning the gathering together of the Pemberton Estate. Besides Harry Higgins, some of those who sold land to him during the years between 1896 and 1903 were Alfred Jeffreys, Andrew OLSON, and the MARSHALL brothers. Eventually his holdings included most of the northwest end of the Island from Maple Bay to Jap Bay and west. When Mr. Pemberton returned to his home in Durham, England, he entrusted this vast acreage to the care of Harry Higgins who cared for it as his own, farming and raising sheep.

Among the assignments given to Harry by Pemberton was the construction of a large house on the seven acres. A model to be copied was sent out from England and pre-fabricated materials were used. This fine new home was built on a flat area overlooking the beautiful Finnerty* (1) Islands and the expanse of the Strait of Georgia. There was a grand view from this site. If the sun shone, the tree-clad islets rested in a sparkling sea, with Vancouver Island for a background; when the wind gusted, foaming waves were hurled along the rocky shores. On wintery days the fog would creep in and the cry of the gulls and the loons would combine with the whistling of squaw duck wings to make one shiver with primitive loneliness.

A dramatic natural phenomena on this shore is a violent wind known as the 'Qualicum'; the named derived from the area on Vancouver Island from whence it seems to spring. Sweeping across the Strait it strikes the western shores of Lasqueti with sudden and terrifying fury. The first warning is a feeling of lightness in the air and a stillness filled with premonition. A glance to the southwest reveals a blue-black streak on the grey sea and within minutes the water is lashed and churning, the trees are shaking and twisting, and spray and spume are being cast far up on the rocks and beaches.

This was the setting for the Pemberton house that became a new home for Harry and Maggie Higgins while they cared for the English adventurer's extensive Lasqueti holdings.

However, Harry was soon to take yet another position. The Sisters Lighthouse* (6) had been built and put into operation in December of 1898, replacing the day beacon which had been maintained on the same site. The new light was a fixed white beam elevated 46 feet above high water while a bell hanging from a gable on the southeastern corner of the building was struck by machinery once every 30 seconds as a fog signal. On October 1, 1899, Harry was appointed as the keeper of this light at a salary of $500 per year.

Within a few years, another project claimed Harry's attention. Evidently he wished to once again own land on Lasqueti for he found time to preempt and improve the northeast quarter of Section 10, receiving the crown grant to this property in 1912. Here he planted another orchard of king and russet apples and built a frame house on the point facing the sea at the mouth of Boat Cove. During this period in his life, Harry Higgins took an active interest in Island affairs. He helped organize the Lasqueti Farmers' Institute about 1912 and it is believed that he was the first president. He was also the Island's first road foreman. During my conversations with Alex Kurtzhals, he recalled signing a letter composed by W.B.T. Grant recommending Harry for this position.

Harry and Maggie spent their last years at the Pemberton House which became commonly known as 'the Higgins place'. Here they kept 'open house' for their many friends and visitors. 'Old Maggie' as she was familiarly known, passed away in 1916. The coffin sent for her interment was of rough lumber which offended the finer instincts of the settlers. Several men got together and made a better one. She was buried in one of the lone, picturesque bays north of the Pemberton House. The marker on the grave bore the inscription: Margaret Stubbins, April 1917, aged 75.

Meanwhile, Charlie Higgins had married Hazel Goodale from Nanaimo. Regarding their courtship, Charlie told me:

> I went to see her and she was so shy, she wouldn't talk. So just for a joke I said to her, "Will you marry me?" and she said "Yes," so I couldn't get out of it, and after all these years (he was 60 or more at the time) I can say that no man had a better wife.

After Maggie's death, Hazel tried to care for 'Old Harry' but he died within a short space of time.

SETTLERS — THE SECOND WAVE
(1900 - 1919)

KURTZHALS BROS.

It seems that Lasqueti continually caught the imagination of young men from the Old World. In 1902 the three Kurtzhals brothers arrived on Lasqueti having some years earlier left their parental home in far off Denmark to search for adventure.

Rudolph, the eldest, emigrated to Chicago in 1893 and travelled from there to Nanaimo to join a fourth brother who owned a green house business. Wishing to settle in British Columbia, he investigated the Kootenays but upon hearing of Lasqueti he became interested in its possibilities. On his first trip to the Island he sailed in a small sloop as far as the Balenas Islands with the lighthouse keeper, the keeper's nephew, and a well-known fisherman named Billy Betate. From the Balenas light he made the rest of the trip to Olson's Bay by canoe. On a second trip to the Island soon afterwards, Rudolph and a companion lost their way while crossing the Strait in a heavy rain storm and spent a chilly night on the beach near Powder Flask Cove.

At first Rudolph was interested in the property around the lagoon at False Bay which was eventually preempted by Alfred McKinnell. However, his brothers, Otto and Alex, also were thinking of settling on Lasqueti and the three men decided to pool their resources and purchase land on the Island. They had made the acquaintance of fellow countrymen, Tom and Nels Christiansen who had built a substantial house and planted a fine orchard in a sheltered valley near the south end of the Island. The Kurtzhals brothers bought the property in which this valley lay - a total of 480 acres comprising the southeast quarter of Section 5 and the south half of Section 2. Soon they had more land cleared and were farming, selling pork, mutton and other produce in Nanaimo.

At first the Kurtzhals made their expeditions to market by rowboat with trips often taking as much as two weeks due to inclement weather.

And there were many other problems to be faced. One of these was keeping the fences in repair; yet no matter how carefully they were patrolled there was nothing to stop a sheep from walking around the end of one at low tide. If they ran out of tobacco, they were reduced to smoking rose leaves or forced to go borrowing. Then if their neighbour, Jack HEATH, who lived at Norrish Bay had none, it might mean that a happy solution would be to hike to the other end of the Island to visit Harry Higgins. While telling me about one of these visits, Alex related that:

> Maggie was preparing a fish for supper. The cat kept bothering her. In exasperation she struck at it with her knife, cutting the tail clean off. The tail healed quite neatly and thereafter Harry Higgins was always bragging about his Manx cat!

When the brothers ran out of cash they took turns going out to earn a little 'stake'. Rudolph would work for his brother in the green houses at Nanaimo or Alex and Otto would find employment in Vancouver. Mining always interested them and Alex worked as a field man on Texada for a while.

In 1913, Rudolph met and married Mabel Redding in Vancouver. Although she was from the great city of London in England, Mabel happily accepted life on the Island although she once confided to a friend:

> "I thought I was marrying a rich farmer but he turned out to be a struggling rancher."

Mabel liked to cook and showed the result of this in her own well-covered, good-natured self, although Rudolph remained spare and active throughout his life.

Otto never married. He remained a genial bachelor living much of the time in a small house at the end of the Government road near Squitty Bay.

Alex, the youngest brother, who had come to Lasqueti after stints as a streetcar conductor in New York City and as a miner in the Kootenays, married Mabel Mason and remained on the Island for many years.

LIVINGSTONE

Just after the turn of the century many more of the best known of the old Lasqueti families arrived to take up residence. Eph Livingstone came to construct the buildings at the St. Joseph Mine. Originally from Glengarry in Ontario, he was a large, powerful man who had worked at many tasks. It was said of him that as soon as he mastered any job he liked to move on to something new. His wife Kate, was also from the St. Lawrence region. She had been gently reared and was an artist in oils. Some of her canvasses are now owned by her children.

From Ontario, the Livingstones moved to Alberta, then to Duncan on Vancouver Island, and eventually to Lasqueti. With them came Eph's father who bought the southeast quarter of Section 21 from one of the Jeffreys. There was a small house on the property to which he and Eph made some additions as well as clearing some land and planting eighty fruit trees.

Eph and Kate Livingstone had four boys: George, Harry, Fred and David. Their daughter, Edith, was the youngest of the family. She was born on the boat of a neighbour, Ed Barnes, as the expectant mother was being taken to the hospital at Powell River in June of 1913.

For a time during World War I, the Livingstones lived at Cape Lazo and David started school in Comox. Kate and her children returned to Lasqueti alone to take up ranching on their original homestead. They sold eggs and other farm produce to the Co-op store in Tucker Bay, transporting it in 50 pound lard pails tied onto their horse, Foxie, pannier fashion. Foxie would be led through the fern-rimmed path to the road and thence to the store, later to return with needed groceries.

It was this same horse that very nearly caused the death of Edith when she was eight years old. On a quiet summer afternoon, the Douglas boys, Archy and Georgie, were visiting the Livingstone boys. They were all sitting around chatting while Fred was making a violin when Foxie began nibbling at the nearby raspberry canes. Kate called out to the boys to chase him away, but they delayed and Edith went out to do it. She scared him away, but as he jumped a low stone fence, she was too close and one of his hooves struck her on the head. Her mother heard her little cry and ran out to find her lying unconscious, the blood flowing from an ugly gash. Poor Kate was distraught. George Livingstone and Georgie Douglas carried Edith into the house and washed the wound while the other boys went for a neighbour, Archy Millicheap, who sent his first-aid case.

After many hours, Edith regained partial consciousness but she did not comprehend the gravity of the accident until she realized that neighbours had come from some distance to sit with her mother. Eventually Edith recovered, but she was to feel the effects of the accident for many years.

Most of the Island homes were happy gathering places for young people. This was especially true of the Livingstone's for Kate was a loving mother whose hospitality knew no bounds.

NORRISH

Raising sheep seems to have been a continuing enterprise on Lasqueti in the early days. It is known that at one time (probably during the 1890's) a fence divided the island, running from Tucker Bay to Richardson Bay. Remnants of this fence could be found in many places and occasionally they were used for smaller enclosures such as the corrals on the present John Osland property. Commonly however, they were rail snake fences, convenient to erect or to move to another place.

South of the chain of old fences lay the MacLaughlan estate which comprised about 2000 acres. In 1911, John Norrish, a retired R.C.M.P. officer from Alberta who was living in Victoria, bought the entire piece of property. Some of the land which made up the estate were: Section 3, the northeast quarter of Section 4 (known as the 'cattle swamp') the northwest quarter of Section 5, the west half of Section 9, part of Section 16 at Richardson Bay, and the south half of Section 36 which included Bo Ho Bay* (1) and Bo Ho Island. After the death of John Norrish the estate was sold gradually with the exception of the south half of Section 3 and the northeast quarter of Section 4.

Dawson, the only son of John Norrish, was a young lad when he first accompanied his father to the Island. To this day he remembers vividly the tiring trip from Victoria to Nanaimo in a 50 foot sloop which took four or five days because of calm weather and despite a small auxilliary engine. And another whole day was taken to get to Lasqueti with the sea remaining a sheet of glass. On the Island, the Rat Portage loggers made a great impression on the city-bred boy. Dawson still remembers one in particular - a black haired, black bearded man with curly black hair on his bared chest and having the general appearance of a wild bear.

In 1918, Dawson Norrish took his young wife, Alice, and their two small daughters, Edith and Violet, to live on Lasqueti. Alice also has first impressions. As they came into Squitty Bay on the motor vessel Victory, they saw John Munroe with his long beard sitting on a bluff watching the sea and the boats which were coming and going. To her he seemed like a real life Robinson Crusoe. Alice also remembers seeing George Douglas Sr., and his son Georgie come in to the bay on a fish packer. Also at anchor in Squitty Bay at the time was Bertrand Sinclair's boat while that author was busy at work on his book, POOR MAN'S ROCK.

The Norrishes moved into a small house situated above an exposed, driftwood filled bay adjacent to Smoke House Bay. Considerable renovations were made and as the years went by, rooms were added to accomodate their growing family. They called their home Green Hills, an apt name as the rolling natural meadows were always neatly cropped by the grazing sheep.

One of the continual and most serious problems faced by the first residents of Lasqueti was travel to and from the Island. Of course the only way was by boat and this method was always subject to the vagaries of the weather. An experience endured by the Norrish family is illustrative.

Near the end of November in 1919 the Norrishes made plans to go to Victoria so that Alice, who was expecting her third child, could be at her parent's home before the blessed event. The trip was to be made on their boat, the Victory, as far as Nanaimo and thence by train to Victoria.

After waiting for a day on which the weather seemed promising, they made an early start. First they went up the east coast of the Island to Tucker Bay to pick up the Government boar which was crated for the journey and for whose cartage they would receive five dollars. Then, returning to Squitty Bay, they picked up Alex Kurtzhals and a load of beef which he was shipping to market in Nanaimo. By the time all this was accomplished, a slight fog was creeping in and Alice was becoming a little nervous. When she suggested turning back, Dawson reassured her, saying,

> You just go into the cabin and lie down and rest with the little girls; we are all loaded now and it would be a shame to have all this to do over again. Now don't worry, we will get there in good time.

It wasn't long, however, before the travellers found the fog thickening and soon it closed around them completely. Neither Dawson (i) nor Alex were very skilled in navigating and in their panic they lost faith in the compass and brought it out on deck. Soon they realized that they were completely lost and after considerable discussion it was decided that in the midst of the blinding grey mists there was one reality: the fog horn of the Balenas Lighthouse. They proceeded slowly towards it - shutting off the motor at intervals to check the course and then going on again. After two hours the foghorn sounded very near and they became fearful of getting too close to the rocks. After slowly maneuvering and sounding for depth, they found bottom and dropped anchor to wait out the fog.

(i) In future years D.H. Norrish became a skilled navigator and at one time operated a tow-boat out of Nanaimo.

At some time late in the night the travellers were wakened by a sudden southeast wind. Unknown to them however, was the fact that one of the anchor's flukes had broken off allowing the boat to drift. As daylight came they were horrified to find themselves in the breakers against a cliff. Before the engines could be started, the boat struck the rocks with a plank-rending shock and began to be pounded unmercifully by each succeeding wave. Dawson saw that a rope hanging from the mast neared a narrow ledge on the bluff every time the boat rolled and he made an immediate decision. Springing up on the cabin, he grasped the rope and on the proper roll he jumped to the ledge. Thus gaining some control over the pitching, pounding vessel, he was able to hold it steady enough for his wife, the two children and Alex to scramble onto the ledge with him.

Before their eyes the Victory was holed and shattered. It sank below the waves taking the boar, the beef and everything else with it. The Norrishes and Alex Kurtzhals climbed up the rough cliff face and made their way over the rocks to the shack of a fisherman named Herman. Here they stayed until the wind abated enough to let them get to the lighthouse where the kindly keeper, a Mr. Guerney, and his wife took them in for two more days. After the sea calmed, Mr. Guerney took them to Nanaimo and the Norrishes continued to Victoria. The little daughter, Alice, was born on the 28th of November.

After the loss of the Victory, Mrs. Norrish and the children remained for a while in Victoria and Dawson returned to Lasqueti where he 'bached' with Alex Kurtzhals, Laurie Mason and my father, Merian Copley at the old Kurtzhals place. Times were hard and the four of them were trying to make a little cash by taking out shingle bolts. Since they had almost no capital the food problem was very acute and they always swore that they subsisted the whole winter on 'Maggie's Soup', a powdered soup concentrate.

Alice returned with the children in the spring and with the shingle bolts selling for a good price, the Norrish family fortunes were on the upswing. In 1921 they traded the northwest quarter of Section 9 to Fred Copley for the motor vessel Elsie B. The boat was renamed the Alice E. and once again Dawson could conveniently transport his mutton and other produce to the Nanaimo market.

As the years went by, Dawson continued to keep horses, cattle and sheep while maintaining a good orchard and garden. Alice was always the competent housewife - and the kind of cook who can prepare delectable dishes from whatever happens to be on hand. A son, Jack, was born in 1927 rounding out a family which continued to play an active role in Island affairs for many years.

DOUGLAS

George and Emma Douglas arrived on Lasqueti from Salt Spring Island in 1911. It seems that they knew about the Island from Harry Higgins who offered them his empty house at Boat Cove as a place to reside while they looked the Island over. The Douglases soon decided that they liked what they saw and they arranged to have their children join them. These were Chester, who was Emma's son from a previous marriage, and Louise, Josie, Archy and Georgie, who were George's children - also from a previous marriage. Another boy, Charlie Couvelier, also lived with the Douglases for a time.

About 1914, George and Emma moved their family to a house on the flat above Richardson Bay. This substantial frame house may be the one marked on early maps as belonging to Captain Pearse or it may have belonged to Tom Richardson, the shepherd for the MacLaughlan estate. It was situated on the south half of the northwest quarter of Section 16. Sometime before the winter of 1915-16 this house caught on fire while only Josie was at home. She could not save it and it burned to the ground; a few charred posts remained for years to show where it had been.

After the fire the Douglases moved further from the beach to the north half of the northwest quarter of Section 16 where they spent the next few months in tents with a makeshift kitchen. The winter of 1915-16 was extremely severe and said by many to have been Lasqueti's worst. The Douglas family suffered greatly until spring when a new house was constructed. It was built near the top edge of the slope which leads down to Richardson Bay where it stands to this day.

George Douglas was a tall, athletic man who was very good on logs and had worked at booming in Cowichan Bay and other places. His father had been a sealer and he had worked with him in this trade. George had a reputation as being a wonderful dancer, and as such had great influence on his family who inherited this talent.

Emma was a small, pretty, intelligent woman of continuously good spirits and with the ability to turn her hand to almost anything. She gardened, cooked and spun wool as well as sawing wood and cutting hay beside George. The two of them were a wonderful couple - hospitable, filled with good humour and well-liked by all the Islanders. They spent the remainder of their lives on Lasqueti.

CURRAN

William Henry (Bill) Curran was born in the state of Rhode Island in 1842. At the early age of 14, he left home to become a drummer boy in the historical 'Johnson's Army' that was sent out by the United States Government to quell the 'rebel' Mormons in Utah. He endured the vicissitudes of army life - the snow and the sleet as they camped in the mountains for the winter of 1857-1858. When the charges against the Mormons were refuted, the army moved on without bloodshed and Bill remained in Utah for a period after receiving his discharge.

During the next few years he moved steadily northward, coming at length to Victoria, B.C. where he married and raised a family. It is known that he once owned Thetis Island and that he ran for M.L.A.

After the death of his first wife, Bill went homesteading in the British Columbia interior around Shuswap Lake. There he met Elizabeth Toma who had been a pupil of Father LeJuene. Bill and Elizabeth were married and eventually moved to the coast. Their children were Louise, James, Victor, Edith, Agnes (born in the Oyster District on Vancouver Island) George (born in Chemainus) and Thomas who was born on Lasqueti.

The Currans were transported to Lasqueti by gas boat in 1911. They were left on the beach at Boho Bay with all their goods, including a large rowboat. In this boat they made their way to their preemption which lay at the head of the long, narrow inlet within Tucker Bay.

Going to work with a will, they soon had a small house built, land cleared and an orchard planted. At the far end of the first clearing, they built a barn for their cows and horse. On a nearby knoll a milk house was situated in the shade of thick trees where the cream could rise on the large pans of milk and the butter could be kept cool. The Curran's vegetable garden flourished in the virgin soil with ashes from the clearing and barnyard fertilizer used intensively and effectively. In the mud of the shallow bay in front of the Curran home, clams could be had for the digging while out in the lowest tidal pools edible crabs were available. With salmon and mowich to be taken in season, life was good.

The Curran home was always open to their neighbours and it was typical that pioneer residents such as Charlie Higgins or George Sweet would spend a night sleeping on the floor as they travelled down island to Norrishes to get their mail.

Misfortune struck the Curran family soon after their move to Tucker Bay when Bill severely injured his back. A railing on the porch of the Tucker Bay school broke when he was leaning on it and he fell heavily to the ground. Thereafter he walked with a serious limp and matters were made even worse when Elizabeth suffered a paralysis of the lower limbs and was bedridden just a short time later. Louise had married Art Brouse and had a family of her own to care for, and Edith was also away. The burden of caring for Elizabeth, as well as the cooking and housekeeping, fell on Agnes who was only nine. The slender, dark-eyed child performed these duties faithfully, but sometimes her father would say, "Now Agnes, you have been working so hard; I think you ought to get outside a bit. Go and pick some berries."

No one ever seemed to realize that this naturally happy child needed some time to just play.

After two years of patient resting, Elizabeth Curran began to regain her strength and in time recovered completely. Agnes could then live a normal life. She would spend hours playing with Trigger, the dog or riding the horse bareback down the road with her hair blown out behind her. On occasion she would chase Mrs. Washburn's cow in return for the reward of a red ribbon for her hair.

Schooling was intermittent for the young Currans. In their home they had but a few books and these were read over and over again. Their most valued possession was an Edison gramaphone which had been purchased by their father. On its cylinder records were many of the classics and the popular music of the day - a special education in themselves.

Although his golden hair never greyed, the time finally came when Bill Curran was forced to leave his pleasant life on the Lasqueti waterfront. His final years were spent in an old folks' home in Vancouver. As the older boys grew up they left the Island to work in logging camps. Agnes was often able to find employment in homes where a deft, responsible person was needed; her early training thus standing her in good stead. After Bill left, Elizabeth remained in the family home with the younger boys, ever maintaining a home to which the other children might always return.

CONN

Bob Conn came to Lasqueti in 1911. His early life as a sealer and a logger had given him the dignity and easy assurance that follow those independence developing occupations. Bob was a good looking man of medium height with jet black hair and a neat, heavy, black moustache. He often said with quiet pride, "My father was a Scotchman and my mother was a Native lady."

Bob settled in Scotty Bay, living at first on the point which juts into the bay and in a small log cabin which George Sweet and a friend had built. He owned a steamboat and did some beachcombing as well as finding time to do considerable improving of the land.

Bob began the improvements by clearing and planting to garden a small piece of land near the entrance to the bay. The ditches there with huge alders growing in them can still be traced. At the head of Scotty Bay lies a fair amount of flat, arable land and it was in this direction that Bob soon turned his attentions. Gradually he cleared, ditched and fenced almost ten acres. His cedar rail fences were of such strength that they seemed imperishable; the deep, often covered ditches carry water to this day. The sandy soil brought forth wonderful vegetables; the story is told that one pumpkin in particular was so large that no one could lift it because no one could get his arms around it. Bob also planted a fine orchard of thirty trees and built an excellent barn. This structure was framed with local peeled cedar poles, beautifully fitted and braced. It stood for fifty years.

Soon after Bob's arrival at Scotty Bay, neighbours came to take up residence. In the fall of 1912 Bill Julian moved into a little cabin on the adjoining piece of land (later Purviances) and a Mr. Wagner and his wife brought a float house into the head of the bay. This couple owned a nice boat - the M.S. Spray and like Bill Julian seemed quite ordinary folk, attending the regular meetings of the Farmer's Institute whenever they were able.

Then one day in early March of 1913, Bob was astonished to receive a visit from the Police. It was Chief Constable Stephenson from Nanaimo and he had come looking for Julian. He told Bob about a murder and an attempted robbery which had taken place a day or so before at the Fraser and Bishop Store in Union Bay. Julian, he claimed, was a suspect!

Bob was astonished and he told the Constable that it was impossible since Julian had attended a Farmer's Institute meeting with Wagner on the evening in question. But, as Bob discovered, it was not only possible, it was a fact that Julian was involved and Wagner was already in custody.

Constable Stephenson soon placed Julian under arrest and the details of the crime became a ready source of conversation for the Island's residents. It seems that attendance at the meeting was set up as an alibi with the two men immediately afterwards crossing the Strait to Union Bay in the swift, twin motored Spray. In the dark and stormy night they had anchored off shore and slipped in quietly in a dinghy to carry out their theft. Around midnight they were in the midst of rifling the store when they were surprised by Constables Harry Westaway and Gordon Ross. The latter was a young Scottish adventurer who had served in South Africa and who is described by those who knew him as a giant of a man. There was a terrific fight during which Wagner shot Constable Westaway and Julian fled out the back door. After making his escape from the fray, Julian took the dinghy and rowed all the way back to his cabin on Lasqueti. Fear of the law and fear of his partner surely haunted this pitiful wretch in what must have been a terrible trip across the windswept Strait.

Meanwhile back at the Fraser and Bishop store, Wagner and Constable Ross engaged in a life and death struggle with the latter emerging victorious even though Wagner had a gun. Later, while in custody, Wagner refused to believe that only one man had overcome him in the darkness that night. This huge man believed himself invincible and he threatened terrible vengeance on Julian who had deserted him.

The quiet lives of Wagner and Julian on Lasqueti had merely been a cover while they were pirating the small settlements up and down the coast of British Columbia. The Spray, it turned out, had been stolen. During the investigation and trial, Bill Julian helped to establish Wagner's identification. To the amazement of all, it was discovered that he was the infamous Flying Dutchman, wanted by the United States authorities for robbery and murder. In fact an American marshall sat through the trial waiting to make an arrest if the Canadian courts had let him go.

Bill Julian was sentenced to prison while Wagner paid with his life for his foul deeds. He was hanged in Nanaimo on August 28, 1913.

Mrs. Wagner continued to live in the little floathouse in Scotty Bay. For a time she cooked for Bob Conn; then, having a chance to go to Victoria, she offered to sell the house to him. Bob bought it and after securing it safely to the shore used it as his residence for many years.

HADLEY

George Hadley was born in Stillwater, Minnesota but spent most of his life on the coast of British Columbia. He married the beautiful Emma Graham of Denman Island and they had two children before they arrived on Lasqueti about 1911. These were Merril who was born in Linden, Washington and Erma who was born at Alert Bay. A third child, Doris, was born on the Island soon after the Hadleys settled on the southwest quarter of Section 28.

This family did not live consistently on Lasqueti for George was a dynamic, energetic man who tried hard to make a name for himself in the world. He often left the Island for extended periods in order to raise money for such improvements on his land as the very extensive wire fencing. Being of a creative and mechanical turn of mind, George made several attempts at producing a successful invention. These included a drag-saw which worked very well but was too cumbersome to move around and a choker hook which was in common use in the logging industry for some time.

A continuing project for George was the two storey house at the corner of the Scotty Bay road and the Main Road. This distinctive house featured two brick chimneys - one shaped at the top like a tea pot and one like a sugar bowl. This house was more or less completed during the thirties.

WELDON

Another early settler from the United States was Truman Jacob (T.J.) Weldon, who arrived with his wife Tulsa, in 1912. It was said that the latter had received her education from a posh finishing school and there was considerable speculation as to the background of T.J. This couple preempted the northeast quarter of Section 24 and brought cattle from the Fraser Valley to run on their land. They built a small house among the rock outcroppings which characterize the shoreline north of Jenkins Island.

From the very beginning, discerning settlers knew that T.J. Weldon was a man to be watched. For one thing, he tried to hold down an extra preemption by filing for a fictitious person who never happened to be present when the inspector made his rounds. Of course, there was a hut in a small clearing and a few clothes hung out to dry! As well, there was the rumour that T.J. was a crony of Bill Julian's and had a bullet hole in his arm from some former brush with the law.

Throughout his years on Lasqueti, T.J. Weldon was an ardent supporter of the Conservative Party and it was commonly believed that it was because of this that he became a Justice of the Peace. In addition to this position, he also held the job of road foreman and was thus engaged when the first school burnt down.

T.J. was a tall, lean man with piercing blue eyes and a hooked nose. If he was innocent of the crimes attributed to him, he certainly did not look it and I was continually terrified of him as a child. Tulsa Weldon did not take an active part in the Island's social functions like the other women did, but whenever she was engaged in conversation she seemed remarkably well informed about all the gossip. There was one son - Albert, a quiet, peaceful fellow who was away from the Island for many years. Was he really taking the 'rap' for old T.J.? Or was that just another rumour?

GRANT

William Blair Thornton (Teddy) Grant came to Lasqueti as a shepherd for John Norrish about 1912. Like his wife Katherine, he had been a teacher and had once worked as such on Hornby Island. Katherine, who was of Irish descent, was a refined lady of keen intelligence. It was rumoured that their marriage had almost been called off because Teddy celebrated too much beforehand. Be that as it may, love of a drink was probably his only shortcoming. He was a gentleman through and through, always courtly in his manner and completely without ostentation.

The Grants eventually preempted the southwest quarter of Section 9 and built a home facing westward with a beautiful view of the shore and the sky. In his new clearing, Teddy planted one of the finest orchards on the Island, which when the trees got above the marauding deer, produced apples and prunes of many varieties. Always taking an active part in Island affairs, he was secretary of the Farmer's Institute and the Agricultural Association for many years. He kept the books faultlessly, arranged prize lists, and carried out all the business related to the annual fall fair. His neat, triple-folded notes left in mail boxes informed the settlers of meetings and coming events.

Certainly Teddy Grant, with his wry sense of humour, can be given credit for the final word in potato planting. It seems that several men were holding forth on the subject when he broke in with, "I just take a crow-bar and make a hole; I place a potato in each hole and tamp it down."

"What kind of a crop do you get?" asked someone.

"Oh, I never get a crop!" replied Teddy.

One of Teddy's great desires was to have a wagon road to the edge of his preemption. Different routes were planned which he successively brushed out and well-worn footpaths were formed, but it was many, many years before the road was finally built. Before it was completed, he carried everything over his foot-paths by way of a pack board on his back. I can visualize him yet: a small compact man dressed in neat khaki - usually puttees - and wearing serviceable boots, making his patient way along a road or trail.

Teddy Grant's dress and bearing reflected his army training for he had first come to Canada as a member of the Red River Expedition which was sent out from England to rout the forces of Louis Riel. He was one of those of whom William Francis Butler was thinking when he wrote:

> ...who have carried the flag of England into every land, who have made her name famous through the nations, who are the nation's pride in her hour of prosperity? ... These are the rank and file.

A comrade of Teddy's in those Red River Expedition days was A.W. Neil of Port Alberni. When he visited Lasqueti in his capacity of Member of Parliament, he and Teddy would enjoy reminiscing about their early adventurous lives.

Teddy's mother, 'Lady Grant', was an old lady living in England. He knew that when she died, he would come in for a bit of money and he waited for this news with mixed emotions. One day the telegram arrived and we went down to his home to deliver the sad message. Teddy sat for a long time, just looking into space, probably thinking down the long years since he had last seen his mother. Soon afterwards he moved to Vancouver where he died of a heart attack in the winter of 1933.

BOLDTHEN

Harry Boldthen came to Lasqueti about 1913 to work for the Rat Portage Logging Company at Boat Cove. The beautiful little island of Sangster attracted him and he cleared land on the eastern end and built a house only to find that someone else had a previous claim there. The Government gave him credit for his efforts however when he left to preempt the southwest quarter of Section 5 on Lasqueti. He began once more to clear land and soon built himself a tiny cabin on a rock out-cropping which overlooked his clearing.

In 1916, Rudolph Kurtzhals' wife, Mabel, entertained an English governess - an old friend. Her soft dark hair and laughing brown eyes soon captivated Harry and Nellie married him in the fall of 1917. A year later their only child, Ruth, was born.

Harry Boldthen was as good a farmer as one could be within the limits of a stump ranch. He kept cows, sheep and pigs; taking these to market in Nanaimo. He also grew fine vegetables, while Nellie, in true English tradition, kept a lovely flower garden in a corner of the clearing behind the house. After Harry's death in the late 20's, she and Ruth lived on the property for many years.

COOK BROTHERS

The Cook Brothers, Albert and Bill also came to Lasqueti about 1913. Albert had previously worked at various jobs: for a time he had been a policeman in Vancouver; he had farmed near Brandon, Manitoba; and he had even been a deckhand on the S.S. Joanne on her run between Vancouver and Nanaimo. Soon after his arrival on the Island, he preempted the north half of the southwest quarter of Section 11 and married Louise Douglas. This marriage had not been approved by her father and it was said that there had been an elopement. Family matters were thus a little strained, but the arrival of children seemed to heal this breach since Albert was very fond of his offspring and so was Grandpa Douglas. In this matter they were much agreed.

Albert and Louise (Betsy, he called her) lived in a comfortable home on the corner of their property inland from Boat Cove. With the aid of a fine team of horses, they farmed and had good gardens. An orchard was planted and cows, pigs, sheep, chickens and geese were kept. Louise had received much of her education and training in the Convent in Nanaimo and with her lovely manners and natural vibrant personality, she was a charming person. She loved to dance and to cook and was always among the first to help in a community project. From her colourful flower garden she dispensed bouquets and cuttings to all the other garden lovers.

Through the years the Cooks raised a large family. There were Frederick, Bertha, Albert Jr., Gwen, Manfred, Vera and Douglas. One little lad, Roy, died in infancy and was buried on their own home place.

Albert had a very salty sense of humour. Once, on seeing an ominous pillar of smoke rising from his neighbor, Onslow Parry's house, he hurried up the hill to find the whole house in flames. To Onslow, who was running back and forth in despairing frenzy, his only comment was, "Well, didn't you want it?"

It is probable that Albert Cook saved my life when I was about twelve years old. We had been at a dance at False Bay and embarked on one of Charlie Williams' boats to return to Squitty. As soon as we rounded Olson's Point, the boat began to roll heavily and I became sea-sick. Going to the gunwhale to lean over the side, I suddenly lost my balance and started to go overboard. Albert saw what was happening, caught me, and held me safely until the ship righted itself and headed into the sea. Since I could not swim, I doubt if I could have survived a plunge into the choppy Georgia Strait.

Like Albert, Bill Cook was originally from New Brunswick. In the early 20's, he married shy, pleasant Ellen Kito from Gibsons Landing. They lived in a little house situated on the hill above the home of Albert and

Louise. This building had once belonged to John MUNROE and years later burnt down while Onslow Parry lived in it.

Late one night, Bill and Ellen sent out a hurried call for Emma Douglas. She hastened to their home where she assisted at the birth of Clarence, their only son. Emma said afterwards that following his premature entry into this world, she held little Clarence in her cradled hands, wrapped him in soft, warm flannel and placed him in a box in the open oven of the woodstove. This was the only place she could find where he would be warm enough to sustain his fragile life while she attended to his mother. Clarence survived and when he had grown to hearty manhood, he returned to Lasqueti for a visit. When Emma Douglas saw him standing straight and tall before her, she exclaimed, "I don't think you'd ever fit into an oven now!"

This was not the only birth at which Emma presided. She cared for Louise Cook and many other women when their children were born, and never lost a baby. As well, she helped in many other times of sickness with her knowledge of local herbs and home remedies. She would always hurry to help those who needed her services and after the advent of the Model T she was carried to the bedside of her patients in a much quicker way than by walking over a woodland path with a lantern as she did the night that Clarence Cook was born.

WILLIAMS

No settler on Lasqueti became better known or had more influence in Island affairs than Charles Williams. Although still a young man when he went to the Island in 1913, he had already seen a fair portion of the world. Born in Derbyshire, England, he left home at an early age to join the Royal Mail Line as a cabin boy. While thus employed, he sailed the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and worked the coastal route from Cape Hatteras to Panama. Going ashore in Equador at the age of 17, he became the shift boss in a gold mine. Later, he worked on the Panama Canal and spent some time as a painter for a fruit company in Nicaragua. In time he came up the coast to Oregon where he hired out as a cook. At one point, he and a friend, Bob Templeman, signed up for a voyage on a windjammer, but luckily they changed their minds and didn't go. The ship was never heard of again! One voyage he did make however, was a trip to Japan and back.

In 1910 at the age of 23, Charlie signed off a ship while in Ladysmith harbour. After a trip to Victoria, he returned to Ladysmith and took a job loading coal on a ship bound for Nome, Alaska. Not liking the ice floes he saw there, he stayed aboard and eventually disembarked in Nanaimo where he worked for a fish company before taking a job as a cook for the Giant Powder Company at Nanoose Bay. It was there that he met an old man named Danny Macbeth who took him to Lasqueti.

Macbeth had a preemption on the Island which Charlie took over. This was the southwest quarter of Section 27 and this was the property that Charlie thought he was improving when he built a little house for his wife, Della, and himself in 1913. However, it soon turned out that he had built on the adjoining Pemberton estate and he tried to buy the portion of land which he had improved. To Charlie's astonishment, Mr. Pemberton asked $5000; a price so ridiculous that no deal could be made.

With a background so varied, and after leading a life of travel and adventure, it is surprising that Charlie stayed on Lasqueti for any length of time. However, stay he did, turning at first to logging, fishing and beachcombing to earn a living for himself and Della. She was from a large family in Medicine Hat, Alberta and was accustomed to making the most of opportunity. Tall, auburn haired and attractive, Della was a driving source of energy and worked beside Charlie on their fishing boat during those early years.

Through the years the name of Charlie Williams became increasingly prominent. His enterprises included the ownership of a store and hotel as well as several boats and a marine ways. He brought the first car to Lasqueti and used it and a succession of others to deliver mail and groceries up and down the Island. And, although he had no children of his own, Charlie always played a leading role in any efforts to establish or maintain educational facilities. Elected as a school trustee in 1918, he held such a post for 38 consecutive years before resigning voluntarily. In addition, he was a Justice of the Peace from 1926 until 1968 and coroner from 1950 until 1963.

With his second wife, Ann, Charlie divided his time, during the final years of his life, between Lasqueti and Nanaimo. He died in Nanaimo on July 18, 1970 after almost sixty years of close involvement with Island affairs.

WELSH

Ab Welsh moved to Lasqueti some time prior to 1915. He lived in a small log cabin on his preemption (the northwest quarter of Section 22) before building a larger house about 1930. Ab was a bachelor - small in stature, but with a fiery, argumentative nature. He had come from Bruce County in Ontario and loved to boast of his great accomplishments in that far distant homeland. One day he and George Douglas, Sr. had a few hot words. Finally Ab shook his fist in George's face. George grasped Ab by the ankles, lifted him up and shook him, head down, while his loose change and pocket paraphernalia clattered to the ground.

Another time, a police officer came inquiring about some trivial matter. With characteristic bravado, Ab faced him and declared, "I put that uniform on you and I can take it off!"

The officer smiled to himself and went on his way.

WESCHE

About 1914, Harry Wesche and his wife, Annie, moved into a snug little cabin over looking the lake on the southwest quarter of section 14. Annie was a lively little woman who kept every party going. Harry was from South Africa and was a man of considerable education. As a child, I was mystified by the interest which people had in his mechanical drawings.

Harry was also a Justice of the Peace and in this connection a story is told about a Swedish logger who went berserk while he was working for Siverson. The demented man armed himself with an axe and no one dared approach him. Harry was sent for in the hope that he could speak with the logger in his native tongue and perhaps quiet him. This he was able to do by persuading the man that he was the King of Sweden and that he wished the poor fellow to accompany him as a body-guard. With a little coaxing, the logger with his axe preceded Harry down to the Tucker Bay wharf where they both boarded a boat. The sick man was then transported to Vancouver.

WASHBURN

On the pre-emption to the north of Weshe's lived Norm and Addy Washburn who were originally from Walla Walla, Washington. Norm was a thin man with a long nose and a wry sense of humour while Addy was short, pleasant, and quite stout.

The Washburns owned a boat named the Gold Coin and one day while trying to alight from this vessel into a rowboat, Addy fell into the water. Norm tried valiantly but unsuccessfully to pull her out. In vain he called for help and in desperation he put a rope around her and towed her to shore. Addy walked up to their house for dry clothes and seemed to suffer no lasting effects from this indignity.

DARWIN

Another family which arrived on Lasqueti in 1915 were the Darwins. With their young sons, Bascum and Edgar, Charles and Mabel Darwin landed at Tucker Bay on a wild and stormy night. So heavy was the wind that it picked their canoe up from among the rest of their goods and carried it onto the rocks, smashing in the side. This was a harsh greeting for these friendly people who had purchased the northern half of the southeast quarter of Section 11.

This property already had a house on it which had been built by a Mr. BOUSEFIELD, the former owner. Charlie and Mabel made it into a comfortable home with its doors open to any neighbour who might stop for tea and some lively conversation. They had a library of good books and set out rose bushes and peach trees in the garden.

Then, after only eighteen months of residence on the Island, Charlie Darwin joined the Canadian Forces to take part in the Great War. Mabel took the children back to Vancouver and the family was to return only occasionally during summers from that time on. After the war was over, another child, Joy, was born and Charlie taught school in North Vancouver until the family had grown to maturity.

MILLICHEAP

In contrast to the Darwin's short stay on Lasqueti, Thomas Archibald (Archy) Millicheap was to spend a major part of his life as one of the Island's leading residents. Born in 1884 in Kidderminster, Worcester, England, Archy worked in his grandfather's Inn, "The White Lady's Aster", before leaving home at seventeen to embark on a life of adventure.

A diary in possession of his son, Tom, is first dated August 22, 1903 at which time Archy was leaving Tuolinine County in California where he had been working as a lumber sorter. By ship he visited San Francisco and then Victoria which he described as "the finest bit of scenery I have seen yet — it seemed like being back in old England..." Although he evidently liked Victoria, Archy couldn't find work there and he returned to the United States to work in the lumber mills in the small towns around Seattle.

In 1905, Archy returned by ship to England, only to come back to Canada in the summer of 1908 to work in the Manitoba grain fields. When the harvest was finished, he caught a train to Vancouver and sailed by coastal vessel to Prince Rupert where he had a job on the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. In his diary, Archy described his trip in a crowded boat up the Skeena River where the rapids were so swift that the boat had to be assisted by a winch and cable to the shore. When the temperature at the job site dropped to 20 degrees below zero, Archy and five companions decided that it was too cold and they quit. To return to Prince Rupert they made sleighs and transported their baggage in this manner down the frozen Skeena until a storm dropped seven feet of snow. They then abandoned everything except their blankets and finished the trip on snow 'skiers' under considerable hardship.

By 1911, Archy was working in Victoria and in 1913 took a job there as a tool sharpener for the Water Department. It was about this time that he became acquainted with JACK MITCHELL, a patrolman at the waterworks, and Charlie Potter who was working in a brewery. Archy and Jack made a trip to Lasqueti before 1916 to look at property in the centre of the Island which was owned by Louis VILAC. This land (the northwest quarter of Section 15) was situated on a beautiful lake and the two men decided that it was an ideal place to settle.

In 1916 a $2 release and $60 for improvements were paid and Archy and Jack, who had formed a partnership, moved to Lasqueti. At first they lived in a tent and later in a shed beside the lake while they were clearing land and working on the first stages of a big house. The logs for this house were brought from the Vilac house and were beautifully matched. Archy and Jack dug a pit and used a whip-saw to cut them lengthwise.

About this time, their friend from Victoria, Charlie POTTER moved to Lasqueti and took over the northeast quarter of Section 15 from another of the Vilac brothers. Charlie was a hard working, straight-forward sort of man who was originally from Yorkshire. He and his little wife kept their farm in perfect order and she took pride in her snowy white starched aprons which she always wore, never soiling them, while she fed the pigs and the hens.

Jack Mitchell was also from England. He was a friendly, debonair man with a red moustache and curly auburn hair. It was his boast that in nine minutes he could catch a chicken from the pen, pluck it, clean it, and have it in the pan!

Across the lake from the house which Jack and Archy built lived Dick OGDEN and his wife. Dick was from Australia and had taken over the southwest quarter of Section 15 about 1915. The Ogdens lived there until 1919 when they left Lasqueti. About this same time the Mitchell-Millicheap partnership was dissolved and Jack Mitchell took over the Ogden property. He later (1930) deeded to Archy the northerly 5 chains, 54-6/10 links of this holding.

Archy spent the rest of a long life on Lasqueti residing in the big house on the lakeshore. His travelling days were at an end for he had found the spot which suited him. Throughout his years on the Island he took an active part in community affairs and earned a reputation for being an avid reader with a retentive memory. Reverend George Pringle in his book **Great Waters** described his amazement at finding a man on our small Island who was so conversant with the great literature of the day and who was able to discuss with understanding the works of such authors as Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, Kant and Spencer. As well, Archy was a wonderful conversationalist and loved to rub minds on any subject as Laurie Mason could attest after an all night session would end just in time to go milk the cows.

MASON BROTHERS

Northholme, the Lincolnshire home of the Masons in England, was the boyhood residence of two brothers who came to live out the quieter years of their lives on Lasqueti. John, the elder, was born in 1854 and in English tradition followed the sea from his early youth. Hardship and shipwreck were a part of his life under sail. In his later years he worked on steam vessels and his final employment was as mate on the Empress of Russia which plied between Vancouver and the Orient.

Edward Mason came to Canada in 1882 'just to see an Indian and kill a buffalo', but he was to remain for the rest of his life. He homesteaded in Manitoba and soon became acquainted with a lovely English girl, Margaret Stuart, whose family was also homesteading there. She had been raised in France where her father had been employed by the British East India Company. In time, Edward and Margaret married and had a family: two girls, Mabel and Stella and a son, Laurie.

Seeking new horizons, the family made their way west in the traditional covered wagon. En route, they met many native Indians and suffered insects, heat and gumbo. When their horses ran away and left them stranded on the prairie, they switched to the new railway and landed in British Columbia in 1900. The young cities of Vancouver and New Westminster became their home and it was there that the children grew to maturity.

John Mason spent his leaves from ship with his younger brother and his family. Edward and his son, Laurie, had visited Lasqueti by gas boat in December of 1915 to look the island over and a week later, Laurie and John travelled to Lasqueti on the S.S. Cowichan. John had retirement in mind and they purchased the Hurslette property which overlooked Boat Cove. The shake cabin had all the necessary amenities: a roof that didn't leak, doors that closed, and windows that looked over the bay. They called this structure, 'the shack'.

During his first months on Lasqueti, Laurie fell in happily with the other energetic young settlers. His next door neighbours were the Cooks and along with many others he frequently stopped at the 'half-way-house', as the Darwin home was known, to partake of Mabel's tasty cookies and well-brewed cups of tea. He would tramp up the draw to Millicheap's where he visited with Archy and Jack Mitchell. They were then living in a tent just where the road now turns into the Millicheap property. In the interests of cleanliness, Archy and Jack had contrived a shower by balancing a bucket so that it could be tripped at will. However, perhaps the most enticing part of their hospitality was their sour-dough hotcakes.

Those in the 'know' understand that after a batch of hot cakes has been made, enough flour and water etc., is added to the mix for the next day's make. This allows the residue left in the pot to act as the starter so that each day's cakes will be light and fluffy. These bachelors kept their dough in a five pound lard pail. When the encrustation on the tin became too thick or the hole in the centre too small to stir the batter, a fresh start was made - being careful of course to include some of the old culture. Freshly hot from the pan with a dollop of golden syrup and a dab of butter melting atop, one of these bannocks was food for the gods!

After a time, Laurie's sister, Mabel, came for an extended visit. I remember that she and Mabel Darwin once came to visit my mother while we were living at Rouses Bay. These ladies were all that was charming as they came sitting on their horses so straightly, wearing wide-brimmed hats, smart white shirt-waists and dark riding skirts. Before long, Mabel attracted the attention of Alex Kurtzhals and in due time they married. My sisters and I went with our parents to the party given in their honor.

At this celebration there was one sad undertone. The Rudolph Kurtzhals' baby girl lay on a bed with her soft eyes somewhat vacant. Everyone went in to admire wee Hazel and many came away carefully concealing their concern. The little girl died at Christmas in 1921, her presents left untouched beside the tree.

On a brighter note, Mabel and Alex Kurtzhals had a healthy daughter and son: Pegge and Alan. At first this family lived in various places on the Island depending on where Alex was working, but in 1924, he built a house on the corner of the southeast quarter of Section 5 looking over Powder Flask Cove. This became their permanent home.

About 1920, Ed and Margaret Mason came to make their retirement home on Lasqueti. 'The shack' took on a homey atmosphere. Flowers grew against the walls, a garden was planted and the orchard was pruned. Soon a new house of upright logs properly line and papered was built. Gracious living, with afternoon teas and quiet Sabbaths, filled their declining years.

Uncle Jack, as John Mason was affectionately known to his neighbours, had moved down to Squitty Bay. There he kept a little gas-boat and built a tiny cabin just at the high tide mark. With its back wall against a rock and its door protected by a thick juniper, this abode was the nearest thing to a ship's cabin that this old sailor could create. When the furious southeast storms hurled their waves against the point, casting spume far up on the rocks, out he would go to pit his spare frame against the gale. No doubt in his memory he could feel the deck beneath his feet as the roar of the ocean filled his ears. And on Sundays, with a fresh fish in his sack, he would walk up to spend the day with Ed and Margaret. Disdaining to accept a ride from anyone and always arriving precisely on the hour expected, he fulfilled the habits of a lifetime - a legend of piety and austerity.

COPLEY BROTHERS

Fred and Merian Copley grew up at Cobble Hill on Vancouver Island. They were members of a large family whose parents had made their way from Utah by way of San Francisco and Victoria to settle near Shawnigan Lake about 1875. Fred had been born en route and Merian was born in Cobble Hill. When their mother returned to Utah for her health, they, with another brother, visited her there and found brides - the daughters of Mormon pioneers. The girls that Fred and Merian married were sisters: Birdie and Hattie Owens.

The Fred Copleys made their home in British Columbia where Fred was active in the logging industry. At first, Merian, my father, worked as a barber in Fillmore, Utah, and there I was born. Soon, however, we moved to British Columbia also, and when Fred established a logging camp at Windy Bay on Lasqueti in 1915, he immediately wrote to my father who prepared to join him.

Fred's family, which then included two small boys, Owens and Alfred, had moved into some scanty buildings which had been vacated by Japanese loggers. Before my uncle had a chance to improve the accommodations, my aunt had to station one boy at either end of an open building to ensure privacy while changing her clothes. The birds flew in and out as if they owned the place. Birdie did the cooking for the men, assisted by Rose Phillips, and another of my uncles, Alfred Owens, worked in this camp for a short while. He and his wife, Minerva, and baby, Darlene, lived at Rouses Bay.

After the work at Windy Bay was finished, Fred moved his family to Jervis Inlet where he made a good stake on another logging show. They returned to Lasqueti in the fall of 1922 and purchased the northwest quarter of Section 9 and twenty acres at Powder Flask Cove. Fred moved a well built float house onto the shore at the latter property and added to it to make a comfortable home for his family. Although he did not find the success on Lasqueti for which he hoped, Fred Copley, with his sons help, did clear a large portion of the twenty acres to make an attractive farm, and he did take an active role in Island affairs until moving from Lasqueti in 1934.

In June of 1916, our family had moved to the Island where my father was working for Uncle Fred, thus beginning a life on Lasqueti which was to continue for almost forty years.

HOPKINS

The Hopkins couple were originally from the United States although their small daughter, Edwina, took great pride in proclaiming herself a Canadian. They came to Lasqueti about 1915, taking up the northeast quarter of Section 9. Harry Hopkins was a wiry, energetic man with an acid sense of humour and his wife, a substantial, strong-minded woman, shared his drive. They worked hard to improve their piece of land. By 1916 when we met them, they were living in a well built, two room house, walled and roofed with cedar shakes.

Soon after we went to the Island, my father was employed by Harry to help clear land for an orchard. Logs were burned and the stumps were blown to prepare room for more than 25 trees which were set well apart to the east of the house. The Hopkins kept quality cattle and always grew a good garden; in time all the necessary outbuildings were constructed.

During the Great War, Harry left the Island to work in the shipyards for a while, leaving his wife to care for the farm. They moved from Lasqueti about 1922, but not before Harry's part in the meeting which led to the creation of the Maple Grove School District. After his election as chairman by the rival faction, the move had backfired and Harry was wont to slap his knee with glee as he would retell of his triumphant vote.

McKINNELL

Coming to Lasqueti just after the Hopkins were the McKinnells. Alfred McKinnel and his wife, Constance Booker were born in the far separated places of Rio de Janiero and Seven Oaks, England. Their children were Lilian, Charles, Violet, Dorothy, Florence, George, Fred and Henry. In 1916, this family bought the pre-emption of Herman Grown on Section 32. A home was built overlooking the lagoon, land was cleared, an orchard planted, and a barn and other out buildings were constructed. The oldest children, being adults when the family moved to Lasqueti, spent little time on the Island. The three youngest boys, however, were still at home and attended the earliest school at False Bay. They still remember rowing across the lagoon and taking the long trail to school each morning.

Before coming to Lasqueti, Alfred had been an accountant for the Union Steamship Company. He owned shares in this company and these were retained by his family until 1958 when the line ceased operating.

As a youth on Lasqueti, Henry McKinnell successfully raised turkeys for the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons, marketing them in Nanaimo. Soon, however, he became interested in the fishing business and in time became the owner of a fleet of fish packers. Among them were the H.A., the SEVEN OAKS, the FAUNA, the SEA PRIDE I, and the SEA PRIDE II.

Alfred McKinnell passed away in 1939 after which the family discontinued residence on the Island. To this day, however, some property on McKinnell's Lagoon is owned by the family.

BARLOW

Another man who purchased land on Lasqueti in 1916 was Jim Barlow a building contractor from Vancouver. He owned the northeast quarter of Section 23 and although he never did spend much time on the Island, he did build a snug cabin, stocking it with firewood and groceries so that in the true western tradition, anyone hunting or travelling in the area could avail himself of the hospitality. The early settlers used the cabin in this manner and frequently left supplies for the next visitor.

LENFESTY

The Dan Lenfesty family came to Lasqueti in 1919. He was from Quebec while his wife - fair, wavy-haired Margaret was from England. With their children, Ida, Don, George, Frances, and baby Roy, they moved into the house on the northest quarter of Section 22. This place had been owned by Margaret's father and her brother, Ed Barnes, had lived there with his wife, Mary.

After staying on the Island just a short time, they left for a few years when Dan logged at Hillcrest on Vancouver Island. By the time they returned in 1927, Ida had married and Don was on his way to becoming a well-known high rigger in the logging woods.

Margaret Lenfesty was devoted to her family; besides coping with the usual domestic chores, she on occasion, would run over the hills helping to care for the flock of sheep which added to their livelihood. Dan farmed on the Island and preempted the southeast quarter of Section 22 where he cleared land, built fences and started on a house. This was fortunate as their home burnt down in December of 1929. After a winter of difficulty, the new house was completed with help from their neighbours, and they were able to move into it.

A close friendship grew between George Lenfesty and David Livingstone and one day when they were in their early rebellious teens, they decided to run away from home. The first inkling that Kate Livingstone had of the matter was when she saw two of her freshly baked loaves being lowered by a string past the kitchen window from an upstairs bedroom. She gave no sign, but hurried about her work in the kitchen as bedding and other necessities made the same descent. Later, from a vantage point behind the front room curtains, she saw the two boys disappear with their bundles down the hill towards Marshall's Beach. In the evening she went down to the beach herself. A thin spiral of smoke rising from Ada Island reassured her that all was well with the fugitives.

Dan Lefesty was not so understanding. In the morning he arrived in a fine fury, demanding the whereabouts of George. He then went down to the beach and took his son home without more ado.

LAMBERT

Stories of Paul Lambert border on legend. This lean Frenchman came to the Island just prior to 1920 in a boat called the Black Fox. He had a grand scheme to raise foxes and ship them north to finish thickening their fur. And this was only the first of the grandiose schemes he had for making money on Lasqueti!

It is said that Paul Lambert got Jervis Island from Charlie Higgins for a very paltry sum and this was probably the beginning of his activity as Lasqueti's first real estate agent. He travelled to California where he interested the Swartzkopfs in his property and eventually sold them the island for $9000. In the same deal he acquired the title to the Wesche place where he made his home so it seems that he made a pretty fair bargain.

On another deal, however, his business acumen back-fired. Just before the final papers were signed, he asked for more money but his promotion had gone too far and the prospective buyer refused to have anything more to do with him.

Paul conjured up many ideas for bringing industry to the community. In one case, he planned to turn his lake into a muskrat farm. He also imported nutria, a beaver-like rodent valuable for its fur. These animals seemed to adapt well to their new environment but they did not increase rapidly enough to make him much of a profit. Another time, Paul brought in a special type of edible frog which spread gradually from lake to lake. He even mailed some of these amphibians to movie actresses in hopes that they would be kept as pets and thus advertise his enterprise. Unfortunately this idea did not generate the expected interest.

HOLT

Another unique individual who arrived on Lasqueti about 1919 was a Miss Holt. She moved into the little cabin at the end of Heemis's swamp after my family moved from there in the fall of 1919 and later she was to live in the Pemberton House. No one knew anything about Miss Holt's past or where she had come from, but she was to find a place in the community as a 'baby-sitter' and occasional housekeeper. Most of the children of the time remember her severe discipline and her peculiarities. She would come hurrying down the road with her peg leg and her good leg carrying her at a pace which was difficult to equal. One pair of shoes did her double-duty since she wore the 'wrong shoe' for everyday and the 'right one' for best. Her dog, Laddie, accompanied her to the downfall of any other dog that crossed his path.

Miss Holt was pitifully plain and would never look in a mirror. We children thought this very wise as her lack of beauty was evident even to us. Her wisp of colourless hair was tied in a knot on top of her head and her pale eyes glinted dangerously if we did not behave. She was very sensitive on the subject of her missing leg and any child who ventured to question her about it was quickly rebuked. Nevertheless, parents favoured her because she was absolutely reliable and no child under her care ever got out of hand.

EARLY INDUSTRIES

LOGGING

Exploitation of the natural resources began on Lasqueti very late in the last century, creating jobs for those settlers who were interested and bringing new residents to the Island. The Rat Portage Timber Company came about 1898 to log their timber license for the area round Boat Cove. There must have been a beautiful forest in which to work judging from the huge stumps and the giant logs which remain rotting in the second growth. Evidently the largest logs were just too heavy to move despite the use of a steam donkey which stood on a huge jetty extending into the cove from the eastern shore. This jetty stood for many years - a lingering monument to the company's enterprise.

The main Rat Portage skid-road ran back up the valley and circled to the southeast to the edge of the northeast quarter of Section 9. The logs were yarded by cable for more than a mile and over the farthest section were even pulled up hill. Many of the skids were as large as three feet in diameter and all were buried in the ground to a depth which would provide for an even 'ride' and so situated that a log would always rest on at least three skids. Much of the Rat Portage skid-road eventually became part of the main Government road with holes being cut at the ends of the skids to let the wagon wheels run through. When the road was made fit for the first cars these skids were loosened with stumping powder and pulled out with a Kersten stump-puller.

After the Rat Portage Company finished logging around Boat Cove about 1911, the land involved was thrown open for preemption. Among those who took advantage of this opportunity were Albert Cook, Harry Hopkins, Charlie Potter and W.B.T. (Teddy) Grant.

FISHING

At roughly the same time the salmon which abounded during the summer in the waters around the Island began to attract attention. The independent life which could be realized by trolling for the salmon held great appeal for many men. Some spent most of their lives in their floating homes, keeping the cabin snug and warm in winter by the use of a 'cod' stove. Usually they would build one or two bunks up in the bow, a table which folded against the wall when not in use and a few cupboards in which to stow food, clothing and gear. The gasoline engine was commonly in the cabin area - a feature which was often much appreciated on chill evenings following a day's fishing.

Summer, of course, was the busy time. The cool quiet of each breaking day would be disturbed by the tinkle of bells on the fishing poles, and the shores would echo to the putt-putt of engines as the boats moved out of such anchorages as Squitty Bay, Rouses Bay or Orchard Bay. All day long they would drag their gear back and forth in such favorite areas as Salmon Rock, Seal Reef, Sangster, or the legendary Poor Man's Rock. Then in the evening they would head in to sell the day's catch to a travelling buyer or at the fish scow. Although it was an independent life it was a gregarious one; whenever possible - in the late evening or on stormy days - the men would gather on each other's boats to relate the day's events or to retell stories of great catches of the past.

One such man was JIMMIE RIDDELL. On October 8, 1907 he preempted Jenkins Island and when not out on the fishing grounds in his troller, "Quit", he lived with his wife in a comfortable home there. Mrs. Riddell was a slight, tiny, funloving woman who was quite able to cope with being married to a fisherman even when it meant cooking up an octopus to make a tasty dish. Jimmie was a very humorous man who had a way with animals. He trained his dog, Tige, to bring bits of wood from other boats and would laugh merrily when his fellow fishermen ran out of fuel. At times he would keep pet crows and he is credited with releasing the first racoons on the Island thus establishing the latter animals where once there were none.

Jimmie's close friend and fishing rival was GEORGE SWEET. A veteran of the Boer War, George named his troller "Bridgewater" in memory of his home in England. In his first years around Lasqueti, he lived on his boat and in a log cabin on Bull Island which he preempted on June 4, 1910. The continuing competition between George and Jimmie concerning who was the best fisherman produced many humorous incidents. On one occasion when fishing was very slow, the mischievous Jimmie thought of a trick to play on his friend. Although he had been fishing most of the day he had only a few fish to show for his many hours of work and he knew that George would also have found the fishing poor. Seeing George's boat coming toward him, Jimmie quickly rehooked his entire catch and lowered them back into the water, planning to pull them in just as the two boats were passing. The idea of course, was to make it appear as if he was having fantastic success, but the plan failed miserably for on pulling the lines back in, an embarrassed Jimmie found only the heads of the salmon remaining. One can only surmise the pleasure gained by some fortunate seal and the quiet chuckles of the usually serious George.

Both of these men attended picnics and social gatherings on Lasqueti and kept up lively friendships with many of the settlers. In his aging years after the death of his wife, Jimmie married Jennie Hughes of Jedidiah Island and the couple spent their last years living in Pender Harbour. George never married. His last years were happy ones ashore living with the Phillips family at Rouses Bay.

Another of the early fishermen was SAMMY JAMIESON. Like Jimmie Riddell he was of Scottish birth, but he did not share the initiative and ambition of either Jimmie or George Sweet. His boat was always some poor, discarded craft which limped along to the wonderment of all. He existed on the slimmest of budgets and would say as he bought a sack of rolled oats:

"This will keep me all winter!"

At another time when he was suffering from a toothache, some sympathetic friend asked, "Which tooth is it, Sammy?"

Pointing to a lone fang, Sammy replied, "This one; it's the only one I've got!"

No one was sure what happened to him in the end. This small, inoffensive fisherman with his sad smile simply passed into oblivion.

Besides those who lived on their boats, there were others who camped on the shore near their favorite areas and fished from smaller vessels - rowboats and dugout canoes. These fisherfolk led a nomadic life throughout the entire Gulf of Georgia and would come to Lasqueti only when the salmon runs congregated there. None of these people remained permanently on the Island in the early period although members of one such family - the Pages - did settle on Lasqueti during the 20's.

Prior to the building of a cannery at False Bay in 1915, all sales of fish were dependent upon the arrival of the cash buyers which had regular routes around the Gulf. In those days the bulk of the catch from Lasqueti waters was sold to buyers packing to the cannery in Nanaimo. These buyers were very punctual and the fishermen knew that they would be on a certain fishing ground at a specified time unless impeded by engine trouble or bad weather. Although it was a constant worry, it wasn't often that fish were lost due to the non-arrival of a buyer.

To gain an insight into the story of the fish cannery that operated on Lasqueti it is of value to quote from an article written by Charles Williams and published in the school paper in 1963.

> On the morning of a beautiful March day in 1915, three early settlers of Lasqueti were seated on a log on the shingle beach in front of what is now Fisher's store discussing the hard times which were prevalent on the coast. They were: Charlie Williams, James Riddle and Arthur Gordon (later keeper of the Sisters Light.) Gordon had just brought the mail up from Anderson's Bay where the Post Office was then located -- walking through the woods by trails as there were as yet no roads on Lasqueti.
>
> The three were just about to go their separate ways when they noticed coming around the point a long, low painted hull which came into the cove and dropped anchor. She turned out to be the motor vessel, W. Earlton, owned by Captain W.J. Gillis *(i) who was living at Brechin near Nanaimo. Gillis was well known along the coast, having just moved from Vananda.
>
> Gillis rowed ashore and introduced Joe Grohel from Friday Harbour in the San Juan Islands who stated he was looking for a cannery site. Gordon spoke up at once and said, "If it is a cannery site you want, you have come to the right place. I own all the south side of False Bay and I will donate five acres to anyone who will build a fish cannery."
>
> A small stream, which at this time ran into the bay during the winter and spring, gave promise of a water supply. As the location was central for the fishing area, and as Mr. Grohel had already acquired a fishing licence at Chemainus, he decided right then to take up Gordon's offer. Thus was born the False Bay Fishing and Canning Co., which was associated with the San Juan Canning Co. located at Friday Harbour.
>
> (Note: this stream did not furnish enough water. One, Dick Graham built a pipe to Peterson's Lake for the use of the cannery.)
>
> At this period fishing licences were farmed out by the Government to cannery operators in the different districts. Fish could also be bought in many inlets and were brought in to be canned at Lasqueti from Jervis, Toba, Bute, Loughborogh and Knight Inlets, also from the lower Gulf Islands.
>
> Gordon, Williams, Riddle and a carpenter from Nanaimo, Walter Beresford, were soon set to work to build the first cannery. Gillis, Bill Zelley and others were engaged bringing in supplies of lumber etc. By the first of June of the same year this one line cannery went into operation.
>
> Tommy Walkey was the engineer, Tom Phillips lineman. There was a mixed crew of Chinamen and Indians under a boss Chinaman to process and unload the fish. There were many jobs around the cannery where local settlers got work. There were dozens of boats and fishermen. Soon False Bay was a humming hive of industry and things looked good for the future of the Island.
>
> The cannery was a success from the first. The following year a Mr. Jesse Goodall from Nanaimo brought in a pile driver and the cannery was extended to three times the future of the Island.

With the growth and centralization of the population, social life boomed. Everyone was in high spirits and there was much banter and laughter. Some of those working on the addition to the cannery were Albert Cook, Chester Douglas, Charlie Higgins and Laurie Mason. And like the others involved, they approached the job with enthusiasm and good humour. Even when one of the piling ends fell on Chester and knocked him into the water, it was treated as a great joke. Fortunately, he was not injured.

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*(i) Gillis and his son lost their lives to hijackers during the rum running period in 1924.

The ladies were also having their fun. Rosy Phillips, Lily Riddle and Emily Coburn were friends who spent much of their time thinking up practical jokes. On occasion they would blow the cannery whistle causing great confusion to all, but their particular victims were some of the young men baching in one of the houses which had been hastily erected for the workers. They paid the small boys and girls a few pennies to catch little crabs from the beach which they hid in the men's beds while they were at work. And when billowing smoke filled the house when attempts were made to light a fire for supper, the men found the stove pipe filled with wet gunny sacks. Another time the girls painted all the cooking pots which were handy and the paint was still wet when the time came to prepare a meal. The final encounter came when one of the ladies was dropped off the wharf, clothes and all, into the briny and chilly sea.

When the 'Chinee House', a large building up on the sidehill was barely completed a grand dance-celebration was held in it. Everyone on the Island was invited and our family attended along with all the other 'southenders'.

At the hall a large mattress was laid in one corner - on which the children were supposed to sleep. Lumber was piled around the walls to be used as seating and the enthusiastic settlers filled the building to celebrate what they believed to be the beginning of a prosperous new industry. In the intervals between the dancing, one celebrant, George Stevens, sang and told jokes while another performed a stepdance. My sister and I and another small girl sang as was expected of children in those days.

It was a wet party; Siverson, a settler who had done a lot of the carpentry, left at one point for another bottle of fortification. He fell in a hole from which a stump had been blown and was unable to get out. When he was rescued, it was found that he had not spilled a drop. And the party ended on a happy note when Rosy Phillips and Bill Zelley left for Nanaimo aboard the 'Del Martin' to be married.

Once again it is worthwhile quoting from the excellent account of the story of the cannery which appeared in the Charles Williams School newspaper in 1963.

> By this time, 1916, the war in Europe had developed into a major conflict and food stuffs were needed, especially canned fish. The cannery started to process clams and herring as well as salmon. A plan to Scotch-cure herring was carried out and skilled Scottish girls were brought in to do this work. A great expansion had taken place, and False Bay was thriving. This went on with an ever rising cost of the raw material, that is fish. Although the Provincial Government set a ceiling on the price of the different species of salmon it did not altogether stop the spiral in prices.
>
> Then came the Armistice Day on November 11, 1918.
>
> All B.C. and American canneries had very large packs of salmon in 1918 and with the sudden cessation of hostilities a falling market ensued. Although the American Department of Food Administration had guaranteed fixed prices for the duration of the war and for a year after, it did not work out as anticipated. Consequently many of the processing plants on the coast went into liquidation, being unable to meet their commitments to the banks.
>
> This was practically the end of the fish cannery for Lasqueti. Some spasmodic work went on until 1921 when Mr. Groll moved to Deep Bay to operate the Deep Bay Packing Company. Charles Williams bought the False Bay Plant which was in liquidation. In 1923 he leased the same to False Bay Fisheries owned by H.D. Wright, who reconstructed the building, moving the machinery from his old plant at the Rendezvous Islands and installed new machinery to process dogfish and salmon offal for fish meal and oil.
>
> This plant operated until the fall of 1926 when it was destroyed by fire.

MINING

The very first industry to develop on Lasqueti was that of mining. According to a historical journal written by students at False Bay School:*(5)

> The oldest mine on Lasqueti Island was owned by the Hudson Bay Company. It was situated at Mud Bay, a small bay in False Bay. Twenty tons of ore were shipped from this mine to Swansea, Wales. The mine dates back fifty years and is known as the Old Bill Mine.

This mine is shown on a map dated 1928 which granted Alex Kurtzhals rights to the Trio claim on an island in False Bay.

Lasqueti is mentioned in the Report of the Minister of Mines in 1874 and again in 1898 when five claims were reported. In 1910 the report states:

> During the year several claims have been located on Lasqueti Island, on the east side, and from reports received are showing up wonderfully well, especially the St. Joseph mineral claim, small shipments of ore having been sent from this claim to the smelter at Ladysmith.

In 1911 there was a full report on the St. Joseph mine but it seems that there was never a major strike. Some of the men who worked in this mine were Dickie Bolt (miner) Joe Purviance (foreman) and Thomas Phillips (blacksmith). Three others of note were the Kurtzhals brothers - Rudolph, Otto and Alex. Although the St. Joseph mine did not provide continued employment for the miners, a few did make their homes on Lasqueti and those mentioned made significant contributions to Island affairs.

DICKIE BOLT preempted the southwest quarter of Section 21 where he built himself a house and cleared a very nice piece of land. JOE PURVIANCE brought his wife to the Island where they lived for several years in a cabin in Scotty Bay. Mrs. Purviance planted a rose garden from which many slips found their way into other Island gardens. With THOMAS PHILLIPS came his wife Nancy and children, Tommy, Jackie, Rose, and Thelma. Bert and Laura were born later.

I went to visit Alex Kurtzhals in 1971 when he was spending his last years in the home of his daughter, Pegge Nystrom. His mind was clear and his eyes twinkled as he reminisced about the early times at the St. Joseph mine:

> I'll tell you a funny story. One of the miners, he was from Trail and a heavy drinker, one day when he was carrying on he made his wife mad at him. She started after him and he went down the shaft. She started down after him, but she was a heavy woman and she slipped, her feet going through the ladder so that she hung by her knees, screaming. A couple of the miners had to go down with ropes to haul her out.

Alex did not explain what action the husband took, but one can assume that he stayed down the shaft until his irate spouse cooled down somewhat.

The original St. Joseph mine ceased operating before 1920 although a report by the Minister of Mines indicates that gold and copper were still being shipped from it as late as 1916. It was about this time that Barney BEATTY and his wife Sarah first became interested in the mine. Although they were to leave the Island for many years they returned after the Depression to purchase it. The Beattys spent their last years living in the old mine buildings.

THE COMMUNITY ORGANIZES

LASQUETI ISLAND SCHOOL

As the number of children on Lasqueti increased, the settlers got together to build a school A suitable log building was erected on the corner of the northwest quarter of Section 14 at the intersection of the Main and Center Roads. It was ready for use in 1913 and was referred to in the B.C. Schools Annual Report and in the Farmers' Institute Minutes as the Lasqueti Island School.

The school's trustees were Rudolph Kurtzhals, Eph Livingstone, W.B.T. Grant, who acted as Secretary, and George Hadley who acted as Auditor. Katherine M. Grant was the teacher; her salary being $70 per month. The Schools Report mistakenly refers to her as Miss Grant. Actually she was the wife of W.B.T. Grant.

Mrs. Grant walked to school each day on a narrow path cut out of the bush by her husband. The path skirted the shoreline from the Grant home to Higgins Point, then followed the beach in Boat Cove, continuing inland to connect with the gradually widening trail which was becoming known as the Government or Main Road. In all, Katherine had a distance of more than three miles to walk to work each day.

Just over twenty pupils were in Mrs. Grant's charge during the 1913-1914 school year. The following roll has been put together from the memories of those who attended.

Violet Anderson
Charlie Couvelier
Agnes Curran
Edith Curran
Jimmie Curran
Louise Curran
Victor Curran
Archy Douglas
George Douglas
Josie Douglas
Erma Hadley
Merril Hadley
2 Hanley children
Fred Livingstone
George Livingstone
Harry Livingstone
2 Richards children
2 Richardson children
Laura Riddel

In addition to these, Thelma Phillips attended for two weeks, but she was withdrawn because her mother felt that the distance from their home in False Bay was just too great.

At least two of the school's pupils - Agnes Curran and Erma Hadley - were little more than four years old. One can imagine that the trek to class each morning was often a difficult experience for these little girls. In fact, the distances to be travelled and the lack of roads must have created many hardships for all of those who attended. Laura Riddell was brought in her father's boat from Jenkins Island to Richardson Bay from where she walked the remainder of the way. Probably walking with her were the two Richardson children and the two Hanleys; the latter living on an isolated point opposite Jenkins Island at the time. Occasionally Laura would stay with the Higgins family who were then living in the Pemberton House on the north end of the Island. From there she would ride the seven miles on horseback, often leaving a lantern at Hadley's corner since in winter it would be dark by the time she reached home. The Douglas children who were living at Higgins Point at that time often walked with their teacher but the longest distance of all was travelled each day by Violet Anderson. It was well over seven miles by trail and road from her home in Anderson Bay to the school.

The Island's first school building did not last very long. During the summer of 1914 a small brush fire set by the road crew spread one night and burnt the school to the ground. Immediately the settlers constructed another frame building on the same site and the education of the Island's children continued. This building was used as a school until June of 1917 and was enlarged during the early twenties when it was being used as a community hall.

There were many happy memories of the children's association with their first teacher. Katherine Grant was a warm, competent woman who was very fond of her pupils. They loved to tell of little incidents involving her such as the time she brought the wrong pail and opened her lunch bucket to find only lard! As well, they often pointed to the English daisies which she planted and which persisted for years on the site of the school garden.

Mr. A.D. Hotchkiss, Mr. Hunter and Mrs. E.W. Teetzel followed Mrs. Grant as the schools teachers. Mrs. Teetzel and her three school-age children are well remembered. She organized a Christmas concert in which all her pupils participated and with her kind and charming ways she inspired their complete loyalty.

By 1917 the Richards, Richardsons and Hanleys had moved from Lasqueti and others of the original enrolment had outgrown their school years. The False Bay School had opened and the Lasqueti Island School was closed. That fall, George Douglas Jr. walked to the False Bay School for a few weeks but the distance was just too much for regular attendance. The Livingstones found that they could change schools without having their daily walk much increased, but it was too far for the Currans and this family were without the benefits of formal education for several years.

FALSE BAY SCHOOL

The False Bay School opened to fill the need of the growing community centered around the cannery. As early as 1915, children were attending 'school' in a shack near the site where the hotel and store eventually stood. The pupils sat at make-shift desks improvised from can boxes from the cannery; a box standing upright for the desk and one on its side for the seat. The first teacher was Mrs. Laura Hicks, daughter of Reverend Green a coast missionary. Some of the original students were: Erma and Merril Hadley, the Lusier boys, George, Fred and Henry McKinnel, and Bert and Thelma Phillips. Others soon added to the enrolment were Laura Phillips, Doris Hadley and David and Edith Livingstone.

With the settlers realizing the need for proper accommodation, a mass meeting was held to make plans for a proper school building. T.J. Weldon, Charles Williams and Arthur Gordon were chosen as trustees with Mr. Weldon as secretary. Joe Purviance went around to all the settlers in the area to collect funds; as much as $25 per home in some cases. The lumber was ordered from the Charles Hardy Mill at Northwest Bay on Vancouver Island and in due time a well loaded scow arrived. However, it soon was discovered that the price much exceeded what had been collected and, since the man who had brought the scow insisted on cash on delivery, matters became very touchy. There was even a threat to seize Charles Williams' boat since it seemed the most convenient collateral.

A successful appeal was made to the Government in Victoria and the amount in deficit was guaranteed. Then the Government officially recognized the False Bay School District and proceeded to tax the people for the required funds. Needless to say, many of the settlers were very hot over the second levy.

Once the problems related to materials were settled, the construction began. All of the labour was volunteered and was carried on mainly by those who had worked on the building of the cannery. Even the women helped with the flooring which may explain why some of it was laid upside down.

The new school building opened in 1917 with Laura Hicks returning to carry on her teaching duties. This time she brought her family, including some school aged children and her mother who conducted a small Sunday School for a time.

In those early days, a teacher with a family was much desired since it was often difficult to maintain the enrolment necessary for keeping the school open. For the same reason, older or younger children were often encouraged to attend. In this connection one boy who was much too old was asked to enrol. He came into the school one day smoking a huge cigar made of newspaper with a doubtful filling. The smoke was so bad the the building had to be evacuated; no doubt bringing to an end that young man's scholastic years.

The False Bay School was used as such until 1951 when a new consolidated school was built. Then after being used as a residence and a restaurant for a short while, it became the property of the Canadian Legion who still own it.

MAIL

Getting mail to and from Lasqueti was a haphazard endeavour during the early years. Usually it was directed by way of someone who happened to be coming or going for some other purpose. The establishment of a Post Office *(7) in 1911 was the first step toward regular written communication with the outside world. The first Postmaster was John D. Norrish who conducted business in his home from May 1, 1911 until his resignation on September 30, 1912. He used his own 36 foot motor vessel the Victory to carry the mail back and forth to Nanaimo.

Following Mr. Norrish's resignation, Pete ANDERSON and his wife made the mail run to Nanaimo on their motor boat the VINA. They kept the Post Office in their home at Anderson Bay where they also carried a small supply of groceries - a fact which perhaps entitles them to the claim of having the first store on the Island.

Pete and his wife were a colourful couple. Mrs. Anderson took care of handling the passengers on their weekly trips and she made it very clear: 'Ve leave at nine o'clock; ve vait for nobody!'

It was Mrs. Anderson's habit to collect fares at Neck Point just outside Nanaimo where she would advise the passengers: "You pay now, or you get off and valk!"

On one occasion, when Dawson Norrish had drag harrows and other heavy freight on board, he asked to be dropped off at Squitty Bay which, of course, was close to his home. Mrs. Anderson demanded another $5 even though stopping at Squitty would have made the trip no longer. Dawson refused, preferring to transport his freight back from Anderson Bay himself rather than pay the extra toll. Later, however, when the Andersons needed a battery for their boat engine, only Dawson was able to provide one - at his own price needless to say!

Between October 1, 1915 and September 30, 1916 the Post Office was in the hands of Mrs. A. Wesche. During that year the Islanders pitched in to help get the mail from the wharf at Tucker Bay to the Wesche home at Lamberts Lake. There the mail bags would be opened and dumped on the floor and those present would help in the sorting. Since there was no provision for rural delivery, the friendly custom prevailing was that each person involved in the sorting would carry the mail to his neighbours.

It was at the beginning of Mrs. Wesche's stint as Postmistress that the Union Steamships started to drop mail at the Island. Sailing from Vancouver, such vessels as the U.S.S. Cowichan and the U.S.S. Comox made Tucker Bay a regular port of call. Despite its reef strewn entrance, this bay was used at that time because of its good wharf facilities. A letter from the Department of Public Works dated August 18, 1973 states:

> In the year 1912-1913, this department built a creosoted pile wharf 40 feet by 70 feet with a 12 foot by 120 foot approach in Tucker Bay, B.C. The Department abandoned this structure in 1931 and it was removed from the site in 1943.
>
> Around the year 1926, the Department constructed a new approach, gangway and float in the same general area of the aforementioned wharf. Due to a decrease in marine traffic in that area and an increase in the use of facilities at False Bay, B.C. and Squitty Bay, B.C. these structures were abandoned and removed from the site in 1956.

On February 15, 1917 Rudolph Kurtzhals and his wife, Mabel, took over the Lasqueti mail service. The settlers had decided that the time had come to build a Post Office at Tucker Bay since the Government wharf was there and a road led to the wharf. A work bee was organized and such residents as Charlie Potter, Jack Mitchell, Archy Millicheap and Laurie Mason made a start on the building.

In line with common practice, the Post Office was constructed with horizontal log walls and a cedar shake roof. During one of the work bees, while several men were working on the roof, the side logs suddenly spread and the whole structure came down with a great crash. Fortunately no one was hurt and there was much laughter. Needless to say, when the building was reconstructed it was well spiked together at each stage.

Rudolph built an addition to the Post Office in which he and Mabel lived. The original log building became a waiting room where many long hours were spent by the settlers awaiting the arrival of the steamer with the mail. During this period rural delivery commenced and at first Rudolph carried the mail on his back. He took it as far as the 'mail box corner' at the upper end of the Anderson property and then to the 'North End' of the Island on alternate days. At times he traversed the whole route in one day and while the cannery was running he sometimes carried their special sack which was sorted there. During the later stages of Rudolph's stint as Postmaster he used a horse on his mail delivery. He tendered his resignation on June 23, 1921.

With the rural delivery, mail boxes came into use on Lasqueti. Each householder was expected to buy his own at a cost of about $4. The earlier boxes were made of heavy galvanized metal with a drop door and the name of the owner stenciled on the sides. Each box was affixed to a metal arm which was securely fastened to a cedar post so that it hung out towards the road and could be turned to show that mail had been left. It is worthy of note that in those days the mail box was inviolable. Money might be left therein for the Postmaster or the boxes might contain messages or parcels being exchanged among the settlers. If one's box was turned a quick investigation was merited since there might even be a piece of venison waiting there from some neighbour down the road.

THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION, THE FARMER‘S INSTITUTE AND THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

About 1912 the residents of Lasqueti organized for themselves an Agricultural Association and a Farmer's Institute. The former was primarily concerned with promoting interest in the various aspects of farming and held an annual Fall Fair to maintain this interest. The Farmer's Institute members were for the most part the same as those who belonged to the Agricultural Association. The Institute's function seems to have been to assist the settlers in the procuring of government aid in such matters as the purchase of stumping powder, fertilizer and seed. As well, about 1916 they formed a 'bull ring' and bought the fine old animal, Goodhope, a dual purpose shorthorn. Quiet and docile, he ranged at large for most of his life with never a shadow on his character. Another animal brought to Lasqueti by the Farmer's Institute was the huge black and brown boar which met its untimely end at the sinking of the Victory.

Unfortunately the minutes for meetings held prior to June of 1920 were lost in a fire which destroyed the home of Teddy and Katherine Grant. The minutes of a meeting held in June of 1920 state:

> The secretary reported that owing to the fire which had totally destroyed his house, all books and records of the Farmer's Institute and Agricultural Association had been lost and with them the balances in cash belonging to said organizations amounting to $33 in the case of the Institute and $10.54 the Agricultural Ass.

It is known that at a meeting of the Farmer's Institue in August of 1919, the subject of a co-operative store for the Island was discussed. To present the idea to the settlers at large, a mass meeting was called for September 13, 1919. Joe Purviance addressed a large gathering and described the workings of a 'co-operative.' The response was enthusiastic with the following men indicating their desire to take out shares:

R. Kurtzhals, M.J. Copley, R. Conn, Captain Molyneux, N. Washburn, D. Norrish, C. Potter, G. Mitchell, A. Brouse, D. Lenfesty, H. Boldthen, J. Purviance, W.B.T. Grant and A. Millicheap.

Other settlers soon joined and with characteristic energy, everyone enthusiastically began work on a suitable building. Work bees were held during September and October to prepare a site and to obtain sills. Lumber and galvanized roofing were ordered and George Douglas offered to bring these materials from Nanoose Bay for the cost only. Albert Cook volunteered the services of his team to haul the sills to the site at Tucker Bay.

On November 3, 1919 the actual construction of the building was begun and in a short time a serviceable structure arose just above the high tide line to the north of the wharf. A careful examination of fragmentary records indicates that during 1919 considerable trading was carried on with the United Grain Growers - for example, more than $500 worth in December alone. Rudolph Kurtzhals had been receiving the commissions on the various transactions and it is not clear when the entire business passed into the hands of the Co-operative Association. However, at a meeting on May 22, 1920 chaired by Joe Purviance with Archy Millicheap as secretary, the name Lasqueti Trading Company was chosen for the new organization. Specific by-laws were drawn up and accepted by acclamation.

ARRIVAL

June of 1916 was a momentous time for our family since we were then involved with preparations for moving from Vancouver to far off and isolated Lasqueti Island. The trip, of course, had to be made by gas-boat and the weather had been poor, but finally my parents tired of waiting for perfect conditions and decided to leave. On the chosen day there was a light overcast and an air from the southeast as all our belonging and ourselves were packed into a thirty foot troller powered by the usual 4-cycle engine and owned and operated by a Mr. Miller.

I remember sitting in the stern of the boat with my mother and my two tiny sisters, Beatrice and Lucretia. Our view forward was through the legs of the chairs and tables which were lashed to the cabin. We were filled with awe at the expanse of waves rippling so near to us. Mother was truly frightened; she would have been much more at home riding horseback or guiding a white-top through the sage brush than being there in an overloaded craft proceeding across the mouth of Howe Sound. And soon, to add to her consternation, the waves increased in size and the boat began to roll a bit.

Soon, Beatrice, who was only two years old, felt the call of nature so Daddy just held her over the side of the boat. Although this gave me similar notions, nothing in the world could have persuaded me to be suspended over that grey and churning water. Fortunately, I was saved from this fate when the weather became too stormy and we had to put into shelter behind Bowen Island.

We were storm-bound there for several days, but at last a calm spell came and we embarked again. After many hours we arrived, stiff and tired, at Windy Bay. How strange everything seemed there! Beatrice and I could scarcely stand, let alone walk on the uneven, pebbly beach, while our cousins galloped about like gazelles. Lasqueti truly was a wild and remote setting for a little four year old girl's new home.

The next day we went around to Rouses Bay where we and our goods were unloaded on the shore and we were soon comfortable in the house Father had prepared for us from the materials at hand. The frame of our new home was of cedar poles; the roof was formed of split shakes and the flooring consisted of planks beach-combed from the shore. Large trees gave shade and the creek in the ravine supplied cool, clear water in abundance. Daddy took us to a field where he had already planted a small vegetable garden. Nearby in the ditches, the wild flowers grew in profusion - yellow, blue and white. "You can pick as many as you like," he said, "this can be your flower garden."

I remembered the forbidden pansies in the Vancouver parks and a wonderful feeling of peace filled me. We could gather the flowers in this place! And we did!

Between our house and the beach there was another small meadow filled with rich, red clover. Here I used to go to gather the scented blooms in tight handfuls to carry home to my mother. The bumble bees also delighted in this bounty of blossoms and honey, with me being just a little bit nervous if many of them did their busy buzzing too close to me. One day, half in self-defense, I lifted my foot and brought the hard little sole of my shoe down on the unsuspecting bee. Of course I killed it and when I raised my foot there was a mass of black and yellow and I was no longer afraid. I tried it again several times and must have boasted about my success to my father. He was very displeased that I should bring unnecessary death to this Eden. He took me out and showed me an ant and many other insects. "Leave them alone," he admonished me, "they will never hurt you if you don't bother them. See, they are just going about their own business."

The ant hurried along and disappeared into a hole in a log. My father tapped the log and ants rushed instantly from every hole. They ran excitedly here and there until finding no enemy, they quieted down and resumed their normal activies. "See, we bothered them," he said.

Thus I began to learn the great principle of living in harmony with the world of nature.

One day my father took me for a ride in a rowboat - all the way to Squitty Bay. He let me hold the fishing line which he had put out 'just in case'. Of course it was tied to the seat with one turn around his leg; there were no fancy rods in our fishing methods. Feeling a slight tug on the cotton line, I cried excitedly, "Daddy, there's a fish!"

He felt the line. "No, no, that's just the motion of the water."

Soon I felt the tug again. This time I said timidly, "Daddy, I think there's a fish."

He felt it again but advised me that I was mistaken. Then he very patiently explained that although I might think I had a fish, if I really did have one on I would surely know it. I felt nothing more, but when we turned into Squitty and he pulled in the line, there on the hook was a very small salmon, completely dead. My honor was vindicated.

There were many other new things to learn about that first summer. Someone brought a horrid, grey and pink octopus up from the bay for our inspection and we were always being visited by birds, especially the very conspicuous crows, woodpeckers and seagulls. We saw the wild cactus blossoms from the small island that sat in the mouth of our bay. My mother called them 'prickly pears.'

And we began to learn a little about logging. Uncle Fred made up his booms in Rouses Bay and across from our home there was a chute of peeled logs laid end to end and side by side from the top of the hill to the waters edge. We often watched the logs come hurtling down to strike the water and send up spouts of spray before coming to the surface to float out and join their fellows within the bag boom.

One time we were taken on a picnic to the woods. There we watched the fallers poised on their springboards well above the ground. Their narrow-bitted falling axes swung in rhythmic alternating strokes that tossed huge piles of chips to the butt of the tree. After they had chopped in the undercut, they cut the remainder of the tree with long singing pulls of their falling saw. Of course we were made to stand well clear for at the critical moment a shiver would show in the tree top and the fallers would stop sawing and look up the tree appraisingly knowing that it was soon to fall. Then perhaps they would go back to sawing or merely wedge it a bit before the cry of 'Timber' rang through the woods and the giant came crashing down. How I enjoyed the wonderful fresh smell of fir needles and pitch, damp earth and broken vegetation!

After the bucker cut the tree into logs, a barker would look at each one with his expert eye and decide where the 'ride' would be. Then with his axe he removed the bark from that side so that the log would slide more easily on the skids. The power was the horse and the teamster had to know his business just as the rigging men did. They were masters in the use of the block and tackle which was used to get the logs yarded out to the main skid-road. This last was a carefully surveyed, cleared way through the bush, following the best route towards the booming grounds. The skids had their upper sides slightly dished to make the ride even as the turn of logs was hauled to the top of the hill above the bay. Then the dogs and chains were removed before they began their mad dash down the chute. Constantly in tow behind the horses was the pig, a sort of pointed sled which carried a bucket of the crude oil which was used to grease the skids. This was applied with an old broom by the greaser.

We children were filled with merriment at all these terms. It was a grand new world to us and we were happy as we mirrored our parent's enjoyment of living and working on that beautiful Island.

Soon we began to meet our neighbours. Just over the hill was the Kurtzhals brothers thriving farm and the Hopkins would come to visit bringing their daughter, Edwina, who was my own age. Later my father worked with Harry Hopkins clearing the stumps from his fields. I first met Jimmie Curran and his small sister Agnes when they came with a message for my father, while Mrs. Daisy Petingell with her daughter, Dorothy, would visit us from Squitty Bay.

My parents loved company and every hospitality was extended to visitors. Entertainment was a basic part of our way of life; my mother would get her precious guitar from its case and accompany herself as she sang; my father would play his mouth organ; and my sisters and I were taught to sing as soon as we could talk. Our visitors also performed; I especially remember Daisy Petingell's lovely rendition of the 'Holy City'. But for my parents, I feel that conversation was the most enjoyed treat of all, for loneliness is a hard thing to dispel when one is far away from familiar scenes.

That first month on Lasqueti we tasted wild strawberries and picked quantities of the wild blackberries which grew profusely wherever the land had been disturbed by the logging. These latter were bottled in every available jar for the coming winter. Other people came to pick the berries too. I especially remember the FOOTS, JELLEYS and OLMSTEADS from Jedidiah Island who regularly came with their pots, pans and buckets. One summer evening we sat watching them loading their pickings, picnic baskets and children into their boats from their return journey. The tide was full and a log running out from the shore was being used as a natural pier from which to embark. There was much running to and fro on the log and the sounds of laughter and banter carried across the water. Suddenly I saw a queer thing; a brown piece of seaweed seemed to be rising and falling in the water near the log.

"Daddy, what is that?" I asked.

Instantly he sprang down the slope, ran along the log and pulled out a half drowned boy. A terrible tragedy had been averted.

Many years later, Charlie Higgins told me about two other serious incidents in the lives of these people. On one occasion a child was missing and they had searched for some time when the mother suddenly saw that he had fallen from a cliff and was floating in the water. Although she could not swim, she was so distraught that she leaped over the same cliff and those present had considerable difficulty in saving them. Then just after this second aversion of tragedy, a son in his teens was out attending to sheep in the hills when he accidentally shot himself. In despiration, he tied his bloody handkerchief to his dog's collar and sent him home. The faithful animal led his family back to him and they tenderly carried him to a waiting boat. They started for Nanaimo, but it was all in vain; he died before they could reach medical aid.

Although these people were successfully farming Jedidiah Island, such fearful experiences caused them to give up their idyllic home. The gardens and orchard were never again extensively cultivated.

Also that first summer, my parents made the acquaintance of the Whitackers who lived on the south end of Texada Island. One lovely day they decided to pay them a visit and we left Rouses Bay with a good hour's row ahead of us. My mother sat in the stern of the little boat holding the baby while Beatrice and I were tucked into the bow. About half way across Sabine Channel we became aware of a growing swell coming up behind us. We children thought it was very funny as the rowboat began to pitch up and down, but Mother gripped the side and although my father looked very calm and even hummed a little tune, we soon sensed his tension.

The last ten minutes of that ride were not funny at all. Father was rowing with strong, determined strokes but the height of the waves was increasing greatly and making the job very difficult. Adding to the problem was a fast running tide which seemed to deepen the trough between each wave. As the wind picked up it made herring-bone patterns on the water and snatched bits of spray and flung it in our frightened faces. Down, down we went, and then up and up, in and out of the deep green troughs, always with the fear in my mind that the time would come when we would not make it. Then from the top of one last wave we slipped into the channel behind the little island that formed the bay where the Whitackers lived. With a quick turn of the oars, my father brought us into the comparatively calm water. We were safe!

Mother uttered a prayer of thankfulness, but my father merely said, "It's a good thing those waves never broke." Of course the Whitackers made us very welcome. They kept us for a night or two until the weather had improved and we returned to our home without further incident.

We were still living at Rouses Bay when Christmas came and we celebrated this season with singing, stories and home-made candy from our stockings. We enjoyed the candy so much that Mother said that just possibly, if we were good, there would be some more at New Years. But there was a horrible disappointment! Somehow rats had found their way to the top shelf in the cupboard and when Mother lifted down the big platter there was nothing on it but tracks.

Uncle Fred and his family had left Lasqueti for Jervis Inlet before Christmas. The log market had been poor and his Lasqueti operation had not been a financial success. Our family remained on the Island. My father really wanted to preempt a place but we were too late for the choice locations and by Christmas winter was upon us.

Since Lasqueti winters are influenced by the surrounding ocean, they are usually mild so when a hard winter does come it is an exception and people are not always prepared. This was our situation that first winter on the Island.

I remember the excitement of the snow which piled ever higher until it was well over my head. Our airy shake home was cold, impossible to heat properly with only a cook stove. Accustomed to facing pioneer problems, Mother brought out four of the home-made quilts that she had brought from Utah in her round-topped trunk. Father tacked them to the ceiling joists to form one warm room barely large enough to encompass the cook stove and the kitchen table. We children soon grew wearing of this constricted space so Mother would dress us regularly in warm clothing and send us out to play. Father had dug paths to all the necessary places - the well, the woodshed, and the outdoor toilet. He also constructed a snow house for us. It had a window, a door, and a roof held up by boughs. We would run up and down the paths and play in our snow house until we were tired enough to be quiet in the house.

One night it became very cold and the wind blew fine snow which sifted in between the shakes. Beatrice and I woke up to complain that it was falling on our faces. "Pull your heads under the covers." advised my father.

In the morning his hearty laugh woke us. When he got up to light the fire, there was fully three inches of snow on our bed and above our heads there were two small air holes which our breath was keeping open.

That winter was very hard on wildlife. We were told that there had been a plague among the rabbits in the far north and as a result, the great horned owls visited Lasqueti in large numbers. They were the terror of the dark, catching every small thing which dared to stir. Cats, rabbits, and chickens disappeared; even our small dog, Queenie, was afraid to go out at night. She was allowed to stay in the house until bedtime and then when turned out, she would dive under the house and remain there until morning. One night the little terrier was very determined not to go out but Father was insistant. "She is just too cowardly; she is too big for the owls," he reassured us.

As he closed the door after letting Queenie out, we all heard one little yip. He quickly opened the door again and stepped out while Mother carried the coal lamp to the door, shading the chimney with her hand to prevent the draft from blowing it out. Before we children realized what was happening, there was the noise of a scuffle and Father carried our poor little doggie into the house and laid her down on the floor. She seemed to be dead and we began to cry as he bent over, working with her. Slowly she began to revive and finally he was able to lay her under the warm stove to finish recovering. Then Father went outside and brought in the owl which he had had to kill with his axe before he could get the dog away from it. The giant bird measured just under five feet from wing tip to wing tip.

Thereafter Queenie was allowed to sleep inside. In fact, she would never again go outside at night. During that winter, even we children were kept in when it began to grow dusk lest one of those huge brown shapes should drop silently upon us.

The great horned owls returned in following years but in lessening numbers. The severe winter and the visit by the owls had one good effect on Lasqueti; the rats which had invaded the Island by way of the hay for the loggers' horses completely disappeared and were never seen there again. But when our parents remarked to the other settlers about the hard winter, everyone said, "It was worse last year; colder, longer and deeper snow."

Sometime during that winter a tugboat tied up in the bay and its Captain visited us, receiving the usual warm welcome. His name was A.E. GOOD and this seemed like a very suitable one to us since before he took his tug out of the bay he sent us a box of canned food and other dainties which were impossible for us to obtain. Many years later, Captain Good and his wife, Edith, bought the waterfront at Rouses Bay and built a house on it. They lived there in retirement.

In 1917 our family left the little cabin at Rouses Bay to move into the temporarily empty Kurtzhals place. My parents carried on with the farming and we children loved it. We especially admired the huge horse, Babe, brought to the Island by Rat Portage Logging Co., who had feet as large as our dinner plates. At this time my Father was making arrangements to buy the Northwest quarter of Section 9 which Dawson Norrish had inherited from his father. With this in view, we planted a garden on the property and erected the walls of a log house, but our dream did not materialize. Although the garden yielded bountifully, we never had enough money to buy the land.

In November of 1917 a new sister, Geneva, arrived in our home. The very day before this event, Harry Boldthen had brought his bride, Nellie, to the Island and it was she who answered the call for aid. She visited us daily to care for the baby and she and my mother became fast friends.

Since we had no place of our own, we were obliged to live in houses which happened to be vacant. The year of 1918 was one of moving. After the Kurtzhals returned, we lived in the Mason place for a few months and then the Darwin house before moving into Ogden's just before Christmas. It was situated at lake level and was so small that my father put up a tent at one end to serve as a bedroom.

That Christmas we had a tree glittering with real candles and the usual home-made paper chains and ornaments; carefully strung popcorn completed the picture. Santa arrived in a jingle of bells while we were at supper. Although we children rushed into the tent where the tree had been erected, we were too late to catch even a glimpse of him. The beautiful dolls he had left beneath the tree changed our disappointment to glowing happiness.

That winter my father and Dick Ogden cleared land on the flat above the new Ogden house and spent some time working on this house itself. The Great War had just ended and although effects on the Island were minimal, we were still getting along using the rather dark and sticky "war flour" and were still without sugar at all. When my aunt sent us some of the latter from their logging camp, we had been without it for so long we were scarcely interested. We were far more impressed with Mrs. Ogden's overshoes which had aluminum soles and sides!

Jack Mitchell and Archy Millicheap who lived across the lake from us were the only people on the Island to catch the terrible "flu" that swept across the world after the Great War. First one of them came down with it and was nursed by the other. Then by the time the second one was ill, the first was sufficiently recovered to care for him. No one else caught it, for which the Islanders were devoutly thankful.

We continued to have many visitors. I especially remember Charlie Higgins who brought his wife, Hazel, and infant daughter, Ruth. I also remember a visit from HARRY MAY who told us about the death of his brother, Ben, in a logging acident on the Island some years before. Harry brought his violin with him so my mother got out her guitar and asked him to play with her. He excused himself, saying that he had neither a bow nor a bridge for the instrument. My father felt that a little ingenuity could overcome these obstacles so the two men went to work. One whittled a bridge and the other made a bow which they strung with horse hair from the barn. After that, Father got out his mouth organ and they had a happy concert far into the night. When he left, Harry took the bow with him but the bridge stayed in our family for years.

During the spring of 1919 my father spent much of his time clearing land at Hadleys. George Hadley was away working off the Island while his wife remained at home to keep their children in school. At the time they were living in a cabin just south of the site of the 'tea-pot house' which George built many years later. A young orchard had just been planted between the house and the gate and the little trees provided very inviting hurdles to be cleared by Erma each morning as she ran off to school.

Mrs. Hadley invited our whole family to stay with them while my father worked at the land clearing. He was cutting down the brush and burning out the big stumps. We were fascinated when we peered into the burning holes where the flames were reaching into the resinous roots. Horizontal and vertical holes were bored into the large logs with a two inch auger and these acted as chimneys for the fire. These logs would gradually burn into huge chunks which could be rolled together into a pile for further burning.

During that spring, Beatrice and I went with the Hadley children to attend the False Bay School. That first day I stared at Miss Miller, the teacher, until she said to me, "Did you ever see anyone so ugly as I?" I was horrified to be so easily read, but in a day or two I loved her as did all the other children. We also fitted in quickly with our new classmates and soon were joining them in the usual games of childhood. We caught frogs from the streams and gathered their eggs from the pools in the skid-road which ran from the school to the cannery. These were in different stages of development and we took them to school in bottles to be set out for observation on the window sills.

One day, Fred Livingstone and Merril Hadley spoke quietly to us girls just as we were dismissed from school. "Do you girls want to go for a boat ride?"

What magic words! Beatrice and I knew very well that we were not to step into a boat without our parents' consent, but nevertheless we went down with the other children to a sandy beach where the boys had tied a rowboat. When we saw the ancient craft, seemingly held together with pitch and tar, our misgivings were even greater. However, we allowed ourselves to be persuaded and in we clambered. Even now it makes me shudder and I do not like to remember how many children got into that unseaworthy boat. Besides Fred and Merril who were about eleven, there were in the younger group, Erma and Doris Hadley, Bertie Phillips, Beatrice and myself.

With this load the boat took in water at the seams; we bailed energetically while the older boys rowed us over to Hadley's Bay where we disembarked and walked around to Orchard Bay. When we opened our lunch pails to eat the cookies we had saved for after school, we found them soaked with salt water and since they were of no use we impaled them on the shoots of a young plum tree. We cautioned each other to say nothing of our unorthodox way home as we followed the boys through a little path back to the Hadley gate. The mothers chided us for being late and as we sat down to our usual hearty supper, my father joined us at the big table. Just as we finished our meal and before anyone had left the table, he spoke in the voice of someone announcing a great discovery, "I saw the most peculiar tree today – it was a cookie tree!"

Can you picture the fallen looks on five young faces? We then were cross-questioned until the truth was laid bare. No, we were not taken to the woodshed, but by the time our parents had explained what a foolish thing we had done, our lively imaginations had punished us quite badly enough and we were thankful to creep quietly into our safe beds.

As the summer of 1919 approached, my father finished his work at Hadley's and we moved back to Ogden's for a short while before taking up residence in the Heemis cabin. We were still without a place to call our own, but this tiny house nestled against the hill below the road on the southwest quarter of Secion 12 was a happy interlude for us children. We played in the woods near the house where there were beautiful young hemlocks whose fine needles and tiny cones made a soft carpet for our playhouse. We climbed onto the flat limbs for our upstairs bedrooms.

Sometimes we went down to the end of the long swamp to try to catch a glimpse of the mallard ducks that could be heard there. We knew they were nesting and we wanted to see the ducklings, but they were always just beyond us.

On one early morning, Beatrice and I were sent to Curran's on an errand. We had not reached their barn before we smelled fresh smoke. Soon we came to their clearing where Bill Curran was pacing up and down and most of the family were out staring at the mountainous billowing clouds of white and yellow smoke which were rising from a fire in the forty acre slash left by the Rat Portage Logging Company. One of the Curran boys had been sent to alert Archy Millicheap who was the Fire Ranger at the time. The Currans told us to hurry home before we were cut off by the fire. We needed no further urging, but ran off as fast as our short legs would carry us.

Soon all available men were fighting the fire. With axe and spade they attempted to build fire-guards, but the flames spread quickly through the dry forest. Our home was in a most vulnerable position completely surrounded as it was by brush and trees. The fire fighters used the Main Road as a guard and kept watch but one day the fire jumped the road and approached close enough to our cabin to burn the beautiful hemlocks which had been our playing area. We had all our belongings packed and we were prepared to retreat into the swamp if necessary but at last the wind changed and rain came to quench the fire. Our little cabin was spared although much of its attractive setting was reduced to blackened hillsides and much ruined timber.

It was during the summer of 1919 that my father along with other Island men worked on the McDiarmid*(3) survey of the sections of land which touched the Government Road. Included in the survey were a few other parcels of land. When the work was over, my father and Victor Curran took it upon themselves to measure the road in chains and miles beginning at Squitty Bay* (3). A few years later Archy Millicheap, in his capacity of Road Foreman, did the same thing but in the opposite direction - from False Bay. Naturally the two sets of mileposts did not coincide.

By the end of 1919 our family was on the move again and we went to live in the original Darwin house, about one half mile inland from Boat Cove. As Christmas approached, we children were as excited as little girls could be. First there was the arrival of our grandmother's yearly parcel. It contained outfits for each of us: petticoats with crocheted yokes, jumpers decorated with appliqued fruits and flowers, and under blouses of pink sateen. Then Santa Claus obligingly arrived a bit early, leaving a row of red felt slippers to greet our marvelling eyes one morning. And working us to a fever of excitement was the news that the Douglas family was planning a big party to welcome home their son, Archy, from the War! There would be music, dancing and visiting – everyone on the Island would be there!

The day before the party, Mamma had washed and braided our long hair so that it would be at its crimpiest best. She also did her own with a special raw egg shampoo, then put in little half-braids that would make the front of her pompador crimpy as well. Our dresses were pressed, Daddy's pants were pressed; everything that could be done ahead of time was done.

On the eagerly anticipated day, we were scrubbed, tubbed and dressed and had only the weather to worry about. Daddy attended to this worrying as he debated about which route we should take. We could walk right around on the best road - past Tucker Bay School - a distance of about seven miles; we could take the path up through the draw to join that road at Potter's, thus cutting off four miles; or we could take a short-cut directly from Boat Cove along old logging roads and through the brush to the Douglas home. This latter route was only one and one-half miles but it was rough and was a difficult way to take small children. The path to Potter's was judged to be best if we could get started well before dark.

But just before we were to leave, Archy Douglas and Albert Cook arrived to tell us that they had come around by gasboat to pick us up and save us the long walk. This posed a new problem for our parents since it was raining lightly and there was the hint of a south-east wind in the trees. Mamma was, to use her own words, "deathly afraid of boats". She would walk many a mile to avoid riding in one - especially on a dark and rainy night. She flatly refused to go!

"Let us take the children, then," they offered.

"Well, you're not going to take the baby!" Mamma answered firmly.

The decision which our parents reached with some misgivings, was to let the three older girls go in the boat while they took Geneva and walked through the shortcut.

So we all set out, with the two groups separating at the foot of the hill. I well remember the scrape of the row-boat on the gravel and the uneasy feeling I had as we left the shore to row out to the gas-boat. The ground swell of an approaching storm lifted and lowered us in long easy motion. The freshening breeze sifted the fine rain on our faces. I suppose we looked apprehensive as we huddled together on the back seat with our suitcase of slippers and extra clothing on our knees.

"Don't worry," said Albert reassuringly, "Soon you will be with your Mamma and Daddy. We should be there in less than an hour."

The early winter darkness had already descended so Albert held the lantern while Archy rowed. Soon we drew up to the gasboat and the men lifted us in. They settled us in the front of the little cabin and we crouched there on the bunks that met under the bow - the engine just a foot or so from our feet. One of the men spun the fly-wheel and soon there was the rhythmic 'putt, putt, putt...' of the single cylinder engine. The anchor was pulled aboard and the clutch engaged; we children clung to each other to keep our balance as the little boat climbed the swells and settled into the troughs of the larger waves which rolled along outside the shelter of the cove.

We had barely started into the heavier swells when in one of the lurches of the boat, something was shaken loose and the engine stopped. Albert and Archy tried to start it again. Oh, how they worked! What could be the matter? The boat pitched and tossed crazily as they spun the flywheel to no avail. We experienced that awful helplessness of being in a boat without power drifting in the darkness towards a reef-girt shore.

Archy spotted the boat's horn on a shelf just inside the cabin door so he took it outside and blew it in the hope of someone hearing and bringing help. He kept this up intermittently until from one of his trips on deck, we heard a shout and he came in dripping wet. A wave had washed him overboard and the next wave had washed him on again! I heard him tell Albert that the row-boat was gone. It had been during his attempt to tie it more securely that he had been washed overboard!

With all the rolling of the boat and the smell of gasolene and the oily bilge, we girls soon began to get seasick. One of the men brought us a bucket but we didn't manage very well in that constricted place with the boat pitching so violently. Lucretia was only four and she began to cry; but though Beatrice and I were frightened, we did not fully understand the gravity of the situation. We tried to keep Lucretia quiet while swallowing the lumps in our throats, all the time wondering when the engine would start and wishing we had walked the seven miles.

Archy and Albert did not hide their concern. Although it was dark, these men knew the shoreline and just how close we were drifting to the dangerous rocky shore. I heard them throwing out the anchor - they hoped it would catch, but even if it didn't, it would steady the boat. Suddenly I heard one of them shout, "I think it has caught! Blow the horn!"

Thus the little gas-boat hung there on the end of the anchor rope - short feet from a sheer cliff and the sharp rocks at its base. The water boiled up and fell back with each wave; if the rope had parted we would have landed on the rocks to be crushed by the swelling waves for the storm was now very real - a winter southeaster which was rising to a gale.

On land, as our parents were making their way over the uncertain trail, they must have heard the first blast of the horn. Mamma was very concerned. She had excellent hearing and may even have noticed that there was no sound of the engine. Daddy tried to reassure her but to no avail.

"They will be there when we get there," he said, probably trying to convince himself also.

But Mamma was determined in her fear. "I know it's the boat blowing for help," she kept telling my father.

They burst into the party with the alarm. Immediately some of the Douglases rushed out to listen.

"Yes, yes," they cried. "That's our boat's horn! It's the EMMA alright! It's outside the bay!"

The men pulled on their coats and ran down the hill, about half a mile to the beach. George Sweet was the first there. Afterwards everyone marvelled that he had pulled his big skiff in by himself in order to reach his anchored boat and come to the rescue.

How welcome were the shouts of the men as they came near. Working in a howling gale, they got a line tied to the EMMA, cut the saving anchor line, and towed us to safety. George Sweet had on hip waders and I remember him stepping overboard into the shallow water of the bay and carrying us girls one by one to the waiting arms of our Daddy on the shore. Only then, from the talk of the men, did I realize that we had been snatched by the mercy of Providence from certain death.

I cannot remember going up the hill, but as we were hurried into the Douglas home, the bright room remains clearly in my mind. Mamma was sitting in a chair with Geneva in her lap. She was surrounded by other women and she was weeping as they tried to comfort her. We ran to her with the usual babble of children.

"Mamma, why are you crying? Mamma, Lucretia threw up on her hair. Mamma, I got some on my dress!"

But Mamma only clutched us to her, saying, "It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all..."

Later she whispered in my ear, "Did you remember to pray?"

For a moment I felt guilty that in my hour of need I had forgotten. But then I knew that she would not have forgotten and I was sure that that was why we were safe and all was well.

Kind people soon washed our faces and tried to feed us, but of course, we could not eat, for it takes several hours to feel right again after the nausea of sea-sickness. I remember my friend, Edwina, nobly offering me a chocolate which ordinarily would have been ambrosia, but I could only turn away with a horrible feeling of revulsion. Although we were laid in bed to rest, I remember waking once to see Archy showing the scars on his back and chest where he had been wounded during the War. Another time I awoke while my father and Chester Douglas were trying out various athletic skills. Throughout the night there was dancing and merriment and when daylight came it was time to go home.

We girls were awakened and danced around by Daddy "to get us on our feet." Our coats and hats and shoes were fastened, our extras stowed in the suitcase, we said our goodbyes and departed. The rain was still coming down heavily; it had rained all night. Lasqueti's bedrock is near the surface in most places, so with the heavy rainfall the little streams were running - often down the middle of the road. At this time the roads were little more than paths winding between the stumps and trees in the way of least resistance. They were just wide enough for a sleigh unless they happened to follow a logging road where the skids settled the width and were afterwards cut out at the ends for wagon ruts. The tree roots were not always removed since they helped keep the sleigh runners off the rough ground.

We didn't go very far before our feet were wet, but we splashed along as best we could. Our parents had decided to go home by the route that led from Potters down the draw to Boat Cove. We hoped the big swamp along the way would not be too full for crossing. By the time we reached it and walked out on the two big logs that normally formed the bridge, we realized that there was a wide stream running across the path where the logs ended.

"We might as well wade," said Daddy, "We can't get much wetter!"

Whistling a merry little tune, he led us across carrying Lucretia and the suitcase. Momma followed with Geneva while Beatrice and I brought up the rear. Surprisingly the water did not seem very cold; we splashed across with our boots squilching water as we trudged up the bank on the other side. Lucretia was put down to walk again and the three of us girls followed our parents the rest of the way down the trail. We had only about another mile to go: down the draw, over the old chute, across Cook's field, down to the creek, over the bridge, up the hill and we were home!

Daddy built a roaring fire in the big heater and boiled a kettle of water. Soon Mamma had us in dry clothes with our feet in the tub of warm water. By this time a good pot of rolled oats 'mush' had been cooked and which we all enjoyed. Finally we children were tucked into bed and made to stay there until the next day.

I cannot remember any ill effects from this adventure, but it was many years before we were allowed to again travel in a boat without our parents. I was too young to know what stopped the boat. I heard the men discussing a nail... And the anchor was never recovered!

LASQUETI IN THE 20's

For Lasqueti and its residents, the 20's were a time of hope, change and controversy. The prosperity that followed World War I in many parts of Canada did not really have a marked effect on the Island; it was too far removed from the main stream of affairs. The residents were active and full of desire, but too often their plans met with only marginal success. And as one would expect, the crash of 1929 was not felt so severely on Lasqueti as in most other areas. When one's efforts are producing a limited return, the distance to fall can never be great.

During the 20's, Tucker Bay and the centre of the Island lost much of their position as the core of the Lasqueti community. The False Bay and Maple Grove - Squitty areas began to develop their own facilities, and loyalties evolved which were related to the separate communities rather than to the Island in general. The settlers were striving to improve their own position in life and to raise the socio-economic status of the community in which they lived. Too often, however, hopes were dashed, with bitterness and hostility remaining.

MINING

As the 20's began, there was great optimism concerning mining ventures on the Island. The Report of the Minister of Mines for 1920 gives the exciting and imaginative names of the nine mineral claims known as the Venus group which had been staked in the Barnes Bay area. These were the Venus, Venus Fraction, Hill 60, Big Dipper, Joan of Ark, Saint George, Bluebird, Reliance and Little Billy claims and were owned by the Lasqueti Mining Company with Henry Lee as manager and director. The Venus mine had originally been discovered by the Kurtzhals brothers and Joe Purviance who had sold the rights for $16,000.

The 1920 mining report states:

> The rock formation is diorite porphyry with basaltic base. Ore deposit: a body of sulphide ore occurs carrying gold, silver and copper values. Previous to January 1921, a shipment of ore had been made to Tacoma smelter for treatment.
> Development: This consists of a drift adit about 100 feet long with upraise 20 feet high to within 15 feet of the surface. Also some deep open cuts to locate contact along line of strike. A large log cabin for sleeping quarters, a cook house, office building and blacksmith shop together with a building for compressor plant comprise the mine camp proper.

These were exciting and promising times for those residents who became involved. A qualified geologist stated that there was every indication that good quantities of ore existed and this was probably the reason that the Guggenheimer empire gave financial backing. Many scowloads of good ore were shipped to Tacoma and the miners said that it was beautiful stuff. But they never seemed to find enough - the 'mother lode', and with a slump in the price of copper, the mine closed down in 1922 and filled up with water.

While the mine was running it had been a place of hope and industry. Henry Lee was a good foreman and the Chinese Cook, Wong, prepared good food and supplied the men with pies and coffee for their nightly 'mug-up'. Those who lived and worked at the mine included Tommy Phillips the engineer, Paul Lambert the woodcutter, Laurie Mason, Walter Tucker, Dickie Bolt, Sammy Jamieson, Bob Murray, Barney Galliger and Arnold and Mrs. Smelt with their daughter Marie. As well, Bob Conn worked on the construction at the site.

The men liked their jobs and worked willingly. The night shift did the drilling, charging and blasting; after lighting the charges down in the mine they would start running and on a signal would be hoisted to the top in the bucket. Everyone would run to the end of the tunnel where they would wait to count the charges. Even after the charges had all gone off and the shaft thus blown clean, no one went back down until the following morning.

In their spare time the men played cards, swapped yarns and enjoyed recounting the daily doings. There were the usual happenings of human interest which occur wherever men work. At one point Sammy Jamieson lost his job. He had been allowed to run the air compressor and as all was going well, he thought he would just run up to the cook house and enjoy a little mug-up. It was his hard luck that just when he was gone, the engine stopped. Mr. Lee awakened and ran to see what the trouble was. He beat Sammy to the engine. Laurie Mason says, "I'll never forget the look on Sammy's face when he said, 'I'm fired!' "

Another time Paul Lambert made a nice soft chair to sit in during his spare time on the night shift. Laurie saw it and hid it in the stope where it got soaking wet from water which was dripping there. Paul was very angry and accosted Laurie on the matter. Replied Laurie, "What's the matter with you? You'll spoil a good thing. You don't have to let everybody know that you have nothing to do! We're supposed to be working down here!"

Paul was extremely upset but it seems that eventually the chair found its way up the shaft to be used during the evening mug-ups.

There was much disappointment when the Venus mine closed and it became apparent that the claims which seemed so promising would not be developed further. From time to time through the years these were investigated but there was never enough good ore to maintain interest. Men like Alex and Otto Kurtzhals kept on prospecting in hopes of finding 'the mother lode' but their efforts were unsuccessful.

LOGGING

The logging activities which extended into the 20's were never of a scale which could produce significant profit. Some income was realized, but there was never much capital available and good machinery was pretty well non-existant. With much work and a team of horses, a few men could log the accessible pockets of timber. Some of those who made a few dollars in this manner were: the Kurtzhals brothers at Windy Bay, the Masons on the west side of Boat Cove, Art Brouse at Powder Flask Cove, George Douglas at Tucker Bay (Wesche's timber) and the Cook brothers at several spots including Spring Bay. As well, a few of the settlers occasionally tried hand logging; working alone or in pairs to put easily moved timber into the water using only a peevee and jack.

There was always considerable chance in these small ventures and misfortune could quickly bring an end to such marginal operations. In one instance Dickie Burnett lost a team of fine horses as they were being unloaded at the Tucker Bay wharf. They balked and backed themselves and a wagon off the slip to disappear beneath the waters of the bay. And there was always the fluctuating market with which to contend, for Lasqueti timber was known for its hardness and pitch and usually it was not in much demand.

Of course one of the greatest worries for the settlers who tried their hand at logging was getting the booms to the distant mills. In those days the logs were scaled and sold after they reached their destination. Thus the time when the tug was towing a boom across the treacherous Georgia Strait was marked by nerve-wracking anxiety. News that a boom had been delivered safely and had been sold was greeted with great relief and when the payment came through there was considerable satisfaction. 'Waiting for the boom to go in' became a wry joke and often a very valid excuse for unpaid bills.

ROADS

By the 1920's, the building of roads on Lasqueti over which automobiles could travel was well underway. There had been a move to take the main government road along the western side of the Island through property owned by George Douglas and T.J. Weldon, but the McDiarmid survey in 1919 placed it pretty much as it is today.

Road work was a consistent source of funds to some of the settlers. Usually there was a yearly grant which the road foreman, in agreement with the Provincial Engineer, allocated for road improvements. At first most of this work was done with pick and shovel augmented by a dump cart and horse. A little dynamite or stumping powder was used to aid in the moving of major obstacles along the route. Before 1920, road foremen were Harry Higgins, T.J. Weldon, Dudley Barnes and Joe Purviance. The last named resigned at the mass meeting held August 8, 1920 and although the minutes of the meeting report that Harry Boldthen was chosen to take over the foreman's job, it is a fact that Archy Millicheap assumed the job at that time and held the position for most of the 20's.

THE BIG WIND

While the 20's on Lasqueti can hardly be described as 'roaring', one day early in the decade certainly fits that description. A strong southeaster had been blowing all of one day in January of 1921 and in the early evening the wind dropped suddenly and there was an unnatural lull. At the Norrish home, George Sweet, who was having supper with that family, remarked, "It's the calm before the storm."

His words were most prophetic for within minutes the wind returned – a shrieking gale! Alice Norrish ran to watch the stove while Dawson held the front window from falling in. George Sweet pulled on his Sou'wester and headed out to see to his boat in Squitty Bay. When he stepped outside, away went the Sou-wester, never to be seen again. He hurried down to Squitty to find his and the other boats being driven towards the head of that narrow bay. George and the other owners were hard put to keep them from being wrecked.

The wind had veered from the southeast to the southwest and its full force was thus directed at that side of the Island. At Boat Cove, Laurie Mason put props against his shake house to keep it from blowing over. He said afterwards that he put his boots on, feeling that if the end had come it was more suitable to die thus outfitted! Further up the valley from Boat Cove, a huge snag which hung over Albert Cook's house, shattered and fell in chunks around its stump. My family was then living in the nearby Darwin house. The first heavy gust blew the door open and extinguished the coal oil lamp. No sooner was order restored than it happened again so Mother held the door shut while my Father grabbed a handy hammer and nailed it closed with stout spikes. We then sat apprehensively listening to the wild gale, hoping that the roof would stay on and counting the crashes of the dropping trees.

In the morning the hill opposite our house looked as if a giant hand had passed along, pressing down dozens of trees in one direction. The upturned roots and broken branches lay in wild entanglement. Later we learned that Archy and Georgie Douglas were in a fine stand of timber on '19 hill' when the gale struck. They saved their lives by jumping from one upturned root or tree trunk to another, dodging the giants which were falling around them. It took two weeks for a crew of men to cut the trees from the government road; there were 23 windfalls over the road between Norrishes and Rudolph Kurtzhals - a distance of one-half mile. For years a section of barbed wire fence hung on a high upturned root in this area - a fitting memorial to the big wind.

SCHOOL

After the closure of the Lasqueti Island School in 1917, the settlers in the centre and southern parts of the Island continually tried to have it re-opened. This was one of the key items on the agenda of the historic general meeting which was held on August 8, 1920 under the sponsorship of the Farmers' Institute. Quoting from the minutes:

> Resolved that the Education Department be notified that there are at present in the Lasqueti Island School District eight children of school age who are receiving no education and to request that the Department supply a teacher for them.
>
> By the laws of the Province all children are supposed to receive an education and it is a great hardship that these children grow up in ignorance and not benefit by the Education Act.
>
> As the settlers are having a hard struggle to make a living on the island it is impossible for them to pay for their children's education.

I was one of the eight children in question and the lack of a school was truly a severe problem for the parents of all of us. Early in 1920, with a desire to rectify this situation, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopkins and my parents made arrangements with Katherine Grant to have her teach Edwina Hopkins and my sister, Beatrice, and me. At the time, Edwina and I were eight and Beatrice was six and we were to walk to the Grant home for our lessons. It seemed a great privilege for the three of us to attend 'school' for three precious hours each day. Now we would learn to read!

We found Mrs. Grant to be very formal, but also very sincere and kind. She insisted on absolute discipline while at the same time encouraging us to be as free in our thinking as our limited experience allowed. She taught us the simple beginnings of arithmetic, reading, writing and spelling. As well, she involved us in art through watercolour and pencil drawings of natural subjects. Appreciation of our environment was brought about by discussions of our surroundings. At times, Mr. Grant was called in to admire a well done exercise. In a word, nothing was spared in making our schooling conform to the real thing.

From the Darwin house where we were living in the spring of 1920 we walked to school along 'Grant's trail' - the woodsy path over which Mrs. Grant had sometimes travelled to her teaching duties at the Lasqueti Island School. From the old beaver dam we would gather frog's eggs for classroom showing and all along the trail we picked tiger lilies and other wild flowers where in late winter we had eaten the crisp, balsam flavoured snow off the young evergreens.

One morning as we approached the Grant home, we thought we saw a fire in the distance. Frightened, we ran to the next vantage point and saw in horror that their house was a mass of flames. In terror and in tears we turned and ran for home. Bursting in, we tried to tell about what we had seen. Father ran from the house, too late to be of any assistance while my mother tried to calm us. Poor Beatrice was very sick from the shock and was affected for years afterwards with nausea every time she saw an outside fire.

Edwina had been early to school that morning and at the start of the blaze she had the presence of mind to gather the table cloth from the school room and with it our books and pencils. She would have dashed in again had not someone restrained her. Nearly everything else was a total loss. Gone were the pictures and books we knew Katherine had been saving for us; gone were her treasured possessions, her postcard albums, her pretty dishes. For a long while we children could talk of little else.

The fire had started from an overheated chimney. Teddy had been away from the house with his gunny sack and axe, gathering bark and Katherine, in her panic, instead of taking a bucket of water and controlling the blaze, had rushed out and run frantically here and there trying to find him. By the time she did, and by the time he had run home, it was too late to do anything. A home of that sort - all wood with a shake roof, burns like tinder.

It was a tragedy for the Grants. Their comfortable home overlooking the sea was nothing but ashes. The neighbours rallied around and offered assistance as best they could. Mrs. Hopkins took them into her home until a lean-to with a tent was erected beneath the trees for temporary shelter. We went there for our schooling for a few weeks but everything had changed. Dear, cheerful Katherine Grant was detached and preoccupied. We gathered flowers and wild strawberries for her, but nothing could assuage the awful loss. The rose garden was scorched; the wysteria dead; to start again took courage but it was the only way and the Grants made the attempt.

To help them, my father donated the logs which he had prepared for the house he was planning to build. Men came and held work bees to move and erect these logs over the cold ashes on the old site, but winter was arriving by this time and there was not enough money to finish the house. As a temporary measure, a one room cabin was erected near the log frame; it was to be the Grant home 'just for the time being.'

To gain funds for completion of the log house, Katherine Grant took a teaching job at the False Bay School. Travelling the ten miles to her home each weekend by horseback, she was often soaked by rain and chilled by cold weather. This exposure to the elements brought on acute arthritis and although Teddy moved to False Bay for a while, the disease could not be checked and she had to give up teaching. Katherine did fight valiantly to cope with her illness, trying various remedies including salt water baths which Teddy carried from the ocean. However, she became bedridden and lay in the little cabin with the window facing the sea while Teddy waited on her with loving care. It became the pleasant duty of the Islanders to call on them. The Reitz family had bought the Hopkins place and Mrs. Reitz and my mother went regularly to do Katherine's hair.

The years slipped by. Finally the illness took such a hold on her that she had to be taken to St. Joseph's Hospital in Victoria. She was to return to the Island once after her husband's death to visit her sister's family who were then living in the log house. Poor, tiny, emaciated Katherine sat helplessly in her wheelchair while her friends and former pupils came for a last visit before she left to spend her final years under intensive care.

MAPLE GROVE SCHOOL

Following the mass meeting of August 1920, the efforts to get a school on the southern end of Lasqueti increased and intensified. The eight children noted then had younger brothers and sisters who were becoming of school age, thus making the need for educational facilities even more acute. No one denied the need for a school; it was the location which posed a problem!

There were discussions and meetings which became hotter and hotter. The people near Tucker Bay and up the Centre Road wanted the school to reopen in the building which had housed the Lasqueti Island School while the settlers in the south wanted the Brouse house to be used. To settle the dispute a meeting was called for a certain decison "to be held at Tucker Bay Hall, ladies bring refreshments, a dance to be held after the meeting." A board of trustees was to be elected whose duty it would be to make decisions that would be acceptable to the majority.

Most of those affected turned out to the meeting. With a show of friendliness, but with a certain cunning as well, Harry Hopkins was nominated as chairman. This of course eliminated one vote for the south end group. Six men were nominated for the position of trustee and the assembled ratepayers were instructed to write the names of the three men they favoured on their closed ballots. There was a perfectly good chance that friendship would make this a very complicated affair as all the men nominated were good, solid citizens. However, when Alex Kurtzhals began to read out the ballots, it was found that every one was marked sectionally: "Washburn, Douglas, Potter" or "Boldthen, Copley, Norrish."

The atmosphere was so tense that even the children held their breathing to a minimum. It was a tie! This development meant that the chair could decide the issue and Harry Hopkins had the extreme joy of casting his vote for "Boldthen, Copley, Norrish". Merian Copley was then chosen as secretary of the new school board. At this point, Addy Washburn became so upset that she picked up her cake and went home. Everyone else took the decision in their stride, however, and a rousing good dance followed the momentous meeting.

Once the contest had been won, the three new trustees found themselves in a position of unique power. If they could produce enough children within a radius of three miles, a new school could be opened. Much discussion took place with a counting of children and a consideration of sites. Harry Boldthen agreed to donate enough land on a corner of his property which touched the Government Road and Billy Reed who owned land adjoining Boldthen's gave some additional property to be used for the playground. The latter also donated cedar poles for the construction of the building.

S.J. Willis was Superintendent of Education at that time. He was doubtless a little weary of the bickering and the letters and petitions which had been reaching his office. He decided that he might end the strife by making the new school district take in the whole southern end of the Island, extending even to include the Curran property at Tucker Bay. It would be nearer five miles than three to school from their home, but the Currans did not protest.

Then came the building of the school. The site became a scene of industry as the settlers cut and peeled the logs and with their horses hauled them into place. Shingle bolts were cut from cedar logs and hand split with a froe to make shakes for the roof. The air rang with the sound of axe and hammer and the laughter of men. All the labour was volunteer, donated by settlers who ardently desired a school for their children. Materials such as the flooring, windows, stove and desks was supplied by the Government.

When it came time to decide on a name for the new school, the three huge maples which stood on the lower part of the playground provided the inspiration. It was called 'Maple Grove' and the southeast end of the Island subsequently became known by that name.

While the school was being built, a change in population took place. Edwina Hopkins never had a chance to enjoy the new school for which her parents had struggled so valiantly. This family had sold their home to the REITZ'S who were originally from the eastern United States, but who had lived in the Fraser Valley before coming to Lasqueti in 1922. Their children, Maurice and Doris, were of school age. About the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Tom WHITE, the parents of Alice Norrish, came to the Island from Victoria with the younger members of their large family. They built their house at the head of Squitty Bay and resided there with their school aged children, Art, Frank and Jack. Two more new pupils for the school were provided when the Fred Copleys with sons, Owens and Alfred, returned to the Island. They have moved their float house onto the shore at Powder Flask Cove, making their home on the twenty acres of the north half of Section 4 which they had obtained from Dawson Norrish in exchange for their boat, the Elsie B.

Others who made up the list of pupils waiting for the school to be built were: Ruth Boldthen, Fred and Bertha Cook, Violet and Edith Norrish, George and Tommy Curran, as well as myself and my sisters, Beatrice, Lucretia and Geneva. Thus when the Maple Grove School opened in September of 1923, there were eighteen children all agog to face their somewhat bewildered teacher. Can you imagine the excitement?

Madeline Nelems stood on the half log that formed the front step of the school smilingly welcoming each child as he or she arrived. Her long black hair was arranged in the latest fashion with two coils on her forehead and coils over her ears. Her dark eyes were full of kindness and we loved her at first sight. We were thrilled with our new school. It smelled of the cedar logs, the new fir flooring and the freshly calcimined shiplap walls. Three large windows on the south side let in light. (Later these were increased to six.) The teacher's desk, which was really just a table with a drawer, faced us on the window side and for warmth, a huge heater stood in the opposite corner. The pupil desks were new and graded in sizes which hopefully would accommodate children aged from 6 to 16. No initials or other marks defaced their varnished surfaces. On the wall a smooth blackboard awaited its first chalk inscriptions and boxes of new readers and arithmetic books still carried the fragrance of printer's ink. And entering this world of new experiences were the slightly apprehensive children, each carrying a bag of scribblers and pencils in one hand while in the other hand swung a new lard pail - the universal lunch-kit of the day.

At nine o'clock, Miss Nelems rang the shiny bell and arranged us in two lines. The girls in stiffly starched ginghams with wide hair ribbons on their tight braids or neat Dutch cuts and the boys in bib overalls or the more formal bloomer pants stood expectantly at attention. Our teacher then led us into the school and assigned us to our seats. Her first and most difficult task was to sort the children scholastically. Some had attended other schools and some had attended no school at all; some could read and write but knew no formal arithmetic. Was this an 'open area' or did it have a 'levels system'? It was definitely open and there were truly 18 levels; nevertheless, Miss Nelems managed to get us into workable groups.

Our recesses and noon hours were a joyous time. With the left over lumber under the school we soon set up picnic tables amidst the shavings from the logs and here we would set out all our lunches - picnic style. However, when our parents heard about this, the idea was dictatorily discouraged so we began a system of barter. Alfred Copley was one of those who methodically took his bucket from one to another until he had traded most of his lunch for one which he felt was more desirable. Fred Cook coaxed his mother to give him all chocolate cake, of which she was a fine cook, because for it he could get whatever he wanted from his friends.

In our spare time we started to clear the school grounds. There was much enthusiasm with Owens Copley and Maurice Reitz falling trees so energetically that soon we were warned that we were moving onto the Billy Reed property. Then when Owens was nearly hit with the backlash of a splitting alder, the tree falling was curtailed. We cleaned up what was on the ground, heaping the brush in great piles, and burned it.

We played the usual playground games until Maurice found the rules for cricket. We set up our wickets in the only level place - the middle of the Government Road, made balls from small trees sawed into short pieces, and carved bats from discarded lumber. Teams were formed and given the names, 'Rinky-dinks' and 'River-rats', taken from the popular comic strip of the time. What Fun! How often did I go home with my thumb swollen so badly that it turned white. I never seemed quick enough to avoid a few raps from those sharp wooden cricket balls. Once in a while a wagon drawn by horses would come by; then we had to be excused to run out and move our game from the middle of the thoroughfare.

At Christmas, Miss Nelems told us that she would not be with us in the New Year. There were tears all around; our first teacher, who had covered the walls with beautiful pictures, had held spelling bees, had read us lovely stories, and had endeared herself to us by all her wonderful, understanding ways, was leaving. We did not want her to go.

The teacher who came in January found it difficult to fill Madeline Nelems's shoes, but she was equal to the task. Miss Florence Eagel had the spirit and temperament to cope with these now sophisticated pupils. As well as the fundamentals, she taught us music and although we grumbled outwardly, inwardly we enjoyed her lessons greatly. The school year ended on a happy note. Maurice received the honor roll for Proficiency, Owens received similar recognition for Regularity and Punctuality, and I (scarcely deserved) for Deportment.

By 1924, Alex Kurtzhals had built a home for his family at the turn where Fred Copley's road joined the main road. Pegge was then old enough to attend school and a year or two later, Alan began. Also in the second year of Maple Grove's operation, Agnes Curran attended and Dorothy Pettingel stayed with her grandmother, Mrs. Richards, at Squitty Bay so that she could attend.

Shortly after the efforts of the children to improve the school grounds had been halted, the people of the district brought horses and a scraper to further enlarge the playing field. And soon after this, three more windows were added on the south side and a large cloakroom was constructed against the west end of the building with stairs leading to the ground from a back door.

The school's trustees took their duties very seriously. These included the choosing of a teacher from a number of written applications and the planning of expenditures which would be covered by adjustments in the local taxes. As well, it was required that they visit the school regularly to make sure that the best interests of the community were being served. I can remember two of the local ladies who were acting in this capacity coming in their best dresses and sitting solemnly at the back of the room while we read and recited for their approval.

In the fall of 1924, Miss Edith Kay came to be our teacher. She was also very musical and played the mandolin - a cheerful little instrument which we soon loved. After much encouragement and practice, she helped us to prepare a concert for the community. It was so successful that we presented another one in the spring and charged ten cents for admission. More than three dollars was collected and this money was immediately spent for baseballs and a bat.

Our new sport was popular and kept us busy all spring. Soon a written challenge to a baseball game was sent to the False Bay School with the game to be played in Washburn's field at the 24th of May picnic. We went, I fear, with a certain amount of bravado, but unfortunately the game was never played as our opponents were too few to form a team.

As pupils we were always very loyal to our school, and for everyone, Maple Grove soon became the centre of community life. For more than twenty years it was used as a public meeting hall, a polling station, a place for religious services, and for parties and dances. After it ceased to be used as a school in 1947, it sat vacant until it was sold to Trent Warner in the 1950's. He tore the old institution down and used the materials to build himself a house.

THE POST OFFICE

There were many changes in mail service during the 20's and a variety of methods were used to effect delivery to the Island's settlers. The decade opened with the Post Office still at Tucker Bay and with Rudolph Kurtzhals still the Postmaster. At the mass meeting of August 8, 1920, George Volkweis volunteered to take over the position of Postmaster and expressed his desire to start a store. It was agreed at that time that he would take over the management of the Co-operative Association's building and pay the sum of $12 a year for its use. Mr. Volkweis and his wife, a tiny pleasant woman and sister of Emma Douglas, ran the Co-op Store for a short period and during that time the Post Office was moved into the back of the same building. However there is no record that they were officially in charge of the mail service so perhaps they were assisting Rudolph Kurtzhals or merely acting in his absence.

At the same meeting, Dan Lenfesty volunteered for the position of rural mail carrier and he did hold this job for a time. Like Rudolph Kurtzhals, he carried the mail up and down the Island on horseback.

According to official records, Mrs. Ada Washburn was appointed Postmistress on September 24, 1921 and resigned on April 18, 1922. It is believed that she kept the Post Office in the original building.

It was during this period that the loss of George Hadley's underwear took place. It seems that T.J. Weldon habitually walked down to Tucker Bay to get his mail and, as was considered common courtesy, often took mail back for his neighbours to save them a trip or a wait for the regular delivery. On one occasion, Ada Washburn noticed some new Stanfield underwear protruding from a partly broken parcel which she gave T.J. to deliver to George Hadley. At the time, Erma Hadley was living at home and she was there when T.J. brought the parcel. She put it in the bedroom and T.J. sat and rested a while, talking to Erma and offering her advice on the cookies she was baking. During this conversation she ran in and out of the house for wood and to do other chores.

Later, after T.J. had finally departed and her father had arrived home from his job as a donkey puncher for the Japanese loggers, Erma could not find the parcel. It was a great mystery until they happened to talk to Mrs. Washburn. Then the circumstantial evidence seemed complete for she had noticed that very week that as T.J. Weldon had put his arm through the wicket for his mail, he was wearing new Stanfield's underwear!

How did he get it? Did he nip into the bedroom during one of Erma's short absences and drop the parcel out the window to be picked up when he went out? It was all pure conjecture...

The longest tenure as Postmaster in the 20's was that of William Murray who held the position from July 1, 1923 until September 30, 1927. During the first year of this time, he also took over the Co-operative Store as an independent venture, leasing it for $50 yearly. Mr. Murray was known as a fair and just man by the settlers and by those who worked for him. The latter included Jessie White, a Mrs. Brado and the McDowells who lived in a small house beside the approach to the float (i) situated south of the wharf. *(7).

Getting freight and mail to and from the Island had always been a problem and concern in this regard was mounting in the minds of the settlers as the 20's began. The Union Steamship boats were by far the most reliable but they did not call continuously. There were periods of adjustment and schedule change which were most upsetting to everyone. During one of these lapses, George Douglas Sr., brought mail from Nanaimo on his fish packer and in 1919, the people had taken time out from a Co-op meeting to ask that a letter be sent to the Government 'demanding' continuation of the weekly mail service. For the next few years the Union Steamships COWICHAN and COMOX did call intermittently until one fateful night in the fall of 1923 when the COWICHAN struck a rock in Tucker Bay. Although the damage was not great, it was enough to stop the Union boats and Lasqueti was reduced to having a motor boat come from Pender Harbour with freight, passengers and mail. At first this service was bi-weekly, but it soon became weekly and in December of 1923 the Farmer's Institute again wrote to protest the poor service. Despite the best efforts of the Islanders, however, the steamers from Vancouver still did not call and when a survey of Tucker Bay in 1924 showed not one rock but several very dangerous ones, not even a flood of protests and petitions made any difference. The Union boats never called at Tucker Bay again.!

(i) Farmers Institute minutes 1920-1923

REVEREND GEORGE C.F. PRINGLE D.D. *(8)

On one sunny afternoon in the late summer of 1922 when our family was living in the old Kurtzhals place, Beatrice and I were playing in the field below the garden. We were engaged in a wonderful game; the long dry grass had fallen across a narrow ditch along which we crawled in turn and popped up at the least expected places. The object of course was for the one out to try to pounce upon the one who was about to emerge. We stopped our game abruptly when we became aware that someone was coming down a trail from the woods. The picture is clear to me still for what we saw was very difficult to believe.

A man emerged from the forest and walked towards us. Strangers were very uncommon and he was strange indeed. He was tall and walked with the easy assurance that belongs to a naturally athletic man; his clothes were beautiful - a grey suit, white shirt and fine shoes. His hair was neatly combed, fairish and slightly curly and as he drew near he smiled the friendliest of smiles and his blue eyes fairly twinkled. With the natural charm that he possessed he spoke to us, "How do you do, young ladies? Are your parents at home?"

We accompanied him to our house where our parents received him warmly. He was the Reverend George Pringle who had left his boat anchored in Rouses Bay and was making his first visit to Lasqueti. During his visit he made the acquaintance of a great many of the Island's residents and wherever he went he made friends. And while he was at our place, he mentioned that his wife was fond of parsnips so a sack of them was the gift he took from our garden. Later she sent us a box of delicious home-made candy.

Over the following few years he visited the Island regularly to preach to attentive audiences at Tucker Bay Hall or at either of the two school houses. He was well-liked and his gift of oratory, his sense of humour, his ability as a raconteur, and his beautiful singing voice enlivened every meeting. He wrote:

> When I speak to these friends of mine, I do the straightest talking and clearest reasoning that I am capable of. I wouldn't dare do otherwise than to speak straight from my heart.

Reverend Pringle often spoke to the Islanders about the merging of some of the different Protestant sects to form the United Church of Canada and he left us with the feeling that he supported such a move. Always, however, it was apparent that he feared that the necessary compromise would leave him with something less than the strong doctrines of the Church of Scotland which he espoused with such ringing vigor.

About 1920 Reverend Pringle took charge of the Presbyterian Logger's Mission based at Vananda on Texada Island and it was from there that he began his visits to Lasqueti. From his writings one can gain considerable insight into the way that life on the Island was in the early 20's.

> If you stand on the Cliffs of Point Grey you can see the haze of Lasqueti. This leads me to speak of this settlement, one hundred and forty people live there including fifty children. They are mostly homesteaders and are good folks. I doubt if you could find on the island any two shacks within sight of each other, hence their lives are lonely enough in all conscience. There are no roads deserving the name, only bush trails.
>
> Well, about a year and a half ago, I anchored our old mission boat, the MINA W. in Tucker Bay and went ashore visiting. For nearly a week I tramped around getting acquainted and 'ringing the church bell'. The meeting was held in an old unused building Sunday afternoon. I had a capacity house and a most receptive audience. They had come from the uttermost parts of the island by trail and also by boat. Six babies lay asleep on shawls on the floor to my left during the service. Everyone else was wide awake. It was really a welcome novelty, a treat, to these good people to have preaching. I had no need of eloquence to hold their attention but their evident eagerness to follow my thoughts brought from me the best I had...
>
> They told me that mine was the second religious gathering that had ever been held on the island and that I was the first minister of any kind that had ever been in their homes. The first preacher who had attempted to preach at False Bay where a cannery was then running had been a failure because he told them they were all going straight to hell. Those who heard him came away embittered against such teaching, supposedly Christian.
>
> In the last four years I have visited Lasqueti about four times a year, preaching at three points each time. At these fifty services – everyone was there including the babies.
>
> On one occasion last year the father of one of the two Mormon families brought his three little tots two miles to a meeting at night over a poor trail in a wheelbarrow. He had a strap over his shoulders from the handles. His wife walked ahead with the lantern, and the other three children, who were able to walk the distance, brought up the rear. Half a dozen coal oil lanterns were all the lights we had in the school for the service. The wheelbarrow was the only 'car' parked outside. The meeting lasted from seven to eleven. They made it last as long as possible – by asking me to give them more whenever I stopped.

Certainly Reverend Pringle's relationship with the Island's residents was warm and rewarding for all. When at one time a collection was taken to help him with his mission, everyone contributed no matter what their own personal faith. The children had a list of their own with each giving ten cents. Over the years he was instrumental in sending Sunday school material and several boxes of useful books to the Island children. The people all enjoyed his visits and were glad to provide him with whatever hospitality seemed appropriate. He seemed to especially enjoy the chicken dinners to which the ladies frequently invited him.

Reverend Pringle's last trip to Lasqueti aboard his sturdy SKY PILOT was in 1927. He had accepted a call to a church in Victoria, away from the tumbling waves and the lonely little settlements which fringed the shores of his mission district which stretched from Lasqueti and Texada to Topaz Harbour above Lockborogh Inlet.

I saw him for the last time in Vancouver in 1938. He was as warm and friendly as ever and most anxious to talk about the days gone by. His wife was with him; his comfort in his aging years.

PAGE

In 1922 our family became acquainted with the Pages who were one of those families which followed the salmon runs throughout the length and breadth of the Strait of Georgia. On one lovely spring day there was a slight knock at the door and we opened it to find two shy children. They were Violet Nichols and Alfred, the granddaughter and son of Louis and Susan Page, and they had come up the winding road from Squitty Bay to buy farm produce. I remember that they were very concerned about the animals which they had passed along the way. Sheep and cattle were not familiar in their seafaring way of life.

The father of this family, born Louis Le Page, in Nanaimo, had grown up and operated a paper-hanging business in that city. In due time he left this type of work in favour of the life of a fisherman and after marrying Susan Jeffreys of Lasqueti, he lived with his wife just north of Nanaimo at what was then known as Page's Lagoon (Now called Piper's Lagoon). As their family increased, the children became knowledgeable hands in the annual salmon harvest and in time, with their sons and sons-in-law, they had a small fleet of fishing craft. Even the children fished from their rowboats, for every gleaming salmon added to the year's profits.

Theirs was truly a nomadic way of life. In winter they went up Jervis Inlet to fish spring salmon and as summer approached, they moved back into the Gulf of Georgia. Squitty Bay was a natural and often profitable stopover as they travelled toward the Flat Tops following the blueback. Then as fall came, they would drift back to Pender Harbour or the Five Fingers, fishing the runs of coho which were so abundant in those days.

In June of 1922 we visited them at Squitty Bay. They had pitched their tents on the high banks above the bay although some of them were also living on their boats. In one of the tents was a young woman who was slowly dying of consumption. Her beautiful curly-haired, dark-eyed son of three years kept watching for chances to run into the tent to his mother. The adults would call, "Come away, Ronnie."

Little Ronnie Silvey would obey instantly, but soon would dash in to try to be with his mother again. Perhaps this ailing daughter of the Page's should have been in a doctor's care, but why should she be left at home when the sea air was so good for her. After this young mother had passed away, Ronnie remained with the steadily growing Page family.

That same year was the first that the Page's daughter, Susan, and her husband, Pete Dubois, travelled with the fleet and an incident that summer was typical of the dangers inherent in the life of a fisherman. On a move from Squitty Bay to the Flat Tops (i), it was deemed wise for Susan and her young baby, Eliza, to ride in one of the larger boats while Alfred Page went aboard Pete's small craft to act as a guide. It seems that Pete's boat could not keep up with the others and then as they were crossing the west corner of Lasqueti, the inevitable happened - a heavy southwest wind, the Qualicum, blew up and forced them off course. The following morning after the quick storm had abated, search parties went out and Pete and Alfred were found safe and sound, deep in one of the quiet arms of False Bay, waiting for better conditions under which to continue their journey.

This was a classical example of staying alive on the water. One must respect the elements; there will always be a finer day.

About 1929, Louis and Susan Page brought their son's Alfred and Charlie and their grandson, Ronnie Silvey, to homestead on Lasqueti. They preempted the southwest quarter of Section 12 which had been the Frank Heemis place and they remained in residence there until the early 40's. Strangely enough this property was in the very centre of the Island and far away from the sea which had been their home.

OBEN

In September of 1923 a new teacher came to the False Bay School. His name was Roy Oben and he was to be closely associated with the Island for more than twenty years. Roy was born in Victoria in 1893, but had been raised in Burnaby in the area between Royal Oak and Earles Road where his parents were among the 150 settlers who received grants of fifty to one hundred acres in exchange for clearing and opening up the area. He was a cousin to Pete Dubois in whose father's house the first school in that district was held. As a young lad,

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(i) Finnerty Islands

Roy had owned a horse which carried him on his route as the first courier for the Vancouver Province in his section of Burnaby. When World War I broke out he joined the Navy in Vancouver and immediately went to Victoria, where he was stationed aboard the NIOBE. Soon he was shipped to England and spent the remainder of the war on a trawler which was operating as one of the many mine sweepers in the English Channel and the Irish Sea. After a variety of war experiences, he was at the mouth of the Clyde River when the Armistice was declared.

During one of Roy's leaves ashore, he met a bonnie wee lassie at Killwinning to whom he became betrothed. Jean Fulton was of good Irish stock although she had been born in Ayrshire, Scotland. With her soft brogue and winning ways, she quite charmed this curly haired Canadian soldier. Then in 1919, accompanied by her sister, Agnes, Jean came to Vancouver where she and Roy were married in St. Helens Church.

After their marriage, Roy worked for two years in a law office and then attended the Vancouver Normal School. He sought a position in a school with a teacherage and Lasqueti was his choice. Soon the problem of how to get there became uppermost since no one seemed to have heard of the place. Finally, with only a week to go before school opened, he found a knowledgeable Union Steamship official who informed him that the boat leaving that very night for Rock Bay, would call at Lasqueti on its return trip. Roy rushed off to David Spencers and ordered some groceries to be shipped to the Island. Then he went home to find Jean with a huge washing on the line. He helped her pack the half-dry clothes and other necessities. A friend drove them in his truck - barely in time for the five o'clock sailing of the S.S. COWICHAN.

After a couple of days of travel in the company of passengers who were mostly noisy loggers, the vessel docked at Tucker Bay. Among those on the wharf to meet the boat were Archy Millicheap and Harry Livingstone while tied along side was Uncle Jack Mason's small gas-boat. Soon the necessary arrangements were made and the Obens with all their belongings were loaded onto this boat. Then Jack Mason and his nephew, Laurie, took them to False Bay and put them ashore on the beach. Characteristically, Harry Livingstone had walked up from Tucker Bay and was there on the beach to meet them and help unload and carry their goods up to the tiny quarters at the back of the school house.

The Obens quickly adjusted to life on Lasqueti. On the day following their arrival, Roy walked down to visit Kate Livingstone who was secretary of the False Bay School Board at the time. On the way he stopped at Hadley's where he began to get acquainted with his new pupils and one of them, Erma, accompanied him the rest of the way to Livingstones to show him the proper trail. Meanwhile, Jean was facing housekeeping problems which had not bothered her in the city. Typical was the fact that she had never made bread in her life. However, it wasn't long before her neighbours came to her assistance and Marie Smelt, a young girl living at False Bay, came up to the teacherage to help out. Before long, beautiful brown loaves were emerging regularly from the oven of the primitive wood stove.

During that first year on Lasqueti, Roy took a leave from his teaching duties to take advantage of the higher wages which were being paid at the cannery. During his absence, the False Bay School was taught by a Mr. McGarrigle. This man did not inspire the love and respect of the pupils as most of the other teachers who worked on Lasqueti were able to do. His unkindness to the children was a concern to the whole Island. He would sit at his desk and light up his pipe with much smoke, sparks and flames resulting; this action of course causing regular amusement among the pupils. However, it was wise for them never to make any outward show of their feelings for if this teacher caught them he would administer a good caning. Dave Livingstone told me of one of his experiences with this man:

One day the pupils were lined up to answer some questions, but Dave's mind had been wandering and he did not know the answer. In his quick temper, the teacher hit him a stinging blow with his alder switch, right across the face. Dave did not hesitate; he threw his book in retaliation, then ran from the classroom straight down the road, never hesitating until he got home. He then vowed to his alarmed mother that he would never go to that school again. In the evening, Mr. McGarrigle came to call on the Livinstones. He brought with him a peace offering of chocolate bars and candy and with many words endeavoured to placate the offended family. Reluctantly Dave agreed to go back to school.

Needless to say, everyone was glad when Roy Oben resumed his post at the school, but his tenure was to be shortlived for he left again at the end of the school year. This time his absence was somewhat longer since it was not until 1927 that he returned to once again teach at the False Bay School.

It was just after this second move to the Island that the Obens experienced a typical dealing with the notorious T.J. Weldon. Roy had bought the McRoberts property - the southwest quarter of Section 27 and T.J. had promised to help him get a road into it. The motive of course, was that the road would lead to False Bay and in doing so, go right by his place. But when Roy decided it would be better to take the road out to meet the Government Road at Pete's Hill, T.J. was not pleased. And in this latter route, the road would have to pass through Ab Welshe's property and this did not please Ab so the two worked together to prevent the building of the right-of-way.

For his part, Roy drew up a petition to send to Mike Manson, the incumbent M.L.A. who had promised him a road. Rudolph Kurtzhals took the petition around the south end of the Island and while doing so was met by the crafty T.J. who offered to take the signed document back to Oben. He did not deliver it right away but he did bring it to the next Farmer's Institute meeting where although he had it in his hand, he did not want to give it up. However, Roy reached out quickly and snatched it. Then after the meeting, he cornered T.J. intending to reason with him, and asked "You remember you promised to help me get my road; now will you sign this petition?"

"Yes, I will," said Weldon.

He then took the petition and signed it and although his wife was present, he turned his hand a different way and signed her name. Then crooking his hand still further, he signed the name of his son, Albert.

Roy remonstrated, "Why, your son isn't even on the Island!"

Only after he returned home did Roy realize that by this clever move, the petition would be nullified. T.J. could truthfully say that the document had been forged and bore the name of a man who did not live on the Island. As it turned out, however, all these maneuvers counted for little and in spite of T.J. Weldon's lack of co-operation the road was eventually built as Roy desired it.

TUCKER

Clyde and Eva Tucker with their two small children, Lorna and Glen moved to Lasqueti in 1926. They had been preceded by Clyde's father, Glines, and brother, Walter who had settled on Section 36 in 1919 after originally homesteading at Cooks Bay on Texada. The Tuckers were from the prairies of Alberta and their introduction to life in the Gulf of Georgia was enough to shake even the strongest souls. They came by way of Pender Harbour with Frenchie Fontaine in what he claimed was the worst storm he had ever weathered off Texada's Point Upwood. The children were sick and miserable and it was a great relief to enter Bull Passage and have the southeaster following them instead of striking their boat side on.

Arrangements had been made for Frenchie to put them off at their new homestead in Tucker Bay (no connection) and Glines had left a rowboat anchored in the bay to be used in going ashore. When the little family were unloaded into this frail craft on that stormy night, it seemed to them to be the end of the world. As the motor vessel pulled away to moor at the Tucker Bay Wharf, Clyde rowed his family to shore with only a dim light in the house to guide him. When they arrived at the beach, they had to carry the baby and their few belongings up the rugged incline to the house. Little Lorna went on her hands and knees, not trusting her legs on the rough terrain.

The house was another shock as there were huge holes in the floor and almost no furniture. When they lit the fire to warm themselves, the ants poured out of the logs. In the morning, there were three large slugs in one of their dishes - the first time they had ever seen these repulsive creatures.

With energy and ingenuity this place was made into a home. More land was cleared and a flower garden was planted beside the house; the usual farm animals were soon being cared for. One aspect of the Tucker's new home was rather mysterious. Glines told them about a man named Rodie who had lived with him there a couple of years before. In fact, Rodie had built the house and was arranging to buy an acre or two from him. About all Glines knew about the fellow was that he was a strange, quiet logger who avoided people, especially women.

One day, Rodie failed to report for work. Glines had been the last one to see him - sitting on a log near the cabin. Many joined the search, but no trace could be found. Sometime later, however, Glines found his partially burnt, decomposing body while clearing land. An empty laudnum bottle was found on the body, but although there was much conjecture, no satisfactory explanation for the mystery was ever put forth. After police investigation, Reverend Pringle took the remains away for burial aboard the SKY PILOT.

The Tuckers left Lasqueti in 1929 and returned in 1932 bringing with them their new daughter, Mildred. By this time, Glines had aged to the point where he needed considerable care so he lived with them until his death.

LENNIE

It was in the early 20's that a Scottish family, the Lennies came to Canada for a holiday and acquired property on Lasqueti. While on their visit, the father suffered an illness which affected his health so seriously that he did not wish to return to Scotland. Loyally, his wife, two sons and two daughters remained with him and they made their home in Vancouver, where the sons, Dave and Tom, operated a luggage store for many years. None of the four children ever married.

On Lasqueti they owned the northwest quarter of Section 20 which included the beautiful lagoon which was named after them. There they built a house which they used for a summer home, returning each year until one by one they were called to rest. Tom, the last to go, died in the 60's and will long be remembered for his friendly, kindly ways.

TUCKER BAY HALL

After the Lasqueti Island School was closed in 1917 and during the time that many of the settlers struggled to have it re-opened, the building was enlarged and was used by everyone on the Island as a central meeting hall. All manner of political, religious, and social gatherings brought the residents under its roof.

Come with me to one of the 1920's dances. The lights blinking ever nearer are the coal oil lanterns of the approaching revellers. They have been summoned by notices placed in the strategic places: Anderson's mail box, Tucker Bay corner, Hadley's corner. They come down the hill from the Centre Road, along the flat from the 'south end' and around the corner from the 'top end'. The last to arrive come up the hill from Tucker Bay. They have come the furthest distances by boat and they are the Norrishes from Squitty Bay in the ALICE E., the Williams from False Bay in the CHUPEROSA, and Bob Conn from Scotty Bay. And of course they have all brought their neighbours with them.

In the hall, the lanterns are hung to provide light for the festivities. Fires are lighted in the ladies' and mens' rooms and the babies are bedded down in the double-tiered bunks. Someone winds the gramaphone and in no time the floor is filled with whirling dancers. There is laughter and conversation; everyone knows everyone; any trivial news is interesting.

Away they go in a waltz, followed by a brownie-two-step. There is added pleasure tonight since George Hadley and his son, Merril, will be playing their violins for the quadrilles. Archy Douglas is a good caller for these and when they start up, the men jump to their feet to choose a partner. The hall will only hold three sets and the dancers vie for the position of head couple. To the sound of "The Devil's Dream" and "The Irish Washerwoman" they come " up to the centre and cut off six."

Soon they are doing "Birdie in the Centre." How nicely everyone keeps time to the music - the ladies in their pretty dresses and the men in their carefully pressed suits, light shirts and dark ties. Who cares about the rough board walls? The good shakes on the roof keep out the driving rain and the fine fir floor is polished with wax and dancing feet. Now Archy calls the traditional, "four hands across, ladies bow and gents bow-wow, swing them around I don't care how!" Faster and faster go the dancers. In the sets containing the younger couples, the girls are lifted off their feet and quickly bend their knees to avoid striking the other dancers and to keep their dresses down. Finally Archy calls, "That's all, take them away, you know where and I don't care." And the gentlemen restore the ladies to their seats.

Everyone wishes to try out the new-fangled fox-trot and one-step, so these with the odd polka or minuet thrown in keep the dancing at a lively pace until midnight. Now George Hadley plays the "Merry Widow Waltz" so the husbands dance with their wives and the rest pair off for supper. Some of the ladies have cut the donated cakes and placed the sandwiches on plates. Emma Douglas, Kate Livingstone, Louise Cook, Mabel Kurtzhals, Lizzie Reitz, Addie Washburn, Alice Norrish and Della Williams are prominent among those who are preparing the repast.

After they eat, the people sit talking; they are not in a hurry to begin dancing again. Someone calls for a song and soon an impromptu floor show is underway. Most of the entertainment is provided by Archy Millicheap who recites "The Cremation of Sam McGee"; by Hattie Copley who sings "After the Ball," and by Mrs. Tom White and Fred Gillespie who recite. However, the crowd will not be satisfied until they coax George Douglas to do a step-dance.

By this time everyone is getting a bit chilly in the unheated hall so off they go again, dancing until the first faint light of day appears. The lanterns have burned dry so the morning light is needed so they can see their way home along the trail between the puddles that have formed during the rainy night. When it is finally time to go, the parents shake the bigger children awake and bundle up the babies. Soon they are on their way. In the boats, sleepy passengers doze as the engines beat out the familiar music in their dreams.

And there were picnics. These were regularly held on the 24th of May and the 1st of July at Marshall's Beach or Richardson's Bay. Both of these sites were accessible by water or land and had enough open meadow for sports. On other occasions the Islanders might gather at Mount Trematon, Squitty Bay or Boat Cove.

What happy times we had! There was the dewy departure in the early morning with the children in their starched best, tripping along to keep up with their elders while appetizing aromas escaped from the freshly packed lunches. At the picnics there was ample time to sit and visit or pass along the latest news; there was also the opportunity for the young people to do a bit of 'sparking' while their parents were busy elsewhere. For the smaller children it was a time to lose shyness and make friends with others who were playing in the sand.

At noon, tablecloths were spread beneath the trees and ample supplies of sandwiches, cakes and pies were set out. It was always delightful to choose from such fine pastries as Mrs. Potter's strawberry shortcake or Louise Cook's rhubarb pie. When lunch was over, the left-overs were packed away, safe from inquisitive dogs, so that a snack could be had later in the afternoon. By then, plans for the afternoon sports were underway. Someone would pass the hat for change to be used as awards for the children's races and after these the men and women would have their races and there would be obstacle races and a variety of contests. A ball game followed, played with as much enthusiasm as if the site had been Yankee Stadium. The grand finale to the day was an evening dance with a surprising number of the afternoon revellers in attendance.

MOVING TO FALSE BAY

As the 20's passed by, our family was still without a permanent home on Lasqueti and we continued to live at various places. Through the summer of 1925 we lived on a corner of my Uncle Fred's property on Section 9 in a large tent with a covered area attached. This was conveniently near my father's employment with the polemakers, Kilbey and Crouch. When this work was terminated, he investigated a position at the Reduction Plant at False Bay and we began to make plans to move to the top end of the Island.

At the time, Charles Williams was a member of the False Bay School Board and was also in charge of the Pemberton Estate. The Pemberton house was then unoccupied and in our family there were five school aged children with more growing up - a most desirable family for a school district which was having a bit of a problem keeping enough pupils in attendance. With these things in mind, Charlie and my father made an agreement which provided that we could live in the old house as caretakers of the property.

We found the house in a most shocking state. Somehow three of Charlie William's cattle had found their way into the building and the door had blown shut behind them. They had been found before they died, but the rooms in which they have been imprisoned were tracked solid with manure, and even the wainscoating was soiled. But, the house could be used if we would clean it up.

There were many delays while we harvested our garden, packed our belongings and collected our books from Maple Grove School. Finally, about the 1st of December, Dawson Norrish came with his horse and wagon to deliver our belongings to the Tucker Bay. He reminded us that this was the sixth time that he had moved our family from one place to another. Just as he left us, the weather suddenly changed for the worse and a southeast gale blew up making boat travel impossible. We spent nearly a week accepting the hospitality of the Curran family in their little cabin at the head of Long Bay. They made us most welcome, but as our family then numbered ten, it was a strain in that small house.

In time the weather improved. Charlie Williams brought his boat, the HERMOSA, to Tucker Bay and we were loaded aboard. The last items packed on top of the cabin were the groceries we had just purchased from William Murray's store which was situated at the top of the wharf slip. We did not keep some of them long however, for just as the boat turned into the sea it heeled over and most of the groceries slid overboard. There they floated so the boat was quickly maneuvered to retrieve them. On we went and it wasn't until we arrived that we realized that the sugar and salt had gone straight to the bottom! The flour was not damaged except for a quarter inch of sodden dough against the sack; the rolled oats were wet an inch deep, but they could be used; but our precious sugar and salt was gone.

How could we manage? We experimented with the use of sea water in cooking and came to some conclusions. For boiled potatoes, use sea water and creek water - half and half; for cooked cereals (mush) use one third salt water. My mother even made bread by using a little water from the sea. Of course, the food done in this way had a somewhat unpleasant taste, a sort of underlying, sickly sweetness. And we didn't know then how many other things we were taking into our systems beside salt!

The first few days in the old house were like a night-mare. My father had to use a hoe and Gillettes lye and had worn out two brooms in trying to remove the animal leavings. The two main rooms reeked with the smell of it all. We congregated as much as possible in the cleaner rooms and continued scraping, scrubbing and rinsing until we had the boards almost white from our efforts. Slowly they dried and housekeeping finally became normal.

We soon loved our new home. There was a large fireplace in the parlour and a large window facing the sea. On either side were bedrooms and a wide covered veranda ran around this side of the house on three sides. On the fourth side was a large dining and living room and it was here that we installed our tall wood heater. At the back, a lean-to provided space for a kitchen and two more bedrooms. This additional wall helped to enclose the huge woodshed at the backdoor which held enough wood to keep both stoves and the fireplace roaring. In the fireplace, the wood from the beach burned beautifully in colours of blue, green and orange. Often when we were short of coal oil for the lamps we used the creosoted piling ends which we had beachcombed and set aside for such times of need. They burned with a fine white light and filled the room with a fresh aromatic perfume. Much homework was done by the flickering light of this old fireplace.

The scenery was superb. In winter the sun set directly over the channel and the Finnerty Islands. The clouds were an intense rose-pink accented by the blue mountains of Vancouver Island. In summer, the sun's descent was straight up the Gulf of Georgia and it fell behind Cape Mudge in gold and copper glory with the sea returning every changing hue. We had not heard the original stories of the place so with all the feelings of discoverers we named it Sunset View.

My father soon got work at the Reduction Plant and our life seemed to be full of promise. Misfortune did not take long to strike however, for he had only been employed for two weeks when the plant burned down! We saw the bright glow in the evening sky, but did not hear the sickening news until the next day when my father went to work. Later we learned that the fire had been caused by the flame of a coal oil lantern igniting gasoline as it was being loaded onto a fishing boat. This was a severe blow to us and to many other people who depended on this industry for their living. Some people were forced to move away. Typical of these was Thelma Phillips who married Fred Smith and moved to Nanaimo. Her mother stayed on for a time before she, too, went to Nanaimo with her younger children, Bert and Laura.

Before we had a chance to attend the school at False Bay more misfortune struck us. Whooping cough swept across the Island and our family was not spared. Since there were no innoculations in those days, this was a serious disease which caused much suffering. Beatrice and I were especially ill, and neither of us could laugh or sing for many months without going into fits of coughing.

As spring came on, we recovered and began to explore the beautiful property that we were caring for. How the English-born Harry Higgins must have loved it! The grass fields stretched away from the house towards groves of conifers and arbutus, and wild flowers sprang up everywhere. Just at the high tide level there was a wind chiselled hedge of wild roses and other shrubs, which gave way to a gentle grassy slope and a pebble beach. Above this beach was the original old log house and the lilac and maple which had been planted by Mary Ann Higgins many years before. Nearby was the old barn with its pigeon loft flanked by a cow shed and the field which led away towards False Bay. Up on the slope against the trees was a mysterious grave with a piece of rock for a headstone. Who was buried there? We never knew and no one else did either so we kept a respectful distance from it and wondered.

One day in early March, my father took Beatrice and I in the rowboat across to the Finnerty Islands (known locally as the Flat Tops). The largest island had a number of fisherman's cabins on it - a sort of village in a protected bit of harbour. We were curious and examined the empty shacks inside and out. Suddenly we realized that we were literally crawling with fleas! We ran for the rowboat and hastily crossed to another of the small islands. Beaching the boat, my father disappeared behind a high boulder while my sister and I ran into a grove of trees. Here we disrobed and divested our clothes of as many as possible of the troublesome, biting beasties. And when we got home, we put our garments into hot water for a final ridding.* (9).

Our new home did not have a reliable well and in May, the creek dried up making it necessary for us to get our water from a spring in Hadleys Bay. By this time we had a fine rowboat - a thirteen foot clinker built vessel with a high square stern, lovely lines and two sets of oars. Beatrice and I would load our boat with a barrel, tubs and buckets; then choosing the highest possible tide to get near the spring which was only a few feet from the salt water, we would fill each receptical and lastly the boat itself until it had only a few inches of freeboard. By following the channels within the island of False Bay, we could make the round trip in a couple of hours. The water was clear and delicious and the cows did not mind the fact that they had to use the water from within the boat's hull where our feet had wriggled all the way home. Later in the fall, Father deepened an old well about three-hundred yards up the trail towards False Bay so the water hauling became unnecessary. Carrying the water so far was a tiring chore for although the cows could be driven to the well, the household water came down the trail in buckets. None was ever wasted.

As the spring of 1926 gathered warmth, the islands in front of our home became peopled with camping fisherfolk. Among them were Louis Page with his wife and many relatives, including Pete and Susan Dubois and their young family. Other fishermen lived on their boats, following the fish as the runs moved from place to place. Some of the young Islanders who enjoyed this free occupation that year and the following were George A. Douglas, Laurie Mason, Archy Douglas, Owens Copley, David Livingstone, and George Lenfesty. The blueback fishing was good and spirits were high.

Through 1925 and 1926, Mrs. Sarah CODD was teaching school at False Bay. She had been educated at the University of Toronto and was capable of offering a well rounded program to her pupils. Since her husband and children, Bessie, Margaret, Bobbie and Charlie were with her, part of the school had been partitioned off to add two additional rooms to the tiny teacherage. Mrs. Codd did her best with limited material. In the richness of today, when each child is provided with whatever supplies are deemed necessary, it is hard to believe that we used each piece of drawing paper on each side and often cut the sheets in half to make them go further. And the other disposable material was provided by our parents.

One day I stayed after school to finish a project. A shadow fell across the doorway and in walked T.J. Weldon who at the time was secretary of the school board. He did not see me as I shrank to nothingness in my corner. He accused Mrs. Codd of many incompetancies and, worst of all, rank extravagance. She stood up to him in her dignified way and after a few minutes of browbeating, he left. When he had gone she burst into tears and I ran up to her desk to try to comfort her. His bitterness was incomprehensible to me; perhaps it was his way of attempting to keep finances in order. I later heard that she had known him somewhere before so perhaps the feud was not new.

In spite of the problems, Sarah Codd taught us much, including music, art appreciation and an insight into good literature. And does anyone remember her little brown text called Hard Places in Grammar made Easy? Perhaps that was a wishful thought for shouldn't the last word in the title be 'Easier'?

The students attending False Bay School in the 1925-26 school year were Bessie, Margaret, Bobby and Charlie Codd, David and Edith Livingstone, Bert and Laura Phillips and the Japanese children, Ayako and Kenichi (Kaints) Senada. As well, there were five from our family on the roll and a sixth was added the following year. And in the year of 1926-27, enrollment was increased by the addition of Hedaka Senada and Suseko and Tokoko Arima.

JAPANESE RESIDENTS

The Japanese families lived along the shore of Mud Bay (part of False Bay) where their compact homes nestled on the little shingle which is just below the Main Road. They piped water to their neatly terraced gardens in which grew fine vegetables, many of them quite exotic. Mrs. Senada took a keen interest in our clothing and whenever she saw one of the girls in a new dress, she would examine it from sleeve to hem and soon thereafter, Ayako would appear in a similar one. Mr. SENADA preferred Canadian cooking but another family, the TANAKAS, liked traditional Japanese food. They were very hospitable and often asked us to eat with them.

When my sisters and I first met the children we were determined to learn the Japanese language, but we never mastered more than about thirty-four words. The Japanese children spoke perfect English and were good scholars. They were gifted in music and taught us some of their songs.

The bunkhouse and cookhouse of the Japanese logging company were situated on the bank above the wider part of the bay near a little creek. There were bath-houses at Senadas and Tanakas as well as at the bunkhouse. These were ingeniously constructed so that a wood fire could be built under the tanks to heat the water. The men always scrubbed off most of their grime from work before going up the stairs to the bath. Sometimes when we visited with Ayako she would kindly take us to the bath where we enjoyed the steamy soaking.

One evening when they were logging near Spring Bay, one of the Japanese came for my father. A worker had been stung by a hornet on the back of the neck and was very ill. Whether or not he had drunk saki to kill the pain, I do not know, but when my father returned late at night, he told my mother quietly, "I am afraid there is little that can be done for the man. He is in a deep coma." He died before morning.

The Japanese hauled their logs to Mud Bay*(i) where they had a landing and a quiet booming ground. They hauled by horse and my father worked for them as a teamster for a lengthy period. Senada and his family left after a time but the Tanakas and all the other Japanese left at the end of 1928.

FALL FAIR

Life on Lasqueti in the 20's often centred around the activities of the Agricultural Association and the Farmers' Institute. The Agricultural Association records kept by W.B.T. Grant from 1920 until his death in 1933 are available. They are an example of perfection in beautiful handwiring and exact accounting. For his efforts he received the grand sum of five dollars per year. This honorarium was increased to ten dollars during the last few years that he held office.*(10)

The Agricultural Association was primarily concerned with the Fall Fair - an event which was the culmination of a years planning. Usually held during the first or second week in September, the Fair had a qualified judge and awarded prizes purchased by a Government grant, donations and membership fees. Donations were received from such businesses as The T. Eaton Co., Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, Magic Baking Powder, Union Steamships, The Vancouver Sun, Simpsons, Woodwards, Spencers, Hudson's Bay and False Bay Traders. Also giving a donation each year was A.W. Neil, M.P. Usually these donations came in the form of merchandise; awards which were more valuable than the regular $1, 50 cents or 25 cents cash prizes.

By the late 20's the membership fees had been ingeniously arranged so that payment of ones dues was also the entry fee to the fair with no limit to the number of exhibits except that there be no more than one entry per class. For this reason, membership in the Agricultural Association was always much larger than that of the Farmer's Institute.

The Fall Fair remained one of the most important events each year until the Fifties. In 1936, Queen Charlotte Packers donated a 'Grand Challenge' Cup which was awarded to the winner of the largest aggregate of points. It was decided by the membership in the November meeting of that year that the winner of the cup for three successive years would become the owner. I believe that Albert Cook became the eventual owner of that first cup.*(11) There was a ladies cup which passed to such various contestants, as Mrs. E.Mason, Louise Cook and Cathy Cowley. The purchase of a new ladies cup is the last act recorded on the books. (1955).

For the competitors, careful selection of seed and a good garden spot were requisites, followed by intensive and selective cultivation of the plants. In the last couple of days before the Fair, sometimes half the garden would be upturned in a search for near perfect specimens. In the earlier years, Island vegetables were not afflicted with insects or blights. These problems took a number of years to be introduced. On Lasqueti there is much sandy soil which is conducive to smoothness and uniformity; well could the visiting judges say that the vegetables were second to none.

The first fall that we were on Lasqueti (1916) I remember attending the Fair with my parents. It was held in Tucker Bay Hall (Lasqueti Island School) and there were great heaps of wonderful vegetables, fruits and a variety of other items. As was the custom, each entry was given a number so that the judge would not be influenced by any knowledge of the exhibitors. The exhibits always had to be in by a given hour - usually the night before for vegetables and 8 in the morning for perishables such as cooking, flowers etc.

In the morning the judge with an assistant - usually the secretary - would be closeted in the building for many hours making his momentous decisions. Gradually the settlers collected; they waited in groups, visiting or resting. When the door was opened, everyone streamed in to view with joy or disappointment the fate of their entries.

Occasionally there were hard feelings such as when little Agnes Curran got first prize for butter and then was unjustly accused of buying the pound from another contestant. But mainly there was rejoicing for success, and the incentive to try again the next year when there was failure.

In the records of the minutes of the two organizations, one can find a continuous thread of Island activities. Whisperings of the 'Great Fight' are noticeable. During that period - from 1928 until 1931 - the meetings were often held in Maple Grove School or in False Bay School. At one time, the secretary was to find out from the Department of Education if the Agricultural Association could use the Tucker Bay Hall only to be informed that it and the land upon which it stood belonged to Norm Washburn. This property was evidently later sold to Charlie Potter, for permission for its use was commonly gained from Mrs. Potter.

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*(i) not to be confused with the present Mud Bay which at that time was called Jap Bay.

The first written word concerning the building of a community hall occurs in a brief mention of a special meeting held in conjunction with a Farmer's Institute meeting on March 11, 1923. Then there is a reference to the acquisition of property for such a hall in the minutes of a meeting held on the 4th of March in 1928. At that time, the secretary of the Agricultural Association was directed to find out from the Provincial Assessor, the amount of taxes due on the 40 acres which had been set aside for such a purpose by the Provincial Government. Then at the meeting of April 28, 1928, it was recorded that the 40 acres in question were exempt from taxes.

In the Association meetings there is reference to the pheasants which were first placed on the Island in 1926 and mention of the trout which were stocked in the major lakes shortly afterwards. However, it seems that all efforts to get grouse started failed. Later there were recorded plans to stock some of the lakes with black bass and there are references to pruning bees complete with a Government pruner to demonstrate the art. It seems that Paul Lambert came to the meetings with such grand ideas that Albert Cook and George Hadley made a motion that he be appointed a 'Booster' for the Island. This was joyfully carried.

A regrettable undercurrent is felt when one reads that the secretary-treasurer, offended by remarks made at a previous meeting, will no longer underwrite the dues of delinquent members. It seems that he had been doing this for many years in order to keep up the attendance necessary to receive Government benefits. Evidently the patience of this long-suffering man had been tried beyond endurance by some back-handed insinuation. Another motion, not passed, was designed to deal with alleged gossip by a certain group of women. No mention is made of the method by which this gossip was recorded or repeated to the meeting!

THE GREAT FIGHT - WAR AMONG THE NORTH, THE SOUTH AND THE CENTRE

The late 20's was a period of considerable unrest on Lasqueti. By 1926, the population was at a low of 111 settlers plus 20 or 30 fisherfolk who lived on their boats. The mines had closed in 1922, the Union Steamships had stopped calling in 1923, the cannery had burned in 1925; the outlook for the settlers was bleak despite the fact that other parts of Canada were in the midst of a boom. In private and in public meetings the opinion was strong that better transportation was what was needed to raise the level of the economy. Most of those remaining on the Island were of an agrarian nature and they felt that if their produce could just be shipped regularly to Vancouver markets, conditions would naturally improve. Outwardly everyone seemed to be working toward the same end, but a storm was brewing, complete with strategy and intrigue, that would have a major effect on Island life for years to come.

Although the Courtenay Transfer delivered freight to False Bay, and Frank (Frenchie) Fontaine came weekly from Pender Harbour in his gas-boat bringing passengers and mail, there was considerable effort made to get a return of steamship service. The Union Steamships steadfastly refused to enter Tucker Bay because of the danger of reefs and it did no good to remind them that they had called for many years previous to 1923. Nor did it help to remind them that they had negotiated this difficult passage in a blinding snow-storm in the winter of 1915-16 to unload a team of horses for Fred Copley.

As a remedy for this impasse, a plan was devised whereby the Union steamships would call regularly at Anderson's Bay for the South End, at False Bay wharf for the North End, and at a float on the Tucker Bay side of West Point for the centre people. These callings were not to be made if there were no passengers or freight. But then, as if to add to the controversy, fate struck a great blow to the Centre people when, on a late December night in 1926, the Co-op building with Murray's store burned to the ground. At first, the old Post Office building in Tucker Bay was used again and then the mail was taken to the Washburn home with Addy Washburn again becoming the Postmistress. For a short while, Norm Washburn delivered the mail and then Ab Welsh took the job. He had a horse and small buggy with which he made the trip down island as far as the Mail-box Corner above Anderson Bay.

By early 1927, the two floats and the False Bay wharf were ready for the use of the Union steamships and on March 9, the SS Chelosin, southbound, docked at the latter for the first time. As soon as the ship was seen rounding Dan Peg's Island, the word spread and everyone at False Bay began gathering on the wharf. At the sound of the whistle, Mrs. Codd dismissed her class and the children burst from the school to run down the hill. They stood in admiration while the trim vessel was made fast to the creaking, resisting piling. They thrilled to the whole idea of direct communication with the far away big city of Vancouver.

Soon there was a regular schedule of calls at False Bay with the ships arriving on their way north at 11:00 on Monday nights and on their way south usually during the day on Wednesdays. But almost immediately the beautiful theory of multiple callings began to fall apart at the seams. In actual fact, the Union steamships called at Anderson Bay only once and at Tucker Bay only a few times. Of course for the company it was infinitely more convenient to make but one stop with the Island's goods and then to be able to stay on the west side of Lasqueti on their route between Vancouver and other north coast ports. But this truth and the fact that the Island did then have the regular service so fervently desired was no consolation to a large percentage of the settlers. The South End people felt betrayed while the Centre group knew they had been bilked. The bitterness between the Islanders was hard to believe! Friend would not speak to friend! The alliance between South End and North End against Centre was found to be a hollow thing indeed.

In desperation the Tucker Bay people in the Centre region tried to hold on to the Post Office. However, when the Union Boats began calling regularly at False Bay and no where else, it was inevitable that the Post Office be moved there. A notice was posted advertising the desirable position of Post Master. Roy Oben, being a war veteran, was the only applicant with the desired requirements. The small house at the top of the hill at False Bay which Tommy Phillips had built during cannery days was renovated with a small room added to house the Post Office. The Obens moved in and by early 1928, Roy had been officially declared Postmaster.

The final act of the drama occurred in late December of 1927. The mail had been brought as usual to Tucker Bay wharf by Frenchie Fontaine, but when Charlie Williams arrived there in his boat, he found that all the mail bags had already been take to the Washburn house. He hastened there with a couple of men and before the astonished eyes of several bystanders (some of whom had helped carry the mail to the Washburns for sorting) they wrested the unopened mail bags from the protesting Norm Washburn and took them back to Charlie's boat and thence to False Bay to be sorted. Great was the chagrin and indignation!

A few meetings were held but it was soon realized that this act had been done legally. The Union Steamship Line had a contract to carry the mail and the Post Office had been officially established at False Bay. Protest was useless. Charlie Williams, who had just acquired the first car on the Island, a Model T Ford, soon got the job of delivering the mail. He was to hold this job for many years.

The people in the Centre district had now lost their school, their store, their boat service from Pender Harbour and the Post Office. The only thing left was the Tucker Bay Hall - still the best place for Island gatherings. These settlers sat back in bitterness. Meanwhile, the people at the South End (the Maple Grove district) faced a trip of 8 to 12 miles by foot, wagon or boat to reach the Post Office or to get freight to or from the False Bay Wharf. Some relief of this problem came in early 1928 when Dawson Norrish brought the second car to the Island. It was a Wolsley and was capable of carrying many passengers. Dawson generously offered rides whenever he travelled, and, for a time, operated a sort of regular passenger and light freight service between his home and False Bay on boat days.

At the North End, False Bay and Charlie Williams were beginning an era of prosperity. Charlie had been sworn in as Justice of the Peace in 1926 after the retirement of T.J. Weldon from that office. He had the mail delivery job and with False Bay returning to the prominence it had enjoyed before the cannery burned, his store was quickly increasing its business. In 1927, he named his developing enterprise False Bay Traders and about the same time purchased the CHUPAROSA, another seiner which became part of his small fleet with the HERMOSA and THEDFORD. These boats were leased to such skilled fishermen as Bob Acton and George Coburn, resulting in a very lucrative business for Charlie.

A final touch to the emergence of False Bay as the leading Island community, was the purchase of a light plant by Charlie in 1928. Then on boat nights or other important times, the wharf, store and surrounding homes basked in the glow of hanging bulbs which pulsated at every explosion of the gasoline engine which generated the electricty.

SOCIAL CHANGES

Although 1927 was to be remembered as a year of constant strife between the competing factions on Lasqueti, it was also a year of other memorable events. For example, there were three marriages. On April 4, Archy Millicheap brought home his new bride, Agnes Fulton, sister of Jean Oben. Their only child, Thomas Archibald, was born the following year. The second marriage occurred when Jack Mitchell took Miss Hinsley as his bride. She had come to the Island to teach at Maple Grove School. And the third was the marriage of Archy Douglas to Beatrice Page, youngest daughter of Louis and Susan Page. This couple lived at Tucker Bay and then in the Maple Grove district until the late thirties. Beginning with Wilbert, most of their children were born on the Island. Their other children were Gladys, Muriel, Winnie, Grace, Stanley and Reginald.

The Codd family left Lasqueti at the end of the school term in June and in September, Roy Oben again became the teacher at the False Bay School. With their small daughter, Jean, the Obens returned to the Island in late summer to take up residence in the old Williams house at False Bay. They barely got settled there, however, before their move to take over the Post Office in December.

That September, our days at False Bay School were enlivened by the return of Erma and Doris Hadley who had come to live with their father at the corner of Scottie Bay Road and the Main Road. Also returning to the school that September were David Livingstone and George Lenfesty. Roy Oben was a purposeful and energetic teacher. Mr. Manning, the School Inspector, once said of him, "He gets the most extraordinary results with somewhat unorthodox methods."

No longer could we wander in from our two or three mile walk to school ten minutes late. Mr. Oben stood at the front of the room shaking a piece of chalk in his hand.

"If you can get here at ten past nine, you can get here at nine," was all he said.

And we did! There was a certain quality in his voice; discipline was perfect. We had freedom to move about and work quietly together while he worked with other groups. No one took advantage of his methods; morale was high; it was the beginning of a wonderful school year.

We just about didn't get through the first month however, for we nearly lost our school and Edith Livingstone was the heroine who saved it. We were in our seats having a history lesson when she timidly raised her hand.

"Mr Oben, I think I smell smoke," she ventured.

Replied Mr. Oben, "Alright, Edith, everything is all right. Just attend to the lesson."

We proceeded with our lesson for a few more peaceful minutes of that sleepy September afternoon before

Edith raised her hand again, even more timidly, and asked, "Mr. Oben, can I just go and look?"

Mr. Oben was not a little impatient, "Alright, Edith, go ahead."

Edith slipped quickly to the door behind her which opened into the back room where we had recently eaten our lunches. Then before any of us had time to realize what was happening, she grabbed the water bucket and doused a fire which was burning merrily in the woodbox and which had already blackened the wall beside it.

Very near to tears, Edith hardly knew how to answer the praise which was heaped upon her. Her fears had been vindicated and the school saved from damage and possible loss.

On April 3 of 1927, the latest member of our family had arrived. Lavonne followed Elsie, Joseph, Ellen and Jean to be the fifth child born to our parents on the Island during the 20's. This brought the total number of the Copley children to nine and firmly established us as Lasqueti's largest family. Our parents coped with these events with a considerable background of knowledge and not in ignorance as might be supposed. Both of my grandmothers had been mid-wives and their knowledge was much discussed. Too, it was customary for a neighbour to come in to help care for the tiny baby for the first few days although I am sure that my father could have done this too if it were necessary.

In fact, like so many of this country's pioneers, he commonly assumed the role of doctor. He was happy to help such patients at the Sikh loggers who came to him with boils. Patiently he bathed them with boracic and other concoctions. And he was frequently called upon to help with sick livestock and household pets.

An example of the type of situation to which my father could lend his talents occurred when my mother let the axe slip while cutting kindling and sliced loose a large piece of flesh and skin from her hand, just below the thumb. Frantically she tried to bandage it herself and then sent Beatrice and Lucretia after my father. Fortunately they met him near home, accompanied by Reg Richards with whom he had been handlogging at Boho Bay. The men hurried home and while Reg held the hand firmly, my father carefully sewed the shrinking flesh together with silk thread. At some point in this operation, my mother had obligingly fainted. Later Daddy bathed and dressed the wound regularly and it healed very well, leaving only a long curved scar as evidence of the accident.

RADIO

1927 saw our first exposure to the magic of radio. Jimmie Riddell had a crystal set prior to this time and a few people had adjusted the ear phones and listened to this wireless wonder. However, in 1927, actual radios came into regular use on the Island. The Williams, Codds, Paul Lambert and Bob Acton each had one but the array of tubes and A, B and C batteries was most mystifying to the novice listener. Here was magic indeed! Between the unearthly squawking and squeeking of the static the most beautiful music could be heard coming from such distant points as Vancouver and Seattle. But of course those early radios were somewhat lacking in dependability. I remember one particular night on which Paul Lambert was to demonstrate his recent acquisition. He had just got the set tuned in to a lively waltz when he turned a certain knob to adjust the volume and the waltz turned into a piercing whistle. Although he turned and adjusted at great length, there was never another intelligible sound forthcoming that night!

NEAR MISHAP

Throughout the 20's, the blueback fishing kept several settlers as well as the men who lived on their boats gainfully employed. One long remembered incident related to this industry happened in the summer of 1927. While packing fish on the NIGHTHAWK, Bill Cook nearly lost his life as a result of carbon monoxide poisoning. He was off the south end of Lasqueti when feeling a slight nausea, he barely stumbled out on deck before passing out. By the time he regained consciousness, his boat was pounding on the rocks. Fortunately his plight was quickly spotted by the well-known fisherman, Louis Kitsbaugh, who put a line on the NIGHTHAWK and towed it to the safety of a nearby harbour.

The same summer saw the arrival on the fishing scene at Squitty Bay of A.V. (Vic) HILL aboard his gas boat the ROSE. Originally from Wales, he had served in the Great War before travelling extensively outside of Europe and working in such scattered places as New York, British Guiana and Manitoba. Lasqueti, however, became a spot for Vic to make his headquarters and he was to maintain a close association with the Island for many years. It was during this time of course, that his work with the Fisherman's Co-op began; work which many years later was to be culminated with the publication of his history of the Co-op, **Tides of Change.**

Another event of interest that summer was the visit of Mary Ann Jefferys and her husband, Bill Rous with Charlie Higgins and his family who were then living in one of the vacated Japanese houses in Mud Bay. This was the last time that this gracious, white-haired lady was to visit the scenes of her youth.

THE GOOD FELLOWSHIP CLUB

Thus, throughout 1927, life on Lasqueti went on amid the turmoil which reached its final climax in December with the seizure of the mail bags by Charlie Williams. But the hard feelings did have a very curtailing effect on the Island's once active social life. There had been school concerts and a dance or two organized by the young people of the Island, but generally speaking the feuding had brought social activities involving adults to an end. Then as Christmas approached, the word sent around that there would no party or 'Christmas Tree' for the children. No group would shoulder the responsibility under the unfriendly circumstances.

The first Island Christmas Tree had been held in 1923 when a representative group of women had taken it upon themselves to collect a donation from each household for the purpose of purchasing presents and traditional goodies for all the Island's children. The event was held at Tucker Bay Hall and it already had become a joyful yearly tradition. It was unthinkable that it should lapse!

Then on a weekend in late November, Maurice Reitz and Georgie Douglas visited us Copleys at Sunset View. It was natural that the Island's problems were the main topic of conversation so of course the loss of Christmas festivities was much discussed. On their way home, Maurice and Georgie were continuing this conversation when they came up with a brilliant idea! Why not have an association composed of single young people who really wished no part in the current squabble? The word of this exciting proposal spread quickly and received enthusiastic approval from all. For myself, just approaching my sixteenth birthday, the whole idea was thrilling beyond words.

In early December we held our first planning meeting and the most important result was that we decided to hold the Christmas Tree. With youthful energy we walked the rounds of the entire Island and collected $36 for this purpose. Then on December 16 we held a meeting at Tucker Bay Hall at which a set of rules for the new club was formulated. To quote some of these rules is very interesting.

#2. Membership age to be from 14 to 40 single.
#3. Nothing outside club interests to interfere with the welfare of the club.
#7 A meeting and a dance to be held fortnightly (Fridays)
#12 Suggestions of parents will be considered but not necessarily accepted.
#17 All members, honorary, junior, or otherwise, be let in or discharged by a two-thirds majority vote.

Junior members were defined as those 12 and 13 years of age. It was decided that they could participate in social affairs but could not vote at meetings. The list of those who took part in the December 16 meeting follows:

Laurie Mason
Elda M. Copley
Owens Copley
C. Beatrice Copley
Harry Livingstone
Agnes Curran
George A. Douglas
George Lenfesty
Frances Lenfesty
Erma Hadley
A Victor Hill
George Curran
Doris Hadley
Robert S. Acton
J. Maurice Reitz
David Livingstone
Edith Livingstone
William Holmes

Also at that organizational meeting, a set of rules for the dances was drawn up and the decision was made to hold the Chrismas Tree on December 30. A committee was struck to choose the Christmas presents for the children and to carry out any other preparations. It consisted of Agnes Curran, Georgie Douglas and myself.

The three of us returned to the hall the next day where we swept and tidied up the place before walking the several miles to my home to spend the remainder of the day pouring over the Eaton's catalogue. We ordered individual presents for each child under 14, as well as oranges, candy and a few suitable decorations. Our budgeting was done carefully and a strict account was made so that in keeping with custom, a list of donors and expenses could be posted in at least three places; usually Hadley's corner, Tucker Bay corner and the Mail Box corner.

Our carefully planned Christmas celebration was duly held on December 30. The members of the new club put their whole hearts into it. We arrived at Tucker Bay Hall that morning carrying food for two meals, our good clothing and other necessary odds and ends. We immediately organized ourselves into groups to carry out such preparations as the cutting of a Christmas tree, gathering of greenery, making of lunch, cutting of wood for the three stoves and sewing bags for candy. During the day the tree was erected in the centre of the hall and decorated with tinsel, ornaments and real candies set in special holders clamped on the end of limbs. Green boughs were nailed to the bare two-by-fours and the door and window frames. Soon the air was fresh with the scent of fir and cedar resins. The presents were unpacked, sorted, and names were affixed; the candy bags were filled.

Then after we had eaten and everything had been cleaned up, the long table in the dining room at the end of the hall was set with cups and saucers and suitably decorated. All was in readiness for the party. Then we gathered around one of the stoves to hold a meeting of our newly formed club. Of top priority on the agenda was the election of officers; they were as follows: George A. Douglas - President, Maurice Reitz - Secretary-Treasurer and Laurie Mason - Floor Manager and Master of Ceremonies. Agnes Curran and I were elected to head teams which would be responsible for refreshments and clean-up and into which the whole membership was divided.

The meeting had just been adjourned when people began arriving. They were laden with lanterns, children, cakes and sandwiches. The hall filled quickly as the guests took off their coats and heavy shoes and settled themselves on the benches around the room. Mothers stowed their sleeping infants on the bunks in the ladies room while Harry Livingstone would up the gramophone and Laurie Mason called for the opening waltz. Second on the agenda were brownie two-steps for the children.

At the appropriate moment there was a thrill of excitement as the tinkle of sleigh bells was heard from outside. This was the cue for the young men to light the candles and in a moment the tree stood ablaze in beauty before the dazzled eyes of the children. Then through the front door came Santa Claus, resplendent in traditional robes, eyes a-twinkle above a flowing white beard. Over his shoulder he carried a huge sack filled with bulging candy bags. He went the rounds of the hall, shaking hands heartily, giving out candy and presents as young ladies read out the names of the recipients. The children's happiest hour had arrived.

All too soon the candles burned low and had to be put out. Santa bowed out through the door, good wishes following him, but the dancing and merriment went out until the wee small hours of the morning. The Islanders had turned out to support us, forgetting their feuding and their problems for a beginning in the healing of the painful wounds of dissension. I recorded in my diary, "Everything went off without a hitch–said to be the best dance ever."

That was the beginning of the Good Fellowship Club - the name we finally chose. It was also the beginning of what Archy Millicheap later called the Golden Age of Lasqueti.

Once the Good Fellowship Club was organized, it became a wonderful outlet for the young folks. In the new year of 1928, the meetings were held every two weeks according to rule number 7 and these meetings were always followed by a dance - many of which we opened to the general public. However the dances which were held for club members only were of course attended by single people only - many of which were still in their teens. The older residents began to talk; to gossip. It wasn't too serious at first, but the complaints grew. Finally it was decided to have a public meeting to discuss the problem openly.

The meeting was held at Maple Grove School and was well attended. The members of the new club sat together at one end of the hall, a bit apprehensive, but nevertheless completely loyal to their new organization. The married folk sat around the rest of the building. The meeting lasted two hours, during which time everyone who wished was allowed to air his views. They were all extremely polite. People were accustomed to the usual types of meetings, but this was a bit different. Morals were rather private in those days!

Just when things had reached a sort of stale-mate, Harry Boldthen stood up, his moustache twitching and his blue eyes glinting with mischief. He said solemnly, "Considering everything that has been said here tonight, it seems that the young people really should have some older person at their parties. Therefore, I make a motion that the Good Fellowship Club have a chaperone and that she be deaf, dumb and blind!"

There was a great laugh all around which ended the meeting and the usual dance and refreshments followed. Actually we did not have many private dances; it was much more fun to have a larger crowd with all the married people included. Yes, the year of 1928 had a good beginning with the Good Fellowship Club keeping the social life of the Island at a high; the serious problems of the previous year were fading into the background. To supplement our activities it wasn't long before the married folk had organized a whist club with whist drives held on alternate nights to the Good Fellowship Club parties.

Since the principal Island social functions then centered around our club's activities, a feeling for the life on Lasqueti in those days can be gained from recalling two or three of the more important events. At the end of February we held a Leap Year Dance which featured 'ladies choice' for all of the dances. By pre-arrangement they left no 'wallflowers' so the dancing kept at a merry pace all night. Soon afterwards we held a basket social to make money for the club. When the bidding for the baskets rose above the two dollar mark, Norm Washburn walked up to the Master of Ceremonies and handed him a dollar bill. Said he, "Sorry folks, that's all I can afford. Here it is."

Then he went over and sat down beside his wife to share her well-filled basket. Everyone appreciated his position and his generosity; a dollar was a lot in those days.

In April, we held a picnic for members only. It was well planned. We would go to Sangster Island and we would have ice-cream - the most beautiful place, the most desired food and the best of company. Two days before the picnic I went to Hadley's so that Erma and I could leave the next day with Georgie Douglas, Laurie Mason and Owens Copley in Georgie's boat to get ice-cream from Nanaimo. At 6:30 in the morning we left Hadley's bay; the weather favoured us and after a full day in Nanaimo we took the gas-boat back to Lasqueti arriving at Hadleys just in time for breakfast. After eating, we boarded Georgie's boat again and went down the west shore of Lasqueti picking up the club members at pre-arranged spots. Along with other similarly occupied boats we arrived at Sangster in time for a wonderful day.

The little island of Sangster is about one mile in length and a couple of hundred yards wide. It lies about three miles off the southwest corner of Lasqueti and at that time was uninhabited except for the fishermen who lived there in shacks during the summer. Harry Boldthen had once cleared part of the east end which offered ideal conditions for a most luxurient collection of wild flowers to multiply.

That day the sun shone down warmly while we climbed around the sandstone and conglomerate rocks and examined such peculiar natural formations as the slate cliffs and the 'elephant's eye'. We ate our picnic lunch and filled ourselves with ice-cream. In fact, we had purchased too much and try as we might, we could not eat it all! In the evening we all went back to Tucker Bay Hall for the usual dance. However, we were simply too tired so after a half hour or so everyone went home.

The July 1st picnic was the last function organized by the original Good Fellowship Club members. Doris and Erma Hadley and Dave Livingstone were leaving for Minstrel Island and several of the young men were going out to work in logging camps. During the picnic, which was held at Marshall Beach, races were run, ballgames played and swimming was enjoyed while the gas-boats which had transported the people hung at anchor in the shelter of (1)*Williams (Ada) Island. The club members went about their duties outwardly happy and cheerful, but there was an undercurrent of sadness. The day ended with a grand sunset and as the little gas-boats pulled out in the quiet evening, there were more than a few tears shed in farewells at this closing of the first chapter in the affairs of the Good Fellowship Club.

PERIL AT SEA

The sea was always with us; our highway and our peril. One day in the late spring of 1928, Merril, Erma and Doris Hadley with Fred Livingstone were returning from Nanaimo in their small boat. All went well until they were off Balenas Lighthouse where their engine quit. Fred and Merril understood engines and they soon discovered that the generator was not functioning; thus they had used up all the power in their battery. A south-east gale was blowing and so into the gathering darkness and on into the night they drifted. Who but one who has had the experience knows the feeling of throat-tightening fear as a boat drifts at the mercy of an increasing storm - now on the crests and next in the hollows of the big waves as they curl down on a powerless craft.

In spite of their perilous situation, these young people did not lose their heads. They knew the coastline and they also knew that the battery would recoup a little 'juice' during the long hours that they were drifting. When it seemed to them that exactly the right moment had arrived, they turned the flywheel over and mercifully the engine started. They had judged well. There was just enough electricity to keep the engine running while they steered straight for Lasqueti and ran the boat up on the only piece of sandy beach in the area known as Weldon's Shore. How thankful they were then to make their way homeward having avoided by so very little a tragic fate.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

As our school year drew to a close several of us had to face the Government Entrance Examinations. To students in outlying areas this meant the grade eight exams which, if passed, released them from grade school and in most cases marked the end of their formal education. In order to prevent any form of connivance I suppose, we could not be examined by our own teacher; we had to have a disinterested supervisor.

So in June of 1928, the teacher from Maple Grove School, Mrs. Elsie Gillespie, received the sealed papers from the Department of Education and came to False Bay School to supervise our written examinations. We wrote two papers each day for two consecutive days and one on the third day with even the number of hours per test carefully prescribed. Then the completed papers were sealed again and mailed to Victoria for correction while we and our teacher waited anxiously for three weeks before we would find out whether or not we had passed or whether or not we would have to spend another year studying the self-same subjects. Some students had been known to try their grade eight exams three times before being declared a success or a complete failure. That year, Frances Lenfesty, Doris Hadley, my sister Beatrice and I were successful.

In the fall, Doris had moved away, but Frances, Beatrice and I returned to school for grade nine. Mr. Oben kindly undertook the job of teaching us the grade nine course (then first year of high school) in addition to his regular grade school duties. We attended school with the other children and spent long evenings doing homework. What patience and effort our teacher put into our introduction to French, Latin, Geometry, Algebra, History and English. With Art, he told us, "Art is not my strong subject so you girls can study the books and work along on your own."

Mr. Oben required us to do everything well and we all had the reward of passing the Government Exams with flying colours the following June. In order to accomplish this high standard of scholarship, Mr. Oben had been very dictatorial about cutting down on the number of parties and dances that we could attend.

BOAT NIGHT

The arrival of the Union steamship each Monday night had become a major event in the lives of many Islanders. The S.S. CHELOSIN came in from Vancouver at 11 p.m. and everyone who could make it would be there - chatting in the store or simply getting together on the wharf or in the freight shed. The blowing of the whistle and the shining search-light brought everyone hurrying to the wharf. With the captain on the bridge and with the ringing of the signal bells coming across the water, the ship would move into the dock; a weighted line would be thrown to the wharf where Harry Livingstone or some other active young man would pull it in and drop the looped hauser over a cleat. The winches would turn, a stern line and a spring line would be attached to the wharf and with the creaking of piling the ship would be pulled tight in her moorings.

Then the gangplank would come down and off would come the purser in his neat uniform with its polished buttons, the shipping manifest in his hand. The passengers followed him. Happy were the greetings of friends and relatives or great was the curiosity if a stranger arrived.

The Royal Mail was always the first freight unloaded. The derrick would swing out over the wharf and lower a net in which were slung the canvas bags. Roy Oben would load them onto his elongated wheelbarrow and clatter off up the wharf. In the inner room of the tiny Post Office attached to his house, the sorting of the mail would then take place.

Meanwhile the wharf was a scene of activity as the derrick unloaded boxes of groceries, sacks of feed, hay, boomchains, and even the occasional motor car. Cows and horses made their unsteady arrival in a strong box stall - the poor things very bewildered by the strange lights, noises and smells. Perishable freight would be taken into the shed on small dollies; the deck hands worked quickly. Inside the shed, the manifest hung on a nail. Everyone expecting goods checked the manifest and then inspected his freight to make sure that it had all arrived safely.

Often it would be twelve or one o'clock and the steamer long gone before the mail was sorted and the last parcel or letter placed in the named slots. Then the wicket would be raised and the waiting Islanders would receive their mail - tied into a roll with string or secured by a rubber band made from an old inner tube.

Usually Beatrice and I met the boat together while the rest of our family remained at home. If we walked, we faced a trip of two and one-half miles home by trail in the dark. For us a lantern was an unnecessary encumbrance since by walking that trail twice or more each day, we knew every root, rock and hollow in its twistings and meanderings.

When we expected freight, we would make the trip by rowboat and then would get some kind man to help us slide our goods down the ramp at the front of the wharf and lift them into our little craft. Then came the row home with phosphorous dripping from our oars. We would head in a line for the Sisters and Yellow Rock Lighthouses, then turn around the looming bulk of Dan Peg Island and head up the channel toward home. When the light from the Sisters disappeared behind the Flat Top (Finerty) Islands, and we could see the light from our house, we would pull hard on our right oars and turn into shore. Soon, with the feel and sound of the gravel under our keel, we would know that we were safely home.

Beatrice and I loved to meet the boat, but Mr. Oben disproved of these late nights which made us such poor scholars the next day. Frequently he would say, "Just come in and stay the night; my wife will make you up a bed; you can go to school from here in the morning."

And frequently we accepted their generous hospitality.

TELEPHONE

It was in 1928 that the telephone came to Lasqueti. A.W. Neil, M.P. was responsible for getting us this convenience while George West was in charge of the installation. The whole operation took several months and was a real windfall for many of the settlers who received $2 a pole at the hole. As well, several of the men were employed in erecting them.

The telephone line ran from False Bay to Alex Kurtzhal's following the Main Road. There were secondary lines up the Centre Road to Potter's, to Ed Mason's at Boat Cove, and to Captain Good's at Rouses Bay where the cable entered the strait to follow the ocean bottom to Sechelt. Thus there were five stations with the fee to have a phone in one's house set at $2.50 per month. At first this cost was defrayed in part by the long distance calls which were made by others through each station, but the phone at False Bay was in the Williams home and soon Della Williams became sole agent for the Island and collected all the fees.

In using those first telephones one did not dial a number or call 'central'. The phone hung on the wall with a strong hand crank on the side with which the user wound two longs and a short (or whatever combination was required) in order to get someone at another station to pick up the receiver. And let no one suppose that those phones were private! Only one's honor kept one from listening in when the ringing summons sounded to signal that some exciting news was being relayed over the wire.

The telephone created a new Government job - that of lineman. Captain A.E. Good was the first followed by Paul Lambert and as usual the job was filled by political patronage. When Paul Lambert was about to lose the job because of a change in government, the new appointee refused the honor. However, this act of friendship did Paul no good. He lost the job to a more practical man!

BEACHCOMBING

One of the most exciting events of 1928 occurred one stormy night in early February. One of the doors of a scow being towed by the Courtenay Transfer tug, TRUSILLA sprang open and much of its cargo was spilled into the Gulf somewhere between Squitty Bay and Sangster. A ripple of excitement spread up the Island as neighbours told each other about the accident and dashed off to the beaches to see what could be salvaged. Perhaps the first person to see the flotsam was Charlie Higgins who was in the area in his boat, but he thought it merely driftwood and travelled on.

There were some interesting items salvaged. Alex Kurtzhals found a gramophone while Georgie Douglas discovered the records along with some chocolate bars. Fred Copley got enough coffee to last for many a day; Dawson Norrish picked up a piano which the salt water had rendered useless; Laurie Mason found boxes of oranges and cheese as well as a good supply of lumber. Charlie Williams went out in his boat and picked up a variety of floating articles, but the most bizarre find of all was made by Otto Kurtzhals. He beachcombed two coffins which afterwards leaned against the side of his house for a considerable time without anyone indicating a desire to make use of them.

Up at Sunset View we were too far from the spill to benefit. We searched the shore, but found nothing except a badly bashed bucket of lard. The only thing the owners wished to claim was a silver tea service - an item which was never found.

POPULATION CHANGES

It was in 1928 that LESLIE PHILLIPS first came to Lasqueti. From British Guiana and a close friend of Vic Hill's, he became engaged in the fishing industry and later in the early 30's these two men were active in getting the Fisherman's Co-op started on the B.C. coast.(i). Leslie was to become president of the first B.C. Fisherman's Co-operative Association.

The 1928 Fall Fair was held in the False Bay School with our Member of Parliament, A.W. Neil and his wife as our honored guests. This gentleman was held in great esteem by all the Islanders. Not only was he responsible for the old age pension, but he took a personal interest in our small island. Besides being instrumental in getting us the telephone, he saw to the regular renewal and replacement of wharfs and floats. For many years he had donated generously to the Fall Fairs and people always turned out in number to hear him speak since he had the ability to convey his thoughts and information in a most entertaining way. At one election, all the Islanders forgot party politics to give him a full vote at the polls in appreciation for his service.

Unlike so much of the rest of the country, conditions on Lasqueti were fairly stable as 1928 drew to a close and the new year got underway. There had been employment in logging, fishing and on the telephone line. Too, the boat service continued to be completely dependable. Of course there were changes in lives of several of the settlers, and of particular note were two marriages.

In December the Reitz family moved from Lasqueti. They had taken an active part in Island affairs and would be greatly missed; for the members of the Good Fellowship Club the loss of Maurice was especially hard. Then our Club lost two more of the original members with the marriage of Agnes Curran and Vic Hill. This couple left the Island frequently due to their involvement in the fishing industry, but they continued to use Lasqueti as their home base for many years.

Then in January, the Islanders were happy to welcome LAURA WRIGHT who arrived as the bride of Bob Conn - a man who for many years had been a confirmed bachelor. The Good Fellowship Club sponsored a party at Tucker Bay Hall in honor of the newlyweds. There were the usual speeches and dancing and we joined Bob's amusement, as with much chuckling, he extricated a pair of high-heeled dancing slippers from his overcoat pockets. Being a married man was going to be a new experience!

And living in Bob's little cabin at the head of Scotty Bay was certainly going to be a new experience for Laura. From the British Isles, her marriage to Bob was the result of an interesting romance. In 1926, a retired sea captain, Gustav Weltz, had been voyaging around the Island when he ran into some difficulty with his motor boat. Bob Conn came to his assistance and welcomed him into his home. The two quickly became good friends and the old sea captain encouraged Bob to begin correspondence with Laura who had at one time been employed in his office in Cardiff, Wales and who had once lived with his family in that city.

When Laura came to Vancouver for a holiday, the two met at the home of mutual friends and in due time decided to marry. She loved her new home, for to her, it was the most beautiful place on earth. Full of sparkling humour and vitality, Laura coped capably with rural life and entered into life on the Island with vim and vigour.

On the darker side of life, the Islanders were saddened that winter by the deaths of several well-known residents. Harry Boldthen left his widow and daughter, Ruth, to carry on alone in the little house on their homestead. The Washburns had just left the Island when word was returned to us of Norm's death and then we heard of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Curran who had recently moved to reside in her girlhood home near Kamloops. About the same time, Dickie Bolt, who had come to Lasqueti to work in the old St. Joseph mine, passed away.

MAY QUEEN

As the 24th of May, 1929 approached, an interesting idea was being discussed by ladies of the Maple Grove District. Alice Norrish, Nellie Boldthen, Mabel (Mrs. Alex) Kurtzhals and Louise Cook were planning a May Queen celebration. In view of this, the Good Fellowship Club decided to waive any idea of a separate picnic and support this new entertainment to the full.

When the day arrived, the weather was not very favourable, but in spite of the overcast and a bit of rain, everyone congregated on a little hill just above Squitty Bay. There on a hill-top dias carpeted with moss and under the gnarled old trees, the stage was set. In gowns of spun silk and cotton batting trim, on thrones bedecked with flowers, Lasqueti's first May Queen Edith Norrish, and her Princess, Gwen Cook, looked their prettiest.

The program was well planned with speeches and a ceremonious crowning. The picnic which followed was highlighted by the opening of the tub of ice-cream which Owens Copley had brought up from Nanaimo in his father's boat. But due to the disagreeable weather, the picnic broke up early with many of the young people meeting at Norrish's for supper before going on to Tucker Bay Hall for a dance. And, wonder of wonders, the dance had a real live orchestra! Owens had made the acquaintance of the crew of the tug ALMARA and had invited them to the dance. They came up from Boho Bay bringing their instruments: a violin, a banjo, a drum and a saxaphone. Never before had such music been heard in that little hall and how we danced!

(i) "Tides of Change" A.V. Hill

CARS AND EFFECTS

By this time, transportation on Lasqueti was becoming quite modern! Besides the vehicles owned by Charlie Williams and Dawson Norrish, there were cars owned by Georgie Douglas, George Lenfesty, Bob Acton and Owens Copley. These cars were not always the most dependable of machines but no service stations were needed since the men who owned them were already skilled in the repair of their boat engines and it was easy for them to acquire the knowledge needed to keep their new gas buggies on the road. Gasoline, oil and some automotive supplies were retailed by Charlie Williams as a growing part of his active and diversified business.

As the number of cars increased it became easier for the Islanders to leave their own districts with the result that loyalty to the three main areas began to be less important. There was much less socializing along the road in the vicinity of one's home. When walking was the main mode of travel, it was natural to drop in at every house along the way for a cup of tea or a chat, but it was just as natural when in a car to drive right by. No longer did the settlers mostly associate with those neighbours who lived closest; people began to gather and to develop friendships based on interests rather than on geography.

ISLAND LIFE

In October of 1929, the Cooks were blessed with a new addition to their family with the birth of Vera. My mother was called out in the night to attend Louise. From her first smile, Vera was a blythe, happy girl and the darling of her father's heart.

But for two other Lasqueti families, the year did not end on such a happy note. On December 17 an accident occurred which was to have lasting effects. As Beatrice and I were rowing into False Bay wharf, we saw some one being carried down the wharf and placed on the CHUPAROS. The engine was running and the boat put out to sea as we arrived. We soon learned that Della Williams had slipped on the floor of her home and broken her ankle. This active woman who had fished beside Charlie in the early days, who had taught so many of the young men to dance and who had always been involved in Island affairs now was to spend many weary months in a series of casts and would never again walk without a limp.

Then ten days later, Lenfesty's house burned down! True, they had just begun construction of a new home on their pre-emption, but the fire was a great setback. They lost almost everything: clothes, bedding, household effects and personal possessions. The Islanders helped of course - with sympathy and in tangible ways. Many gave their time to speed the construction of the new house and in a few months it was finished to a point which allowed the Lenfestys to move in.

The year ended with another successful Christmas Tree sponsored by the Good Fellowship Club for the Island's children. The sum of $41.75 was collected for expenses and there were 75 people there - about three-quarters of the entire population. It was another small example of the role our club had played in pulling the Islanders together after the bitter struggle between the separate communities. As the people looked forward to a new decade, it was with more unity than had existed for many years. False Bay was firmly established as the commercial centre and this fact slowly was being accepted (if not liked) by all. The waves of the stock market crash which were rocking the rest of the country were as yet scarcely being felt on Lasqueti. We could not forsee the difficulties ahead.

THE THIRTIES

The Thirties have been described in numerous writings as both 'hungry' and 'dirty' and certainly they were both of these on Lasqueti. But life on the Island took on some brighter facets as well. The Islanders met the challenge of the Depression with energy and creativity. They did their best with the resources available and they were joined by many new residents who brought the same determined attitude with them.

In fact, life on Lasqueti was attractive to so many that the population almost tripled during the 30's and was to reach a high of over 300 before the decade ended. Those who came were people of an independent nature: people who wished to work for Government assistance in a small community rather than go on the dole in one of the larger cities, individuals who hoped to farm on one of the few available pre-emptions, and pensioners who found that their incomes stretched further where rents were low and gardens could be grown.

The increased population brought the advantages of a larger circle of acquaintance as well as the richness of new ideas and interests. The new residents were accepted quickly into the community; everyone faced the same hardships and hard times invariably bring out the best efforts of co-operation among people; many lifelong friendships had their beginnings in the trials of the 30's.

1930 came in with very cold weather but the regular Good Fellowship Club dances continued as usual and social life in general maintained an active pace. Early in the year a new gramophone was purchased by the Club to replace the old faithful one which the Douglas family had brought to the Island many years before. Some recalled that stormy trip with old George at the helm, beard flying in the wind, as Georgie and Laurie Mason held the gramophone tight to the deck lest the lashing come loose and the precious cargo be lost overboard.

MORE CARS

Cars were becoming the way of transportation, but they could be a headache. In the cold weather, it was common for those parked at False Bay to run into Oben's kitchen to borrow a teakettle of hot water for the radiator before starting up the engine. Tires were equally troublesome. One night, Laurie Mason and Owens Copley changed tires six times on a trip between False Bay and Boat Cove! The job became routine: find rocks to block the wheels, jack up the car, pry the tire off the wheel, take the tube out of the tire, find the leak, mend the leak, replace the tire. And at night this was all done to the light of a smoky coal oil lantern or a dim flashlight.

The Island's young people loaded those old jalopies beyond their endurance. We would speed along the flat stretches and down the hills; then as the car lost momentum on the inclines, the passengers would all jump out and push to get their vehicle over the top and on the way down again. What with slipping low gear bands, wet coils and gravity fed gas lines, it took some expert treatment to keep them going. But all agreed that they were infinitely superior to walking.

Sometimes there were accidents. I was a passenger in one car whose tie-rod broke while the vehicle was being maneuvered along a particularly narrow rutted road. We were only going about fifteen miles per hour so the car simply turned off the road and tipped on its side in a hollow. It was a typical Lasqueti car accident with no one seriously hurt - it would have been difficult to get going fast enough to do much damage!

During the spring of 1930, three more cars were brought to the Island to bring the total up to nine. Fred Copley got a brand new Ford, my father bought a 1924 Dodge and Ray Mathews, the teacher at Maple Grove brought a Star to the Island. With this latter car, Ray claimed that he could get the speedometer to record thirty miles per hour on the straight stretches. The Islanders didn't know whether to condemn him for his recklessness or admire him for his daring. At any rate, the ownership of a car at that time was a matter of considerable prestige as well as convenience. At the 24th of May picnic held at Maple Grove School, all the cars were lined up like celebrities and duly photographed. With these luxuries on display, it did not seem that we were entering the grip of a Depression.

At the same picnic, Ruth Boldthen was chosen as May Queen with my sister, Elsie, her Maid of Honor. The committee of ladies had planned to bring the new Queen in state from the Boldthen home to the picnic in the car which Mabel Kurtzhals had recently purchased from Charlie Williams. Mabel was the first woman on Lasqueti to learn to drive and she did so quite competently. Nevertheless, as she attempted to turn the car from the Boldthen lane onto the Main Road, the curve proved to be too sharp. One wheel ran up on a steep bank and the car tipped over! They were all shaken and frightened, but after Mabel had rested and Elsie had had a small cut patched, the group finished the trip to the picnic on foot and the ceremony continued, if on a somewhat subdued scale.

PETE DUBOIS

Our family was left in the care of the old Hopkins place after the Reitz family moved away. My sisters and I would frequently stay there to pick fruit or look after the garden and one of our regular visitors was Pete Dubois who was clearing land on some adjacent property which he had purchased from my Uncle Fred. He often brought his lunch over to eat with us and take advantage of the hot cup of tea which was always forthcoming.

Pete was well known for his stories and we found that listening to them was very entertaining - certainly better than working on our Correspondence School papers or weeding in the garden. Our favourites were his hunting stories - - like the one he often told about hunting down by Windy Bay with only one bullet for his gun. He came upon two deer and really needed them both as meat was short. Sizing up the situation at a glance, he quickly threw his knife into a log, took careful aim at it and split his bullet in two with the lead flying accurately to kill both deer instantly! Then there was the time that he was hunting a steep sidehill when he looked up to see a big buck looking down at him. Only the deer's head was visible above a large log but Pete quickly took aim and fired. The deer went down but as quickly jumped up and looked over the log again. Pete shot again with the same results and seven shots were fired before the deer stayed down. He scrambled up the hill and looked over the log and lo, there were seven bucks lying there!

One rainy day Pete came to borrow an axe. He had accidently broken his own. As he left he mentioned, "I think you'd better boil me some tea for dinner; I rolled a log on my lunchpail and its folded up like an accordion. I don't know if I can get anything out of it or not."

He went his way and we laughed at his story and speculated as to how much truth there might be in it. At noon he arrived with his bucket - what had once been a five pound lard pail. It was literally flattened like a closed accordion! He took it out to the woodshed and with the axe chopped off the lid. Digging at the contents with his knife, he removed a compressed round cake which had once been venison and jam sandwiches. This he consumed with the aid of much tea.

We offered him some fresh sandwiches but he declined, saying, "No, no, this is just fine; everything is right here!"

But Pete did not spend all his time telling yarns. He was an expert fisherman who worked long hours and usually made the top catches. When he was clearing land and building a house for his family, he put his whole heart into it. And Pete and Susan had a good-sized family! There were Eliza, Alice, Eileen, Ramona, Gloria, Peter and Bonnie.

In March of 1930 a new logging camp owned by Ernie Clark and Charlie Klein began operation on Lasqueti. Charlie was one of the sons of the large Klein family of Pender Harbour and was a huge man of immense strength. Any logger who worked with him would say that he could do the work of two men and his was the name that entered every conversation in which feats of strength were being discussed.

CLARK AND KLEIN

The Clark and Klein camp was situated at the place once owned by Dickie Bolt. A lean-to on a tiny log cabin was fixed up for a kitchen while the woodshed attached was furnished with a table and benches for a dining area. The loggers used another log building for a bunkhouse. My sister, Beatrice, and I were hired to do the cooking until Charlie's wife, Olive could arrive to do the job. Although we cooked at home, we found the preparation of meals for a dozen men to be a very challenging experience. Armed with good intentions and the **White House Cook Book** we butchered sides of beef and a whole sheep as well as doing the baking. We prepared everything desired by the men from pig's knuckles to doughnuts. The latter were cut by using a milk can and the top of a salt shaker and had such huge holes in the middle that the men hung them from the limbs of a small tree saying that they were storing up for a hard winter!

After about two weeks, Olive arrived bringing the Klein's two children Velma and Victor. I am sure the loggers were glad to get the services of an experienced cook.

The camp greatly bolstered the Island's economy since it provided work for several of the local men. It was the first logging operation on Lasqueti to make use of a tractor or 'cat' and we watched in amazement when one of the men used it to pull a whole fir tree up to our cookhouse where it was cut up for fire wood. The first major job for which the cat was used was the construction of a road to Lennies Lagoon; then it was used in the regular logging operation to haul logs. A 'bummer' was employed behind the cat - a contraption which lifted one end of the logs to greatly facilitate yarding. This device was the forerunner of the logging arch.

About this time a government surveyor remembered only as a Mr. McQuillan*(3) came to Lasqueti to run all the section lines. To assist him, he hired Dawson Norrish in order to have the use of Dawson's reliable MacLouglan-Buick for transportation. Then when he needed someone familiar with both the topography and the existing lines, he hired my father whose many years of hunting enabled him to provide the needed information.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL

The highlight of that summer for many came on August 16, when Charlie Williams loaded the HERMOSA with Islanders for a trip to Pender Harbour. The occasion was the dedication of the new St. Mary's Hospital by Lieutenant-Governor Randolph Bruce. This hospital was built and operated by the Columbia Coast Mission of the Anglican Church and it was to serve the people of our part of the coast for many years.

Soon after this event one of the most successful of the Fall Fairs was held at Tucker Bay Hall. The fruits and vegetables on display were of exceptional quality and there was the interesting aspect of having two men, Captain Good and Ab Welsh, win first prizes in the baking section. This was the first Fair at which the Good Fellowship Club set up a 'Hot-Dog Stand'. We also served ham sandwiches, ice-cream and lemonade with the whole effort being quite successful financially. Our endeavour was considerably supported by the presence at the Fair of a large group of visitors from Hornby Island. This was one of several exchange visits which took place about that time. Of additional interest at that Fair was the presence of the new teacher of the Maple Grove School, Bennie Carlson. Benny was to remain as a teacher on Lasqueti for many years and soon became one of the leading members of the Good Fellowship Club.

WHYTE

By the fall of 1930, the first of the new families that would swell the Island's population had arrived. They were the Whytes: Jack and his wife with children John, Ruth, Marion Jean and Buelah. From the Prairies, they could recount many hair raising tales of their trip out through the Rockies and the Coast Range in their little Ford Truck. Although the Whytes left the Island for a time, they returned in 1934 and lived at False Bay until 1949. By 1939 three more boys, Ronnie, Roy and Herb were added to their family. Darlene and Gail Whyte were born in the early 40's.

Also adding to the Island's population about that time was the return of a native son, Charlie Higgins with his wife Hazel and their growing family. Charlie was attempting to settle down on a piece of land in the Maple Grove district which he was purchasing from Dawson Norrish. Although he cleared land for a garden and constructed a simple home, the life of a stump rancher was not for him; after a very few years he was to return to his life on the fishing grounds.

RECOGNIZING THE DEPRESSION

By the fall of 1930 we had heard of the crash on Wall Street but the shock waves still had not reached us. The Clark and Klein logging camp was in full operation and sheep raising had developed to a point where it added significantly to the income of such families as Norrishes, Douglases, Cooks, Masons, Boldthens, Hadleys, Lenfestys, McKinnels and Livingstones. Charles Williams' store was flourishing and his seiners were providing additional employment. As well there was increased road building thanks to a larger grant obtained by M.L.A. Mike Manson. It was this grant which enabled a road to be built to Teddy Grant's home. We did know that the young men were having difficulty finding off-Island employment but for many of us this had the positive effect of maintaining a lively social life in our community. For example, there were 98 people at the Christmas dance and none of these seemed overly apprehensive about the future.

But at a New Year's party held at the Alex Kurtzhals home on January 1, 1931, I first heard the ominous word 'Depression'. Mabel had prepared a fine dinner and besides her children, Pegge and Alan, the group included the Ed Masons and son, Laurie, the Rudolph Kurtzhals, Uncle Jack Mason, Otto Kurtzhals, Charlie and Della Williams and myself. During the meal and afterwards there was considerable discussion about the state of the world economy. Alex, who had a radio, held forth on the nature of the calamities which were besetting the rest of the world. Some argued that the Island had always had its up and downs and that we would survive this problem as we had any others. But the talking continued until Mabel called a halt to it and the party continued with conversations less gloomy than those about a great Depression.

But life on Lasqueti carried on as normal in the new year even though there was a tightening up of the money situation and many discussions dwelt on the world's economic problems. Four children were born to Island families within a short space of time: the Fred Copleys received a new son, Samuel; Iris arrived in the Vic Hill family; Phillip was born to the Obens; Eleanor arrived in the Higgins household. And a new resident of the Island was Paul Lambert's bride, pretty talented Velina.

PHILLIPS

It was early in 1931 that Leslie Phillips family came to Lasqueti. Although originally from British Guiana, they had been living in New York City prior to their purchase of Captain Good's place at Rouses Bay. They were to make Lasqueti their home until the mid Fifties.

Leslie's mother, Amy, his sisters Evadne and Elsie, his brother Bob, Evadne's young son Edward and her niece Diane, all arrived from Vancouver on the last leg of their long journey by a Co-op fish packer. For a time they shared their new home with Vic and Agnes Hill and little Iris. The house was enlarged and made very comfortable and attractive landscaping was carried out. This gracious, hospitable family added much to Island life.

CONSTRUCTION

With the population increasing, there were plans being made to open a school in Tucker Bay Hall once again. This move of course would curtail its use as a social center so people began to look elsewhere for a community hall. The Agricultural Association secretary was instructed to seek a grant for the purpose of building a hall on the 40 acres which had been in its possession since the mid Twenties; however, it seems that none was forthcoming and efforts to get such a hall built continued for many, many years. Meanwhile at a meeting of the Good Fellowship Club in the old 'Chinese Hall' at False Bay, a proposal was received from Charlie Williams. He said that the Club could use the hall if they would renovate it using material supplied by him. A new floor was to be laid, a stage with dressing rooms built, the kitchen remodelled and stairs built to a ladies room. The young men eagerly discussed this proposition and it was unanimously agreed to by the membership. At the same meeting it was decided that the Club would assist in the construction of a waiting room at the junction of the roads near the Post Office. Both of these projects were soon completed and the False Bay Hall was used by the Islanders for a great many years thereafter. One of its special features was mitred flooring which permitted dancers to always move with the grain of the wood.

About the same time there was further construction in the growing community of False Bay. The Williams had the hotel above their store enlarged by adding a top storey and a large reception room. For a time, the latter was called the "Dellamere" and it was considered a most suitable place in which to entertain guests to the Island. Laurie Mason was one of those who worked on this building and as part of his wages he received a 1927 Ford Roadster - a neat buggy indeed!

It should be noted however that Laurie did not fare so well on his next construction job. He helped Otto Kurtzhals build a new house at Squitty Bay and received some mining shares in payment. This would have been fine except that the shares had become worthless due to the stock market crash and there was never any return from them.

MAY QUEEN

The May Queen Celebration in 1931 was sponsored by the Good Fellowship Club. Dave Livingstone, Laurie Mason and I travelled the Island by car to allow everyone a chance to vote. My sister, Elsie, was chosen to be the Queen with Violet Norrish as her Maid of Honour. The ceremony was carried out at a picnic at Marshalls Beach on a very beautiful day with fresh oranges and ice-cream which had come up from Vancouver on the Union steamship the night before.

By this time, Laurie and I were engaged to be married and with work becoming difficult to obtain we had quite a bit of time to explore some of the more out of the way spots on Lasqueti. We visited the grave which gave Graveyard Bay its name and found that the bushes already obscured the marker. We endeavoured to read the inscription which it carried:

> Maggie dau. of V. and J. Richardson. Aged 2 years April 5, 1899. Suffer the little children to come to me.

On another hike, we went to Soapy Smith's Lake, a beautiful tree-fringed scrap of water hidden behind Jenkins Mountain. On the hillside beside the lake was a tiny clearing and the remnants of Soapy's cabin. With peculiar ingenuity he had placed all the wall logs with their butt end down hill so that by head height he had gained a sort of level. A few small stumps remained within the shack - probably to prevent his bed from rolling down the hill. It was said that this character got his nick-name, not from any relationship to the famous Soapy Smith, but rather from his seeming unfamiliarity with the useful household commodity.

RELIEF

As 1931 went by, the effects of the Depression became more and more obvious on Lasqueti. Casual laborers were the first to be affected as jobs became more scarce but very few of these applied to the Government for aid. In August, Paul Lambert was the instigator of a meeting which a majority of the Islanders attended. Somehow the information available at the meeting was misconstrued to lend belief that a committee of responsible men could allocate so many days of work on the Government road to tide the people over the no work situation in which so many had suddenly found themselves.

After much discussion, a committee was formed and a number of men were put to work on the road. But when the requisition for wages was forwarded to the Government, the committee was shocked to receive a sharp rebuttal and to be informed that they had actually committed an act of false pretences. There were chagrin and red faces all around, but in the end the Government did honor the work the men had done and all concerned were paid.

In November even the properly authorized Relief work was suspended and it was a very hard winter for those affected. Then in March of 1932, the Government in Victoria acted again. Married men were allowed a few days of road work each month; "enough to keep them going", while single men wanting help were being told to go to Relief Camps set up in various parts of the province.

The idea of Relief Camps did not please the young men of Lasqueti. When work became unavailable they went home to live with their parents to help out in whatever ways they could. They planted gardens, cut wood, raised sheep, hunted and shared whatever was to be had. Some went fishing but salmon were scarce and the price was poor. However, if one fished in a rowboat there was no overhead and even a dollar a day was worthwhile.

Problems in the fishing industry were what had prompted the growth of the Co-operative movement in which several of Lasqueti's fishermen were active. The first British Columbia Fisherman's Co-operative Association had come into being on January 9, 1929 for the purpose of bettering the lot of the fisherman*(i). Several organizational meetings were held at Rouses Bay and in 1931 a buying scow was stationed there so at least there was a place in the area where the young men who had turned to fishing could sell their catch. However, by 1932 the Co-op had folded up much to the discouragement of such fishermen as George Sweet, Jimmie Riddell, Pete Dubois, Vic Hill and Leslie Phillips who had put so much effort into the organization.

A small logging operation run by Andy Hearlson helped to employ a few men for a few months toward the end of 1931. The timber being logged was from the old St. Joseph mining claim and the old mine building was used as a bunkhouse. It was while this show was working that Billy Smith drowned.

This kindly little man was living on his boat and doing some towing for Hearlson. Living with him and working in the camp was Owens Copley who had been a friend of Billy Smith's for many years. How shocking it was for Owens when one evening he realized that Billy was missing from the boat! After searching frantically but vainly, he ran up the hill to the camp for help. The body was found when daylight came to aid the searchers.

Despite the little bit of employment provided by Hearlson and the other small sources of income such as fishing, the full effects of the Depression were upon us. Fred Copley, who was the road foreman and fire ranger received a third responsibility as well. He was designated by the Government as the local Relief Officer; as the number of needy increased, the regulations were becoming more strict. The exact number of hours that a man might work was prescribed according to his dependants. For example, a man with a wife and eight dependant children received $27 per month for which he worked a little less than 9 days. And before he could apply for this grand sum, he must declare himself 'indigent'. How the independant Islanders hated that word! And making things even worse was the fact that Government agents regularly came to Lasqueti to interrogate the recipients.

The plight of single women was difficult as well. They could not work on the road, go to a Relief Camp or even be claimed as dependants if they were over 21. Of course their help at home was always appreciated, but most made a sincere effort not to be a financial burden to their families. For example, the Higgins girls fished in rowboats and Beatrice spent some time cooking for the Hearlson Camp as well as doing some housecleaning. I sewed for the neighbours and painted greeting cards which my friends loyally bought. What if it did take a whole afternoon to do one card? 25 cents was not to be sneezed at!

For those families who did work for Relief or who received a small pension, the vital thing was to keep salt, flour, sugar, mush and tea on the pantry shelves so that the garden supplemented by chickens, livestock, venison, fish and clams could provide an adequate diet. The replenishing of clothing was more difficult with careful sewing and neat mending the order of the day. Remaking treasures and heirlooms from trunks or closets became a common practice and when the Islanders turned out to a dance or a picnic, they were dressed in their best with no apologies offered.

If a rancher wished to sell a beef, it paid him by far to butcher it and peddle it around the Island for a very low price - usually at 10 cents a pound. This helped the Islanders and assured that freight and handling costs would not eat up the profits. There was one case where expertly butchered mutton was shipped to Vancouver with the owner, Dawson Norrish, receiving a bill for part of the freight and no money at all! Bob Conn had the same experience when he shipped thirty boxes of carefully packed Gravenstein apples to Powell River. All he received from them was a bill for handling! For a while we sold whole milk to our neighbors for 10 cents per quart and later dropped the price to two quarts for 15 cents. This bit of extra money had to be used for chicken and cow feed.

Produce from the gardens was invaluable and all ways of storing in root cellars were practised. We bottled fish, meat, vegetables and fruit in glass sealers, boiling them for hours in hot kitchens as the Government booklets instructed. No one had a pressure cooker and only a few had canners.

A special treat was the pear crop from Jedidiah Island which the Hughes family shipped to Lasqueti on Leslie Phillips gas-boat. The price was as low as $1 for a forty pound box and they were without blemish - sweet, juicy, and a most welcome change to our diet.

Of the wild fruit, blackcaps, huckleberries, salal berries and gooseberries were commonly used, but the first choice was always the small native blackberry. No one discussed these berries when the season was on; knowledge of a good patch was a secret to be kept. Even the wild crabapples and oregon grape which are so sour to the taste, were found to make excellent jelly.

There was one item frequently on the menu of many Island families that was discussed even less than the wild blackberries. This was venison. While some men hunted for deer much more than others, no one talked about it and the meat was shared very little, even in hunting season. In those days it was illegal to have bottled venison and most obeyed this law, but deer were regularly hunted when the season was closed. For a time in the late Twenties and early in the Depression, landowners could get a 'Farmer's Licence' which permitted them to kill one deer a month throughout the entire year. My father was one of those who took advantage of this and he prided himself on the fact that he shot only bucks whether they had shed their antlers or not. However, early

(i) "Tides of Change" A.V. Hill

in the Depression when deer on the Island were becoming very scarce due to the heavy pressure, this practice was discontinued. Nevertheless, year around hunting continued, although very discreetly of course. But as the Depression wore on, the deer on Lasqueti became so scarce that hunting for them was largely a waste of time. It got so bad in fact that, on occasion, my father would row to Texada Island to hunt where the deer were more numerous although much smaller.

There is no question that the authorities were known to 'look the other way' on occasion regarding the use of venison and an anecdote with an interesting sidelight bears this fact out. One day in 1931 while my father was visiting my uncle's home at Powder Flask Cove, two policemen came down the Island from False Bay to talk to him. The spokesman, Constable Tweedhope, informed Daddy that they had come to discuss the matter of sheep stealing and that they had a warrant for his arrest in their possession. It seemed that a neighbour had seen him carrying home a sheepskin and a sack over his shoulder (supposedly carrying the mutton) and had immediately called the police in Nanaimo to lay a charge.

My father agreed that he had indeed carried home a sheepskin and a sack containing the head, heart and liver, but he told the Constable that they had been given to him by Charlie Higgins. At that time, neither our family nor Charlie Higgins owned any sheep but both my father and Charlie commonly did the butchering for Mrs. Boldthen since her husband had died. After hearing my father's full explanation of the matter, Constable Tweedhope informed him that he had already visited our home at Sunset View and had questioned two of his daughters, Beatrice and Geneva. He further stated that he and his partner would go to discuss the situation with Mrs. Boldthen. As we heard later, she informed the two policemen that Charlie Higgins had indeed recently butchered a sheep for her and that he had been paid for his trouble in mutton as well as with the hide, head, heart and liver. She further advised them that Charlie Higgins and Merian Copley did all her butchering, shearing and related jobs and that she trusted them implicitly.

Thus the warrant was never served but a truly heartwarming sidelight to the incident was related to the rest of us by Beatrice. In response to Constable Tweedhope's questioning she had been completely truthful and when asked what she was cooking in the pot on the stove she replied, "Deer meat."

The Constable then asked, "Deer meat? How do you know that it isn't mutton?"

Whereupon Beatrice, now with tears of indignation, answered, "Because it doesn't smell like it. I can tell the difference between deer meat and sheep meat by the smell!"

Constable Tweedhope then changed his line of questioning and asked the two girls about the papers which they had laid out on the table. These were their correspondence course papers on which they had been working when the two policemen arrived. Beatrice explained what they were doing and during the conversation she mentioned that she and Geneva would have to discontinue their schooling because the cost was too high. She explained that High School Correspondence Courses from the Department of Education in Victoria had been free except for text books but that our family had just been advised that future courses would be charged for - the only exception being for the children of men who had served in the armed forces.

When Beatrice told Constable Tweedhope that our family could not qualify under these conditions, he asked her for a sheet of paper and sat down to write a letter. He told her to mail the letter to the Department of Education when she next sent in a paper to be corrected. This was done and we were soon advised that my sisters could carry on their schooling under the same arrangements as the children of war veterans and no payments for courses was ever required of them.

With the exception of venison, the Islanders were generous with what food they had no matter how bad the situation was. Salmon were scarce throughout the Depression and the well-known cod reefs received considerable pressure, but one day Charlie Higgins happened on an unfished reef. He caught 39 large ling cod. A waste? Not for Charlie. He took them home, built a smokehouse and smoked the lot before sharing them with his grateful neighbours. The ladies prepared whatever there was with mouth-watering excellency and were always ready to take something to a social event or set the table for guests. Who can forget Kate Livingstone's brown bread, Birdie Copley's baking powder biscuits, Hattie Copley's brown gravy, or the pies baked by Louis Cook and Emma Douglas with which they won the prizes at the Fair each year. It was common for Frances Lenfesty to arrive at a meeting with a delicious iced cake while Evadne Phillip's decorated wedding and birthday cakes were admired by all. And speaking of cakes, Alice Norrish always said that if she saw someone approaching the gate of their 'Green Hills' ranch, she could run outside to the cream crock, dip a cupful of cream, add the other ingredients and have a cake in the oven by the time the visitor had driven through their double set of gates, parked his car at the house and knocked at the door!

And even a man had his cooking specialty. Slim Fischbacker would prepare small potatoes, boiled and peeled, then fried and sprinkled with a little grated cheese.

Rations were short and its quest preoccupied our lives, but dieting was unheard of and everyone enjoyed whatever was set before one.

One bright spot in the Relief work that so many Islanders turned to was that it caused great improvement to the roads. When cars first appeared on Lasqueti, it was quite an adventure to make a trip from False Bay to Squitty. Many years had been spent in just widening and straightening the old trails to make them passable for a wagon and when the Depression began even the Main Road was barely wide enough for a car. When two cars met, one of them had to back up to a spot wide enough to let the other pass. The ruts became so deep that a car could bog down in wet weather and there were stretches of skid road where the end of the skids had been chopped out a bit so that the high pressure tires would not provide such a bumpy ride.

With so many men working on the road it was soon widened and its bed made much firmer. Each man was issued a wheelbarrow, a rake and a shovel and it was with these humble tools that the job was done. Gravel was wheeled from the nearest source to fill the soft spots, ditches were dug and proposed new grades were surveyed. What if the men did spend extra long noon hours beside their little fires while their tea boiled in five pound lard pails? The affairs of the day had to be discussed: Technocracy or that crazy man stirring up Germany. What if one bulldozer could have done in a day the same job that those men accomplished in weeks? It didn't matter; a little money was coming in and the roads were immeasurably better.

THE COPLEY HOME

In the spring of 1932, my family at last moved into a place of their own. The old Pete Anderson place went up for taxes and we were able to get it very reasonably. With all our earthly belongings packed onto a cedar float, we made the trip from Sunset View to Anderson Bay; towed safely there by Billy Smith just a few days before he drowned in the sea, just offshore from St. Joseph's Mine.

There were two houses on the Anderson property and our family immediately occupied both of them. My parents and the younger children moved into the house on the beach - the same frame structure built by Pete Anderson which had housed the Post Office and store so many years before. We older girls moved into the other house which was situated inland near the barn and fields. This house was a classic example of the type of construction which ingenious settlers along the coast sometimes employed. Every bit of it was made of split cedar except the flooring. Even the two-by-fours were hand split and planed. The shakes which formed the walls were planed smooth on the inside and fitted together so perfectly that no draught ever came through.

Just after the move to Anderson Bay, an unfortunate incident happened in our family which illustrates the peculiar problems of living on a small island in those days. My mother fell and broke her wrist while she was getting water from the creek. It was known that a Doctor Biscoe was fishing in the Rouse Bay area and he was brought to give first aid. Then she was taken by gas-boat to the Pender Harbour hospital where the bones were set. On the return trip there was a high sea running from the south east and as the boat rounded Point Upwood it rolled heavily causing my mother to involuntarily put out her injured arm to steady herself. She did not realize until the cast was removed some time later that the bones had moved resulting in a crooked wrist.

NEW RESIDENTS - 1932

Of the many people who moved to Lasqueti in the early part of the Depression, there were some who were to make the Island their home for a considerable length of time. Carl and Florrie NICHOLS with their three children - Bessie, Raymond and Eric - came in 1932. They had been shortly preceded by Carl's father and mother as well as his brother Bill and his family. They all lived on the south east quarter of Secion 14 with the senior Nichols having a cabin just across the road from the houses of the other two families.

Bill's family included his wife and children - Violet, Archy, Louis, Emily and Helen. The four oldest were children of his first wife, a daughter of Susan and Louis Page. Bill was a talented artist and took an active part in the Island's dramatic efforts. Both he and Carl fished or worked at whatever type of employment was available.

Carl was a veteran of the Great War and had brought Florrie out from England as a war bride. She was admired by all for her exceptionally fine singing voice; it was remarkable to hear such music coming from such a small person! In 1936, this couple's house was destroyed by fire but they soon rebuilt and carried on. After the deaths of the senior Nichols in the late Thirties, Bill and his family left the Island and the property passed to Carl and Florrie. Eventually Carl got the job of driving the Government Road truck and he held this position until 1950 when he became Road Foreman after the retirement of Archy Millicheap. This couple passed away in the late Fifties after 25 years of being well known and active Lasqueti residents.

Arriving on Lasqueti about the same time as the Nichols were Karl and Rosa SHUMACH and their son, Karl. They moved into the Pemberton House at Sunset View which my family had just previously vacated and remained there for eighteen years. The Shumachs were German immigrants who had lost their possessions to the Russians and had come to Canada to make a new start. In Germany, Karl had been a lithographer, an artist and an actor and Rosa had been a nurse.

Rosa's background had included some farmwork and this experience was very useful in the new life they were making for themselves. At Sunset View they farmed successfully, selling vegetables to the settlers as well as to passing fishermen. But it does not seem that Rosa could cook. One fisherman wanted to buy a pie to go with the produce he had purchased so she made one for him. However, a day or two later she found the pie had been returned and nailed to the door of the woodshed! After that she took the time to learn to cook in a manner more pleasing to Canadians.

In 1950, Carl and Rosa moved into the house which Chester Watkins had built across the road from the original Lenfesty home. They enlarged the house and continued with their gardening, making the place beautiful with flowers and shrubs. Karl died in 1966 with Rosa remaining in quiet retirement until her death in 1974.

Two other families which took up residence on Lasqueti in 1932 were the TORRYS and HE FLETCHERS. Charles Torry and his wife Elizabeth were a retired English couple who moved into the old Hopkins place. Although partially crippled, Elizabeth was a charming hostess, talented in music and handiwork. It was under her tutelage that my sister, Lucretia, was fortunate enough to learn to play the violin. Pete Fletcher and his wife, Kathleen, with children Merton and Frank, came to live in the Oben house at McRoberts swamp. Later they pre-empted a place on Tucker's road and Pete's brother John and his wife moved into the Oben place with their children, Agnes, Duncan and Neil. All of the Fletchers left Lasqueti during the early Forties when jobs became readily available elsewhere.

And there were some single people who made Lasqueti their residence for varying periods of time as the Depression tightened its grip. There were Nita and Rod PAPPENBURGER who were grandchildren of the Douglases, Pete KLEIN, the brother of Charlie, and Gwin MITCHELL, a friend of the Phillips family. There were Joe WRIGHT, the brother of Laura Conn, Jessie WHITE, the sister of Alice Norrish, and Slim (Otto) FISCHBACKER who was baching at the Barlow place. Returning to Lasqueti were Tom Curran and Merril Hadley while Hugh and Tommy ELLIOT were newcomers who settled down in the Centre Road area. The Hughes family of Jedediah Island provided a home for their nephew, Leonard THOMPSON. Some young men came in an effort to wrest a livelihood from the ever diminishing salmon runs. Among these were Don WEBB and the PARRY brothers from North Vancouver and some of the younger GRIFFITHS from Egmont. These men fished by rowboat around the many small islands at the North end of Lasqueti. Fishing around Squitty and Poor Man's Rock were the NAPPERS, Joe KAYE and the LUOMA brothers, Pat and Ed. The latter pair were to become well known fishermen in the Gulf and the owners of large trollers, but they started in Depression days using dugout canoes and double-ended rowboats around Lasqueti and Sangster.

There was one bad egg in the lot. A man calling himself CARLSON also camped at Squitty. He made himself very pleasant with the ladies and often brought them little gifts. Then one shocking day all was revealed. The news arrived that he had been killed by a policement investigating thefts at summer resorts down in the Gulf Island. So that was where he got his little gifts!

TUCKER BAY SCHOOL

New settlers came to Lasqueti throughout 1932 and as the members swelled the population, the need for a school at Tucker Bay increased and in September, the people of that area saw their hopes fulfilled with the reopening of the school. By volunteer labour (including much help from the Good Fellowship Club) the building had been much improved. A ceiling was put in, the walls were lined and calcimined, and a wood stove for heating purposes was installed. Besides the Nichols families, there were other new households with school age children then living in the Tucker Bay District. Chester DOUGLAS and his wife Tess, had bought the Washburn place from Mrs. Potter and their four children: Norman, Alice, Elsie and George were potential students. Charlie Potter had passed away in 1930 and after a short while, Mrs. Potter had wound up her affairs and returned to England. Eva Page, the widow of Joe PAGE who was a son of Louis and Susan had moved into the Potter place with her children, Evangeline, Tilley, Arthur and Laurie (Chick). Eva was the sister of Carl and Bill Nichols. Living at Richardson Bay were Ed ROSEBOOM and his wife and daughter, Patsy. As well the Clyde Tuckers had returned to the Island with their children, Lorna, Glen and Mildred; Ronnie Silvey was living with his grandparents, the Pages and the Pappenburger brothers, Leslie and Lawrence (Bud) were living with their grandparents, George and Emma Douglas.

The teacher of all these children was Helen ARMSTRONG who boarded with the Millicheaps. She entered our community life by inviting the Good Fellowship Club members and many other young people to a picnic at the Millicheap home. It was an enjoyable day highlighted by the climing of Mount Trematon.

RELIGION IN THE DEPRESSION

After Reverend Pringle stopped coming to Lasqueti in 1927, the Island's religious needs continued to be met my ministers visiting aboard Mission boats. A few meetings were held by the Reverend Sydney Holmes of the Anglican Church who regularly travelled aboard the FREDNA. Then in August of 1932, Deaconess Robinson of the same Church held a vacation school at Maple Grove. She spent a week with the children teaching them various aspects of good living as well as several different handicrafts. She was to return each summer for several years and on one occasion brought a friend from the Oxford Group who spoke to an interested congregation.

Also visiting during several of those years was the Reverend Ray Ashford of the United Church with his wife, Belinda. Reverend Ashford had lived with and understood coast people, he was respected for his sincerity and he thrilled his audiences with stirring sermons.

From time to time, missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints had visited the Copley families. For several years my mother had held a Primary, teaching young children in her home. In May of 1933, the Elders Wilford S. White and James L. McDougall spent a few days on Lasqueti discussing the possibilities of starting a Sunday School. They returned in July and on the 9th of that month a Sunday School was organized which soon grew to an attendance of 30. My father, with counsellors, Fred Copley and Laurie Mason were the first superintendency; while the rest of us, including the Higgins family, Otto Fishbacher, Leonard Thompson and Mrs. Margaret Mason and visitors, filled in as secretary, chorister, teachers and pupils. This Sunday School was held regularly in Maple Grove School until 1942 and after that was moved to the Copley home until the early Fifties.

In the Spring of 1934, the members of this Sunday School held a concert to earn money for an organ. At first the plan was to charge adults 25 cents admission but due to the hard times, my father merely picked up a water bucket and announced, "We understand that no one can afford very much so we are just taking up a collection of whatever you can afford. Naturally we hope you will fill this bucket!"

Everyone laughed as he went the rounds of the 144 people who were in attendance. We were all most atonished when a few dollar bills were thrown in and the amount collected was found to be $13.70. This was combined with the donation of a like amount from the Mission to purchase an old-fashioned organ.

Getting the organ from Vancouver to Lasqueti was not easy. To save the costs of freight, Leslie Phillips kindly volunteered to bring it up to Rouse Bay in his fishing boat. From there it was carried up to the road where it was placed in a wagon to be carted the rest of the way by Alfred Copley using my Uncle Fred's tractor.

Meanwhile, a meeting of interested Islanders had been held on July 16, 1933 at Tucker Bay School to discuss the possibilities of having a permanent Protestant Minister on Lasqueti. After it was decided to go ahead with this plan, a Reverend Toynby was given the job. He was a war veteran and a paraphlegic; it was decided that the Islanders would pay him $120 yearly to augment his pension. In due time he arrived with his wife and children and moved into one of Charles Williams' houses at False Bay.

Reverend Toynby tried valiantly to travel the length of the Island each Sunday, holding a service in each of the three school houses, but it was very difficult for him to get money from collections and it was not always possible for him to get transportation. Actually, the Islanders just did not have enough money to make the plan work; the good minister carried on as well as he could until September of 1934 when he and his family moved away.

As well during the Depression years, Lasqueti received occasional visits from the Salvation Army, the Shantymen's Mission and Father Bradley of the Catholic faith. On one occasion, Fred Phillips, visiting his family at Rouses Bay, took time to speak on behalf of the Jehovah's Witnesses. All religious meetings were well attended by gatherings representing many faiths so it can be seen that the Islanders were fundamentally religious and very tolerant of each other's beliefs.

SOCIAL LIFE DURING THE DEPRESSION

Just as the Islanders found the religious meetings to be an outlet during the Depression, so did they find diversion from the trials of the times by carrying on a very active social life. With so many out of work or working very little, there was an abundance of time and energy. And these factors combined with imagination produced some interesting results.

The Christmas dance of 1931 was held in the newly finished False Bay Hall with 118 present. Held under the auspices of the Good Fellowship Club, the dance was greatly enlivened by live music provided by a group calling themselves the 'Owls'. Caesar Nichols played the flute, Merril Hadley the piano accordion and Joe Wright and Bob Acton took turns on the kettle drum. Their music was so well received that they were asked to play again for the New Year's dance and many times thereafter. At most other events, Jessie White played the piano (kindly loaned by Della Williams and carried to the hall by the young men) while a Mr. Hurd sometimes accompanied her on his violin.

By the fall of 1932, the Good Fellowship Club had organized an orchestra which included the following: Tom Elliot and Joe Wright - drums, Helen Armstrong - violin, Lucretia Copley - violin, Beatrice Copley - mandolin, Fred Livingstone - violin, Georgie Douglas - violin, Slim Fischbacker - drums and accordion, and Benny Carlson - saxaphone. This group with the help of popular vocalist, Leonard Thompson, regularly made the Island's dances and parties very lively affairs.

Masquerades were popular and held as competitions with prizes with the most difficult to win being the one for 'hidden identity'. As well, there were many house parties featuring a variety of games. Two of the best remembered were Mrs. Livingstone's party for Erma Hadley who was going to Hong Kong to work and a party at the Phillips-Hill home in honour of Elsie Phillips' birthday. The latter occasion featured a recently invented spanking machine which was powered by a hand-turned meatgrinder which whirled a set of paddles around to administer the appropriate birthday punishment.

In 1932 some of the young men formed an Athletic Club. Soccer was their main activity and they kept busy with regular practices. In May of 1933 they accepted a challenge to play at Fulford Harbour on Salt Spring Island so on the eagerly awaited day the team and a large group of supporters made the trip on Charlie Williams' new seiner, the PATTY G. Arriving at Burgoine Bay, most of us walked the gravel road between flowering dogwood trees to Fulford Harbour. After the game (which unfortunately Lasqueti lost) the people of Salt Spring held a dance for us complete with an orchestra and platters of sandwiches. It was a wonderful opportunity to renew acquaintances with the many Salt Spring residents who had visited Lasqueti. Among others, I was happy to meet for the first time a very gracious lady, the mother of George Douglas Sr.

Amateur theatricals had become very popular on Lasqueti. In the spring of 1933, there were three long remembered performances. The first was held at Tucker Bay School on a recently constructed stage and featured original dialogues and the fine singing of such as Violet Nichols, Alfred Page, Tom Curran and the Elliot brothers. Then on March 17, the Norrishes with Jessie White, Bubbles Napper and Bob Phillips presented a well prepared play to an appreciative audience in False Bay Hall. The third event took place on May 12 when the Good Fellowship Club put on a concert at the Tucker Bay School. All the members took part and there were 130 people in the audience.

By 1934, the Good Fellowship Club had many new members and its numerous social activities were being supplemented by functions held by the Athletic Club. Although many of the single residents belonged to both organizations, with the increasing interest in orchestras there was an occasional flaring of tempers over the use of the only drum on the Island. This valued instrument was owned by the Athletic Club so the Good Fellowship Club decided to buy their own. To achieve this end, the members made individual donations and their gramophone was raffled. It wasn't long before their orchestra was the proud owner of a set of traps and drums.

The outstanding social event in the spring of 1934 was the wedding of Georgie Douglas and Evangeline Page. The Good Fellowship Club held a dance for them at the Tucker Bay School. We decorated the hall with roses and greenery and our orchestra played 'Wedding Bells are Breaking Up that Old Gang of Mine'. Laurie Mason made the presentation of the Club's gift and Georgie replied with a fine speech. The grand celebration did not end until the dawn.

Among the other social highlights of 1934, were celebrations honoring three of Lasqueti's senior citizens. In March, Paul Lambert was the instigator of a party for Emma Douglas. She who had ushered so many babies into the world, who had worked willingly on every public project, and who was always cheerful and self-effacing, had now become the guest of honor. The people of the Island presented her with a dining room table. Emma was pleased to receive it but much too bashful to make a fancy speech.

On October 2, the Phillips and Hills had a birthday party for Grandmother Amy Phillips. Her daughter, Evadne, decorated the beautiful cake which was served to the family and many friends who gathered around her. This grand old lady died in 1974 well past her one-hundredth birthday.

The third party took place in December when the Good Fellowship Club honored the eightieth birthday of Captain Gus Weltz. This fine, bluff old fellow who had introduced Bob and Laura Conn, had spent his declining years fishing around Lasqueti. Now dressed in his best for the occasion, he was the perfect guest. The Club presented him with a pair of slippers and Gwinn Mitchell created a three-tiered cake set with 80 candles for the occasion.

Throughout the Depression, the Agricultural Fairs continued to be held annually. At one of these, Paul and Velina Lambert thought to enlive the gathering by holding a beauty contest. When there wasn't much interest, they tried to arouse enthusiasm by offering a 'grand prize', and getting some of the possible candidates to pose while they photographed them. The older people expressed some concern about the idea since they realized the hard feelings which might result when a choice was made. However, Paul overcame any opposition by declaring that the decision would be made by the drawing of lots. By this method, Ruth Higgins was chosen to be Beauty Queen much to the pleasure of everyone. The 'grand prize' turned out to be the picture of the candidates that Paul had taken - not too exciting at the time, but much treasured as the years rolled by.

As a final note to Lasqueti's very active social life during the Depression, it is pertinent to report that 1934 saw the use of alcohol become common for the first time in many years. It was initially brought in that year by non-residents who came to take part in social functions and its subsequently increased use was a marked change in habit for many Islanders. One resident even went into the unlicenced brewing and retailing of spirits and did so well that the Provincial Police heard about his project and he spent six months in jail for his indiscretions. For many others, however, the use of alcohol at social events seemed in sharp contrast to the unstimulated, but hearty, good times which had been enjoyed by all during the early years of the Depression, and for many years previously.

WITH THE HIGGINS FAMILY ON JENKINS ISLAND

In the summer of 1933, the entire Higgins family moved out to the fishing grounds in an attempt to get off relief for a while. They were living in Jimmie Riddle's old house on Jenkins Island and they invited me to come out to try my luck at rowboat fishing and perhaps make a few dollars. The idea appealed to me so I went out for three weeks; an experience which provided a rare insight into the life of these fisherfolk.

There were others fishing around Jenkins too. Laurie Mason lived in what had been Jimmie Riddle's boat house; Sammy Jamieson anchored his ancient troller near the Higgins gasboat; Vic Cramp lived across the channel in Graham Bay. Laurie and Vic fished out of rowboats as did several other men who were camped on Jenkins mosquito infested eastern shore. Also fishing in the area that summer were Alan Kurtzhals and Alfred Copley in their rowboats.

The rowboat available to me was a very poor craft - a double-ender which just could not be rowed in a straight line. On the first day I rowed it from home at Anderson Bay around the eastern end of Lasqueti and up to Jenkins. Late that evening I accompanied the other rowboats across to Graham Bay for water - a precious necessity which was unavailable on Jenkins. It was nearly dark when we returned and it was straight to bed as I joined the older Higgins girls, Ruth and Ruby, on a mattress in the attic of the old house.

Ruth's huge alarm clock woke us rudely before the crack of dawn. With the first light we dressed and crept downstairs, stepping carefully over the small boys, Richard, Lorne, Herbert and William, who were sleeping on the floor on a bed of dried ferns. They had thrown off their blankets and lay curled up together like a group of small puppies.

Even though it was early, the men were already out searching for fish so the three of us quickly pushed our rowboats into the water and headed down toward the easterly end of Jenkins to begin fishing. We were each equipped with a knife, a club and a green cotton handline weighted down with a pound of lead. The lures we used were of the spinner type, hand made from silver or brass sheet metal. I had my line tied to the seat with a turn taken around the oar under my right hand. This was done with the idea of imparting a little extra action to the lure each time I pulled on the oar. Some of the men raked herring which they threaded on small, long-shanked hooks attached to the very light lines weighted down by only 2 or 3 ounces of lead. This hook-up was used with a long bamboo rod which could be purchased from the fish buyer for 35 cents. But this sophisticated tackle was not available to us girls and we had to be content with our handlines.

That first day, Ruth and I each caught one salmon while Ruby caught two. I felt quite satisfied as I accepted 50 cents for my beautiful gleaming fish and solemnly recorded my catch in my diary. Little did I dream that I would catch only two more in my whole three week stay. And little did I dream whether I rowed with the tide, against the tide, or across the tide, or whether I rowed near shore, far from shore, near other boats or far from other boats, the results were equally meagre. It is true that the fishing was poor that summer, but I was the poorest fisherman of them all!

However I did have a wonderful time. I especially enjoyed the simple way of life, the humorous or dramatic stories told at the end of each day and the companionship of the kindly people.

When not staying at the house for some specific purpose such as washing or baking, Hazel Higgins went out with Charlie in his old troller. She helped to tend the lines, clean fish, steer or do whatever tasks were called for. All the smaller children were taken along on the boat; they were never left alone at the house. When they were ashore, the children played happily along the beach, clambering among the rocks - nothing ever seeming to hurt them; they had built in safety instincts. One day I saw Lorne and Herbert in a small square ended rowboat. It was safely tied to the shore but both of them were kneeling on the back seat peering into the water. They were fishing for crabs. Suddenly they caught one and hauled it aboard.

"Got 'im!" shrieked Lorne, "Hoiby, Hoiby, bwing a cwub! bwing a cwub!"

Thus equipped, they proceeded to beat the hapless crab to a pulp and to bait their hook with the pieces.

No one seemed alarmed that these small boys were playing in water well over their heads. Their father who was working on the beach offered no comment. In all the years that the Higgins family travelled the coastal waters in their boats, they never lost a child by drowning. In fact it was something to be remembered if one of them even fell into the water.

Ruth had fallen in once and she told me about it. It seems that she had been with her father on their troller and after fishing for blueback through the morning they had decided to duck into a quiet cove to cook a meal. There were other trollers using the cove and their friend Sammy Jamieson came over in his boat to tie alongside. He was cooking pancakes and he called out to Ruth to come aboard his boat and have some of them. This sounded appetizing so she crossed onto his boat just as he was stirring the batter. She watched as he poured some into the heated pan and began looking around for something to turn his cakes with. Now Sammy did some trapping and there was a half-skinned mink and a large skinning knife laying on the floor of the cabin. He picked up the knife, wiped the blood on his greasy and fishy pants and proceeded to use it to turn the pancakes.

This was too much for Ruth. She hastily excused herself and trying to control the queasy feeling in her stomach, she made a hurried retreat and in doing so, fell right off the boat! Then after the men in the surrounding boats had had a good laugh, poor Ruth, wet and embarrassed, was taken ashore where some kind lady helped her to rinse and dry her clothes so that she could rejoin her father and the fishing fleet.

One rainy day when a south-easter drove curling white combers against the shore making fishing impossible, Charlie Higgins said to me, "Elda, make us a pie."

My amazement must have shown on my face as I said, "With what?"

"We got some little green apples from Weldons last night; they're too green to eat but I'm sure they'll be good in a pie. Now just tell us what else you'll need."

"A pie plate? No, I can use the large pan in which Hazel cooks the bread. Flour and sugar."

"Yes, we have flour and sugar. Yes, we have baking powder. Lard, no, but there is some goat grease."

Charlie sometimes shot one of the goats which could often be seen along the cliffs across the channel. Someone had turned a few domestic goats loose and they had gone wild.

Then, with a bottle for a rolling pin I set to work and produced a pie which seemed quite acceptable to all. It was eaten with great gusto despite its tartness and the goat-flavoured crust.

One day I went with the Higgins family on a visit to the Weldons. Following is a quote from the recording of this experience in my diary:

> What a queer couple they are... and their house, a long narrow building constructed of beachcombed wood, browned and mellowed by years of smoke and wind and salt spray. He with his sharp blue eyes and hers with the same piercing quality. ... within the house everything spotless ... They are so very old looking ... what a strange life for a crooked man and an educated woman.

Another afternoon when the fishing was slow a group of us climbed Jenkins Mountain. From the 750 foot top we could view the Gulf to the east, west and south and look across at Vancouver Island with its smoke columns marking the sites of industry. On Saturday evenings Laurie rowed me to the Mason home at Boat Cove from whence I would walk home to spend the night and Sunday morning with my parents. These trips were made in the cranky little double-ender which he himself had built. I remember that it took one hour with the sea following and each shadow appearing as driftwood only to melt as it approached, each wave seeming to come into the boat but lifting it so that the lip of bubbles curled just at the gunwale. It took skill and confidence but we would make our way safely where a mistake would have been a catastrophe.

When the time came for me to go home, I did so reluctantly. Soon the Higgins family would have to anchor their ancient troller near a school and find a house for the winter. Charlie would then supplement his income by hunting seals - the government paid a small bounty for each nose and he was a crack shot. As well, he would work on the house which he was building on Arbutus Island in False Bay.

As the years went by their family grew to include Eleanor, Hazel, Walter, Harvy, Marie and Marianne in addition to the six children already mentioned. By the Forties, they had moved from Lasqueti to Nanaimo and then to Pender Harbour which they made their final home.

DEPRESSION LOGGING CAMPS

Putting a few logs in the water in an effort to get a little cash was an idea that appealed to several of the Island's residents. There had been a little hand logging after the Clark and Klein and the Hearlson camps had shut down in late 1931 but it was not until 1933 that a determined attempt was made to try some serious logging. An outfit known as the Co-op Logging Camp was organized by Georgie Douglas, Fred Livingstone, Chester Douglas, Rod Pappenburger, Atwood Taylor, Vic Cramp and Tom Smith. The latter two were old loggers who were sitting out the Depression on Lasqueti.

This Co-op contracted to get an old steam donkey from P.B. Anderson. The one they had received from this well-know logging camp owner was slower than the one they had bargained for but it was strong and reliable. Fred had a steam ticket and Georgie kept the books; the timber to be taken out would be purchased from George Douglas Sr. for 25 cents per thousand and it was already on the ground. They had an agreement with False Bay Traders which would enable them to get credit for groceries and the men were to get no money until the outfit was paid for. They had found a market for logs in Vancouver which would pay $6.25 per thousand.

They worked under these conditions for several months before running out of fallen timber and having to move to other sites which meant the additional expense of falling. It was a very delicate situation: some logs had been sold but the men had received no cash; they were faced with a shaky market, a watchful storekeeper and other creditors. On one occasion, a settler whose timber they were falling threatened to put a lien on their boom to force a sale. This would have put them out of business but a far-sighted log broker paid off the timber owner directly and the show carried on.

However, by the end of 1934, the married men in the Co-op had given up on the project to go on relief having gained very little from their logging efforts other than three meals a day and considerable exercise. The camp was kept operating though by Fred and Georgie who encouraged other men with logging experience to come to work for them. Through a variety of ups and downs they stayed in business thus keeping a little money filtering onto the Island. A different system of payment for the men was used after the Co-op idea fell through. The regular loggers were to receive 25 cents per thousand while the fallers were to get 50 cents - both offers on a 'when the boom goes in' arrangement. Even Slim Fischbacher who signed on as the cook was to be paid in this manner. He could tell about one harrowing night when he and my father mended flat tires all the way to False Bay and back on boat night and he arrived at the float house in Curran's Bay just in time to make the mush in the morning.

Fred and Georgie continued to log until the late Thirties and for most of the time their camp was situated on a float in Curran's (Long) Bay. Most of the men who worked for them were single and boarded right on the job. The operation became known as the 'macaroni camp' due to the frequency of that item on the menu. Besides Slim Fischbacher, two of the single men who benefitted from employment at the camp were Gwin Mitchell and Leonard Thompson. And grateful for the chance to do the falling were two married loggers, Archie Douglas and Laurie Mason.

During many of the Depression years another logger had struggled through the hard times on Lasqueti. Louis BERGMAN had operated on his own at various small shows, hiring men to help him as they were needed or as he could afford to. What a thankless business it was: buying timber for as little as possible, shipping booms and waiting for payment for the hard to sell Lasqueti wood, paying bills and warding off the needy employees who often faced hunger if the wait for wages was too long.

Characteristic of the times is the memory of Mrs. Bergman speaking definatly in defense of her husband to one of the loggers who came to collect his wages, "If I don't get money, I can't pay! Anyhow, you got money in the bank. You don't need none!"

Roy Oben tells a classic story of the struggle to make a few dollars from the woods during the Depression.

It seems that when the Clark and Klein logging camp shut down, Ernie Clark, who was financing the operation, moved from Lasqueti leaving Charlie Klein with little to his name except the worn out 'cat'. Charlie wanted to make some money so he made an agreement with Roy to cut some of the Oben timber which stood near the gate to their new house at McRoberts Swamp. The price would be 25 cents per thousand - the same as the going price for Government timber, but Charlie's plan was to cut cordwood instead of logs.

He worked through the late summer on his project, getting Don Lenfesty to haul the wood out to Oben's Road. Then after arranging with a man called Ellwood to haul it out in his truck, bad luck befell him. The fall rains came and the road into the cordwood became impassible with mud. They hoped for frost but it rained all winter. In despair, Charlie went to Vancouver and sold the whole amount of wood to Reeves-McDonald for $25 but that company only gave him $15 so he let the wood remain where it was.

Now like so many others, Kleins, Obens and Lenfestys all owed money to Charlie Williams for groceries and the latter was about to tow a scow from Lasqueti to Deep Bay. Imagination and discussion worked out the following solution to the final dispostion of the cordwood. It was sold to Charlie Williams with the amount agreed upon being applied to the three grocery bills. Williams then employed others in his debt to transport the wood and load it onto his scow. It was sold to the Deep Bay Cannery with the cash realized going to pay the wholesalers which supplied False Bay Traders.

LIFE GOES ON - A MARRIAGE

Life in the Depression years was hard but the Islanders maintained their determination to make as much out of their lives as they could. On September 30, 1933 a dance was held in honor of Ab Welsh and his new bride. The story of this marriage is heartwarming. Klara KANONOEGAL had been on Lasqueti visiting her sister, Rosa Shumach and as the time arrived for her to return to her native Germany, she was loath to go since things were not too good in her homeland. Her visa had expired but there was a solution: if she married a Canadian she could attain Canadian citizenship and remain in the country. Hearing of this, Ab Welsh, a confirmed bachelor, stepped forward and offered his hand. Klara most gratefully accepted and this gracious lady soon became his wife.

Nothing was too good for 'my Ab' as far as Klara was concerned. She brought order and beauty to his home, surrounding him with flowers and cooking him good meals. Until his death in 1949, she was a wonderful wife; he was well repaid for his gallantry. After Ab was gone, Klara lived on in the frame house which he had constructed in 1930. She passed away in 1965.

In November of 1933, the Conservatives had been defeated by the Liberals in a Provincial election and soon after, Dan Lenfesty replaced my Uncle Fred as Road Foreman. My Uncle and Aunt then decided to move from Lasqueti and by May of 1934 they had sold their Powder Flask Cove property to Captain and Mrs. Jack RUTHERGLEN. They moved to North Vancouver, but as soon as my Aunt was established in her new home, both my uncle and my cousin, Alfred went to work for Louis Bergman who at that time was logging at Cook Bay on Texada Island.

During the Fred Copleys' stay on Lasqueti they had cleared the bottom of the valley behind Powder Flask Cove. Where there was once nothing but brush and stumps left from Brouse's logging, my uncle and his sons, Owens and Alfred, had cleared fields, planted an orchard and designed a lovely rock garden. Flowers were my uncle's love and his hobby; he cultivated the first gladioli on the Island and was the first to use commercial fertilizer. As well, he had a reputation for growing fine potatoes which he sold in Pender Harbour. He transported this produce in a little open boat powered by a three horsepower Evinrude. On one unfortunate day he inadvertently included a sack containing most of his prize gladioli but the recipient was evidently happy with his purchase for not a word was ever heard in complaint.

Fred Copley was a man of strength and good humour but at times his humour was the cause of unpopularity since he frequently wrote comical poems about some of the characters who came to work for him on the Government road. As a road builder however, he could not be faulted and he put his prior experience in laying out logging roads to good use in much reconstruction and improvement of the roads on Lasqueti.

TRAGEDY, HAWKSHAW

The summer of 1934 was marred by two tragedies. The first occurred on June 30 - a traffic fatality in which no motor vehicle was involved.

John E. Hawkshaw had just acquired the old Jack Mitchell place from the Budabents. Originally from Ontario but a resident of Vancouver for the previous thirty-four years, he left his business responsibilities in the spring of 1934 to move to Lasqueti. After his arrival he had been energetically repairing fences, planting fields and in other ways preparing the farm for the arrival of his family on the Monday night boat of July 2.

He had written his younger son, ten year old Cedric, to tell him about the appeal of the new home. He described it as "a pretty place of pheasants and eagles and moonlight nights... pretty in every way" and complete with a horse, "Barney".

Cedric had been entranced with the description and he insisted, against his mother's wishes, in travelling to the Island as soon as school was out. Afterwards she was glad that she had let him go.

Not many days after Cedric's arrival on the Island he began a trip with his father in a democrat drawn by Barney to the Millicheaps to have the horse shod. But at the crest of the hill, a hitching strap broke causing the buggy to run into the heels of the horse. The frightened animal bolted and the cart was upset into the ravine between Millicheap's gate and the small bridge that crossed the stream near Potter's place. As the buggy turned off the road, John Hawkshaw cried out to Cedric, "Hold on, old boy!"

Then as they were thrown to the ground, he grasped his son in his arms - an act which probably saved the lad's life for he sustained only a broken arm. John Hawkshaw, however, struck his head on a log, suffering concussion!

The barking of their little dog attracted Mrs. Millicheap who took the boy to her home while others attended to the unconscious father. The day wore on with the frustrations of telegrams and messages while the injured man was transported to Tucker Bay wharf in a truck loaded with people returning from a picnic at Richardson Bay. A doctor finally arrived on a fishing boat but he was too late to be of assistance. John Hawkshaw was put aboard the boat but he passed away before it left Tucker Bay .

Mabel Hawkshaw arrived at Tucker Bay in a police launch only to learn that the little fishing boat had already left for Pender Harbour with her injured son and the body of her deceased husband. To her had fallen the responsibility of the family. She did not dispose of her Lasqueti property but tried to find ways to make it useful. She visited the Island at times to encourage the various tenants who occupied the farm. In 1940, under her direction, one of these, Jacob Mariajama, built the picturesque log cabin which stands on the flat near the road.

Mabel Hawkshaw was a woman of many talents. Besides being the first woman bank teller in Canada, she held many other positions including being a member of the Juvenile Court of Burnaby Municipality and being a member of the motion picture censorship board of British Columbia. She passed away in Vancouver on October 9, 1946.

SECOND TRAGEDY

The second tragedy occurred on July 15 when my cousin, Alfred Copley, was drowned at Cook Bay on Texada Island. Can you imagine the grief of his father who had first to spend a night in futile search and then travel to North Vancouver to break the grievous news to Aunt Bird, stopping on the way at Lasqueti to ask my father to be in charge of further searching?

Alfred had but lately bought Pete Dubois' fishing boat and it seems that he had anchored it off shore and gone into the Bergman camp for supper. In the evening there was a rising south-east wind and he had become somewhat anxious about the safety of the anchorage. Taking a dugout canoe which had been made by the Luoma boys for his brother, Owens, he went to investigate. When he did not return in the expected time, others went out to look for him. They found his clothes on the boat but he and the canoe were gone. The men from Louis Bergman's camp searched all night and at daylight found the dugout washed up on the shore. It was surmised that it must have drifted loose while Alfred was on the gas-boat and that being a powerful swimmer he had tried in vain to swim after it.

No trace of my cousin was ever found. We held a memorial service for him on the following Sunday in the Latterday Saint Sunday School at Maple Grove School.

On a much brighter note, everyone was amazed that September when my brother, Joseph and Alan Kurtzhals were taken for a ride in a small sea plane which had landed at False Bay. Certainly this was a forerunner of related events for within a few short years both boys were to join the Royal Canadian Air Force and within a dozen years, air travel was to become a common mode of transportation to and from Lasqueti.

Also in September of 1934, my sister, Beatrice, left Lasqueti to go to Vancouver to try to find work. She was one of several girls who went to the big city to be employed as maids in the homes of the well-to-do for the going rate of $10 per month and board. It was a chance for a different way of life and provided the opportunity to see something new on the two half days off which they received each week. It was hard work however, and the steady regime of household chores made one girl exclaim, "It's like going from the frying pan into the fire!"

DEATH OF TULSA WELDON

On October 1, 1934 word came that Tulsa Weldon was seriously ill. My parents went immediately to the Weldon home and confirmed the worst. Within a few days Mrs. Weldon had died and my mother went to help prepare her for burial.

Constable Winegarten of the Provincial Police came to fill out the necessary papers and about thirty people attended the funeral which was held at the Weldon home. Ed Mason read the Burial Service and the pall bearers, Ab Welsh, Albert Cook, Merian Copley and Laurie Mason bore the coffin to its last resting place - a spot up on the hill overlooking the sea. Many lovely flowers had been brought from various gardens to be placed upon the grave; hard feelings were forgotten and sympathy extended to the sorrowing T.J.

OUR MARRIAGE

Late in the fall of 1934, Laurie Mason and I were married in Vancouver and returned after a few happy days in the big city to set up housekeeping on Lasqueti. Some of the details surrounding this event will serve to indicate some of the conditions faced by those Island couples brash enough to face matrimony in the Depression years.

Clyde Tucker took us to Nanaimo on his gas-boat on the first part of the trip to Vancouver. On that grey November morning we left my parents standing solemnly on the shore at Anderson Bay as we headed out into the channel. A rising south-easter quartering off the bow soon made the boat roll heavily. If I had stayed in the pilot house with Clyde and Laurie, I might have weathered it, but they, in mistaken kindness urged me to 'rest' in the cabin aft. In those airless quarters, I became violently ill and was hard put to stay on the bunk as the boat pitched to and fro. To add to my discomfort, a package of lamp black fell off a shelf onto my legs making an unspeakable mess. I was very relieved to disembark at Nanaimo and proceed on the steady S.S. ELAINE to Vancouver.

The trip back to Lasqueti on the BEAR POINT, a fish packer which Slim Fischbacher was running, was much more pleasant and we were soon settled in our first home. This was a snug 16 foot by 18 foot cabin divided into two rooms and a pantry. It had been built by Laurie himself and was situated close to the Government Road about half a mile inland from Boat Cove and just south of the old Darwin place. Laurie had already sold this property to a Mr. Cunningham so that we could have a 'stake' on which to get married, but we had arranged to live on the property as caretakers.

We had plenty of water from a well near the house which Laurie had 'witched' using a willow branch. He did not have to dig very far before he struck a good flow of water which never ceased while we lived there. Oddly enough, although we were at least 150 feet above sea level, there was blue sand at the bottom of the well with sea shells in it which would crumble away when exposed to air for a short time.

Our outdoor plumbing was some distance from the house in a downhill direction. So pollution conscious were we that this airconditioned structure was moved regularly with each hole carefully filled leaving no menace to travellers or cattle. For our wood stove we used clean split fir and hard fir bark which created plenty of heat. Thus we did not have to pay anything more than effort for our rent, water, sewer and fuel.

Our only light was a new coal oil lamp whose chimney was polished each day to a fine clarity. Getting oil for it was sometimes a problem, but we tried to keep a bottleful hidden away for emergencies.

In January of 1935, the Good Fellowship Club held a dance for us and for another newly married couple; Lawrence Warburton and Nita Pappenburger. (The Warburtons and their relatives, the Greens, lived on Lasqueti for a few years during the Depression). It was a rather lonesome feeling to be no longer members of the club which we had helped to form, but by one of the original rules, marriage released us.

GOVERNMENT ROAD TRUCK

It was about this time that the Government road crew obtained their first truck. It was a well-used model and was not in service very long before it was offered for sale and a newer one purchased. A truck in which to haul gravel was a great improvement over the wheelbarrows and horses with scrapers which had been used in earlier days.

My father bought the old Government truck with the idea of using it for freighting jobs. When it fell apart, he got another second-hand truck and continued in the business. Using worn out vehicles meant it was a job of continual patch and repair. He could not bear to charge what would have been a fair price when he knew how hard up his patrons were. But sometimes he was paid more than he asked and often he received kindess or payment in kind. He met the boat regularly and was depended upon by many to deliver their freight up and down the Island. As well, it was common for newcomers to get their first glimpse of Lasqueti as they bounced down the road in the old truck. To add to the little income gained from his truck, my father butchered for others and delivered meat. Eventually he was able to realize enough profit from these endeavours to get off relief.

As the Depression dragged on, new ways of stretching the very limited budgets came into being. Some of the Islanders bought retail licences which enabled them to purchase livestock feed and staples at a wholesale rate. Another help to landowners was a plan instituted by the Government whereby property taxes could be worked out through working on the road. This practice extended well into the Forties and prevented many from losing their land through a tax sale.

A common practice for many Lasqueti residents was to deal with False Bay Traders and to take advantage of the fact that Charlie Williams would give credit in between Relief cheques. It was not difficult to get considerably into debt in this manner and in a few cases, landowners handed over their property, little valued at the time, to pay their bill.

Throughout the Depression, Charlie Williams' business continued to thrive. He was able to keep his seiners leased to capable fishermen while Relief cheques were a dependable source of revenue for his store, since people must eat. This state of affairs caused some bitterness and there were varied accusations of high prices from some individuals. Others, however, thought highly of Charlie for the generous credit terms which he extended to all who were in need. From his point of view it was strictly business although he was known to be displeased when people came to him for credit but sent away to Woodwards when they had cash.

CONN'S FIRE

In the spring of 1935 a series of bees were held to clear a part of the Agricultural Society's 40 acres for an athletic field. However, when Conn's house burned down at the end of March, the Islanders turned their energies to building a new home for them and the work on the field was stopped.

Laura Conn and her two and one-half year old son, Harry, were away from home when the little cabin in Scotty Bay was destroyed with the loss of everything but a few clothes. Poor Laura was heartbroken. The neat little home which contained the pictures and personal treasures which she had brought from her homeland was no more.

The new house was built at the head of Scotty Bay straddling a creek and the Conns started again to accumulate some possessions. They still had the land and Bob decided to go into the cattle business using the property as collateral. But times were hard and this venture failed with the result that they lost their farm - the work of years. From the loss they were able to salvage enough to start again on a piece of land (part of Secion 13) lying between Tucker Bay and West Point. In 1939 they moved into a comfortable house which Bob had built overlooking the sea. Once again he cleared land and planted a garden for his family and there they lived in peaceful retirement until, with Bob's health failing and Harry away working on his own, they moved to Parksville. After Bob passed away in 1959, Laura moved to Nanaimo where she lived until her death in 1973.

BIRTHS

1935 was a year brightened by the births of seven children to Island couples. Four were boys: Roy was born to the Jack Whytes, George to Georgie and Evangeline Douglas, Douglas to Albert and Louise Cook, and Byron to Laurie and me. The three girls were: Sheila, born to Clyde and Eva Tucker, Irene, born to Roy and Jean Oben, and Patricia, born to the Pete Fletchers. The year ended on another bright note when two old Lasqueti families were joined by the first formal wedding to take place on the Island, that of Edith Norrish and Merril Hadley.

MARRIAGE - HADLEY - NORRISH

The ceremony was performed in the suitably decorated Maple Grove school by Reverend John Antle with Edith's sisters, Violet and Alice, as bridesmaids and with their cousin, Mildred Graham as organist. After the wedding, the bride's family entertained at the home of grandparents, the Tom Whites of Squitty Bay. Later in the evening there was a dance at the False Bay Hall in honor of the happy couple who were soon to make their home on Minstrel Island.

THE CLIMB FROM THE DEEP DEPRESSION

As a swimmer might view the wave before him, so did the Islander confront his daily and seasonal problems. He might philosophize in conversation with his neighbours, but food, clothing and shelter were the bed rock necessities with which he wrestled. It is true that Charlie Williams was an exception; his successful business afforded him broader interests and his cherished dreams became realities. And as Charlie's assets increased, so did Della's prestige and she administered the affairs within her jurisdiction with equal sagacity. Along with a singleness of purpose that brooked no crossing, both Charlie and Della were tempered with a very human side; she continually demonstrated pity for the old and sick while his fondness for children is still remembered by many who were its recipients. They dominated many of the affairs of Lasqueti and the widely diversified False Bay Traders did well, but for the other Islanders the Depression was very difficult, with most people's fortunes reaching their lowest ebb during the years of 1935 and 1936. Patience was worn as thin as clothing and it seemed that there would be no improvement in circumstances, that the hard times were interminable.

In April of 1936, I wrote in my diary, "many Islanders in difficulties". Certainly this was true; the bottom of the barrel had been reached; the clothes had been made over and turned again; the ultimate in economy recipes had been tried. Only those with pensions or holding the few jobs available in logging were not suffering too greatly. For the less fortunate, bank balances had dwindled; relief was not enough.

And there were other problems in 1936. A form of measles spread through the community which affected its victims severely as do such diseases when resistance is not built up by contact with outsiders. The measles were followed by whooping cough, a disease which had not yet been controlled by immunization. Many children suffered greatly with the most seriously ill being small Renie Oben; for weeks her parents feared for her life. 1936 was the year that Archy Millicheap cut his hand on a saw blade with the cut becoming infected and taking months to heal. This was the dreaded 'blood poisoning' which was feared so greatly before antibiotics came into common use.

Adding further to the Islanders' troubles were heavy summer rains which made it hard to get gardens established, followed by a six week period of heat and drought which dried up many tender plants. Then on September 12, the day of the Fall Fair, there was a rare hailstorm that tore leaves and fruit from the trees and ruined whatever was left in the gardens.

ROY SENEY

But despite the widespread and serious difficulties, a first bright spot in the gloomy economic picture had already appeared on the Lasqueti scene. In January, ROY SENEY had come to Lasqueti to start a new logging operation. Born in Winnipeg, but a resident of Haney after 1924, Roy had played a saxaphone in his family's orchestra until he made a decision to enter the logging industry in 1927.

The Seney camp was a solid operation sparked by Roy's energy and drive and financially backed by Charlie George. Their company operated successfully on Lasqueti for several years employing local loggers and paying them fairly and promptly. They took out many pieces of timber including Mike Noonan's, Oben's, Lambert's, Barlow's and Lenfesty's. This outfit was the first on Lasqueti to use trucks for log hauling - a fact which had the positive side effect of widened, gravel surfaced roads in many areas.

Seney's operation had a good safety record despite a few narrow escapes. One of these was the near drowning of Harvey Richardson who fell in while working on the boom. Roy's brother-in-law, Joe Houston, lost sight of Harvey while they were stowing logs in Tucker Bay. After a short search, he spotted him lying on the bottom under the boom, whereupon he jumped in and hauled the unconscious young man out onto the beach where he saved his life by applying artificial respiration. In another incident, Roy was driving a loaded truck to be dumped at Tucker Bay when he met a car containing Charlie and Della Williams on a sharp corner near the old Washburn place. It was impossible to stop in time so without hesitation he turned the truck into a steep ravine to avoid a collision. Roy was able to jump free, later the truck was hauled up the bank, but the logs remained forever at the bottom of the ravine - a momento to a narrow escape. Years later, in the early Fifties, KEN WILLIAMS of Alder Logging put a loaded logging truck into the very same ravine and also came out of the accident uninjured.

Although it was not apparent in 1936, it can be said in retrospect that the opening of the logging camp financed by Charlie George and run by Roy Seney was Lasqueti's first step up from the depths of the Depression. And another positive aspect was the addition of Roy's wife, Marg and their small daughters, Shirley and Donna, to the list of Island residents. This family supported community life and Roy often played his saxaphone for dances. As well, Roy's brother, Glen, came up to work in the camp and in a year or two, married Alice (Bubbles) Norrish, further cementing the ties between the Seneys and Lasqueti.

NEW RESIDENTS

In the summer of 1936, new residents came to the old Grant place. They were the J.W. REIDS with their grand-daughter, Shirley Bryson. Originally from the prairies J.W. and Grace settled quickly into farming their new property. They improved the house, raised cattle and gardened; their efforts in the latter field resulting in quality exhibits at the Fall Fairs. Shortly after their arrival, the Reids were joined by their daughter, Shelagh BRYSON, mother of Shirley, with her two younger children, Bob and Reid.

Other new residents who arrived about the same time were the J.C. PENNYS with their daughter, Kit. They moved into the old Livingstone home just after Mrs. Livingstone, Edith and the boys moved into a new house nearer the Main Road. And later in the year, Mrs. Marietta WATKINS moved to Lasqueti to live in a tiny house situated on the road into Rouses Bay. During the next few years, her sons Warren, Floyd and Chester and their friend, Frank COOMBS lived in her home for varying periods of time. Frank, Warren and Floyd frequently played their musical instruments for dances whenever they were living on the Island. In later years, Chester brought his young wife to live on Lasqueti for a short while.

PARRY

1936 was also the year that Sarah (Sally) and Onslow Parry came to live at the Hawkshaw place. In her youth, Sally had determined to become a nurse but with training not available in her native Yorkshire, England, she went to Poland where she and her friend, Ellen Beauchamp, graduated about 1900. After returning to work in England, Sally began to think about going abroad again and she eventually moved to Calgary where she worked for 24 years in a large hospital. It was while thus employed that she met Onslow Parry, a gentle Englishman who was one of those who lost their farms as a result of the severe drought that hit the Prairie Provinces in the early Thirties. In coping with his misfortune, Onslow had suffered a nervous breakdown and the simple life on Lasqueti appealed to him. Sally too had health problems; a stroke had left her with considerably impaired eyesight but she was able to carry on in her line of work and within a year of arriving on the Island she had received an appointment as resident Public Health Nurse. As such she was able to get medicine which she dispensed to those Islanders in need.

The ability to obtain prompt and skilled medical attention was much appreciated by everyone on Lasqueti and in an effort to show their gratitude, the Islanders discussed the idea of building the Parrys a new house. This plan did not materialize however, and the Parrys eventually moved into one of Charlie Williams' houses, the old Bill Cook place near Boat Cove.

But Lasqueti was to benefit from Sally Parry's nursing skill for only five short years. In March of 1941 she suffered another stroke and was bedridden. The Islanders called and Louise Cook nursed her daily but within a short time a last stroke took her life and she was buried in Lasqueti Cemetery. Her friend Ellen Beauchamp, came according to their childhood vow, to lay a flower upon her grave.

Onslow lived on alone in the little house but it was to burn down within a short space of time. He then moved to False Bay where he was cared for by Charlie and Della Williams until his death about 1943.

POPULATION CHANGES

The influx of new residents which took place during the Depression had slowed by 1937. The main reason of course, was that jobs off the Island were becoming more readily available while there was still no widespread relief from the hard times on Lasqueti. One family which did move to the Island in 1937 was the JACK PHILLIPS. Jack with his wife, Irene, and children, Lorraine, Laura, Edward and Mary, came to live in Dickie Bolt's old house. Later they pre-empted a piece of land on Tucker's road and built a house there. They remained on Lasqueti as one of the many families trying to make a Relief cheque cover their needs until 1940 when Jack went into the Army.

And not all of the movement of people in those years was to the Island. In 1936, four of Lasqueti's girls had moved to Vancouver to seek work. These were Ruth Boldthen, Violet Norrish, and two of my sisters, Lucretia and Geneva. Lucretia, it should be noted, did not remain single long, for in 1937 she married (Slim) Otto Fischbacher and left the Island permanently to make a home in Vancouver.

In January of 1937, the Alex Kurtzhals moved from Lasqueti due to the fact that Alex had found desirable employment in mining and prospecting. After they left, their phone was moved by Paul Lambert (then lineman) to Nellie Boldthen's home. This location was considered a central one for the Maple Grove district and was a help to Nellie who by that time was living alone.

The Kurtzhals sold their property to a Mr. PETERS who in turn sold it to E.T. (Tim) DAVIS and his wife, Celia. This couple moved to Lasqueti in 1938 and although Tim was retired and Celia a partial cripple, they became excellent members of the community. Tim played the piano for dances while Celia joined the women's organizations and worked endless hours doing embroidery for the bazaars. Both used their gifts and their energy to make the community better.

Another change of residents occurred in 1938 when Pete Dubois and his family moved to Pender Harbour and their place was taken over by the Wilford (Bill) RICHARDSONS. Bill was a retired postmaster from New Westminster who felt that Lasqueti would be a good place for him and his wife, Jessie, to raise their family. When they arrived on the Island, they brought teen-age sons, George and John and their younger children, Margaret, Ethel and David. Another teen-age son, Harvey, joined them soon afterwards and within a year, another son - Edward - was born.

THE ROLE OF THE COLUMBIA COAST MISSION

Early in 1937, Eliza Dubois was taken to St. Mary's Hospital in Pender Harbour where she underwent a successful appendectomy. The mercy trip was made by Dr. T.A.L. Connold aboard the JOHN ANTLE and was only one of many cases where the Columbia Coast Mission cared for the sick on Lasqueti.

There were two Mission ships with the name JOHN ANTLE visiting Lasqueti during the late Thirties. The first was a yacht which the Reverend John Antle brought out from England in 1934 and the second was a converted seiner which the Columbia Coast Mission brought from the B.C. Packers in Vancouver. It was this second ship which was used by Dr. Connold and later by the Reverend Alan Greene. Later Mission boats also carried the same name.

During 1937, the Copley family especially benefitted from the services of the Columbia Coast Mission. During the winter a very severe type of 'flu swept the Island and in January, while suffering from its effects, my father bruised his shin in climbing onto the roof to fix a loose shake. A serious infection developed in the bruise and he was carried to Pender Harbour on the JOHN ANTLE with Dr. Connold giving him little chance for recovery. At the hospital, however, a Russian doctor was able to save his life thanks to his own considerable skill and efforts of the Mission. My father returned home on the Mission boat in May but he was still far from being well and many months elapsed before he was able to get up and around to carry on with his trucking and farming. Even then, his leg remained stiff at the knee for the rest of his life.

But that wasn't the only assistance the Copleys received from the Mission that year. While my father was in the hospital, Ellen was taken there with a mastoid infection which had developed as a result of the 'flu. Then after treatment in Pender Harbour she was taken to North Vancouver for a successful operation.

But one mercy trip the JOHN ANTLE made from Lasqueti did not turn out so well. The Roseboom baby was taken to Pender Harbour suffering from a throat infection but the doctors at the St. Mary's Hospital were unable to save the small boy's life.

In the fall of 1937, Dr. Connold left Pender Harbour and the Reverend Alan Greene made his first visit to Lasqueti. This was the beginning of many years of dedicated service to the Island; a service which included holding monthly services, marrying, christening, burying, and generally making his boat available in times of sickness and emergency.

Alan Greene's deep understanding and compassion for his fellow man were legendary. His blue eyes would twinkle when he told us stories of his ministry along the coast and his associations with the coastal people. He told us once of meeting a logger who was so bitterly anti-religious that he refused to even acknowledge a greeting. Despite being rebuffed however, Reverend Greene persisted in his friendliness over a period of thirty years and at the end of that time again held out his hand. At that point the man took his hand exclaiming, "You win, Reverend, I can't stay mad any longer!"

By the time he came to Lasqueti, Canon Greene already had a long record of service on the British Columbia coast. He was born in Orillia, Ontario in 1889 and came to the Coast in 1911 to work on the first Columbia Coast Mission boat, the EIRENE. After a period as curate in St. Paul's Church in Toronto, he went overseas as a Canadian Chaplain in 1916. Then in the spring of 1919, he returned to the Columbia Coast Mission and was stationed with his family at Quathiaski Cove. There the Greene's remained until 1936 when he took over the superintendency of the Mission, succeeding John Antle. It was at that time that he made Pender Harbour his headquarters.

Lasqueti quickly found that it was to benefit from another role which Alan Greene commonly played in many a small settlement along the coast; a role for which he prepared painstakingly and for which the people loved him.

On December 16, 1937 he attended the Island's Christmas celebrations to show films of his trips along the coast and to everyone's delight, to act as Santa Claus! This was the beginning of a happy tradition. No matter which organization took up the collection and arranged the festivities, Alan Greene was invited to impersonate that Jolly Gentleman. Rotund with balloons which 'accidentally' burst at the most unexpected moments, he presented the gifts to the shy youngsters and bestowed lipsticky kisses on the attendant mothers. He would also manage to pull a few laugh inspiring gifts from his bag for the knot of young men who stood around awaiting the dancing. Then after much handshaking and banter, he would bow himself out of the door, always the star performer.

It was not always easy to relate this fun-loving extrovert to the dignified minister who, robed in surplice and gown, would address us the following Sunday on the true meaning of Christmas. But this was Canon Greene's way and he had a fine and wholesome influence on us all. (i)

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

Why not have a club for women? This idea began to be discussed in the fall of 1937 and there were immediate results. The first was a meeting in the home of Mrs. John Fletcher during November to organize a Women's Auxiliary to the Anglican Church. Those present included Mrs. Fletcher, her sister-in-law, Kathleen Fletcher, Irene Phillips, Louise Cook, Eva Tucker and Mrs. Penny. Then there was another meeting in the Cook home on December 10 to which Margaret Mason and I were invited, and on the following evening, Alice Norrish and Della Williams attended a regular meeting of the Farmer's Institute in order to organize a Women's Institute.(ii)

These two associations thrived from the start since they satisfied a real need in the lives of the Island women. Some of us belonged to both organizations but most joined whichever seemed to best fit their interests.

The Woman's Auxiliary (to which I belonged) was pledged to raise funds for the Anglican Church. We began plans for a bazaar and channelled our activities with that project in mind. Our sole capital was $1.50 which had been collected by way of 10 cent membership dues, so our secretary, Eva Tucker, wrote to various mail order houses for donations which they generously gave.

We made our first quilt aided by the remembered skills of our grandmother's with my mother and other older ladies directing us. It featured a pieced star pattern made from donated remnants and put together with the ubiquitous flour sack. These sacks of course, were usually used for dishtowels, sheets, underwear and even childrens dresses once the tenacious dye was removed by strong soap, boiling and much rubbing with sore knuckles. To fill the quilt, our club members washed and hand carded dozens of small batts or virgin wool and the quilting was done at an old fashioned quilting bee. Before this time only Mrs. Douglas Sr. and Mrs. Livingstone had made quilts using local sheep wool and Mrs. Douglas had also spun wool to make into sweaters.

Many other items were prepared for the bazaar and on an afternoon in June we set out our wares in Tucker Bay School and that evening our first such function was a grand success. When everything was totalled we had a net gain of $35. We paid half of our pledge since we had been organized for half a year, and then, feeling very rich, we donated $5 to the Fall Fair.

After the bazaar, we disbanded the Women's Auxiliary with the purpose of forming a new organization on a non-sectarian basis. There were too few Anglicans among us to continue as we were.

On July 8, 1938, a group of us met in my home to organize the new association. The name Golden Rule Club was suggested by Margaret Mason and accepted by the group. Among other objectives, we agreed to open with prayer, help each other at all times, avoid gossip at meetings and in general, govern our club by the 'golden rule'.

Transportation was a problem. For a few years each member was assessed 10 cents at each monthly meeting - the money being paid to some car owner who could provide rides. At first Charlie Williams and Eva Tucker did most of our driving but in time, my father took over the job with his truck. It is interesting to note that in the 40's he received a guaranteed amount of $3 to make the two trips needed on meeting days. (At that time we were having full day meetings.) In the 50's we were to pay Alex Laing $5 for the same service.

Among our projects were the making of quilts for all members and the holding of regular bazarrs. We had a 'sunshine committee' which anonymously helped those in need and we purchased home nursing equipment which was available on request. As well, we sponsored the first diphtheria innoculations to be held on Lasqueti.

Besides the original members, many women joined the Golden Rule Club through the years and all contributed to its success. Among them were:

Hattie Copley
Marietta Watkins
Annie Camp
Shelagh Bryson
Ruby Nichols
Laura Conn
Celia Davis
Grace Reid
Evalyn Bearcroft
Mary Bennett
Evadne Phillips
Nellie Bearcroft
May Rhead
Lavonne Copley
Mrs. Angus
Peggy Lawson
Sally Parry
Jessie Richardson
Vera Cook
Mrs. Locke

(i) Heber Greene, who occasionally held services on Lasqueti, was Alan Greene's elder brother.

(ii) Dates from my diary.

Meanwhile the Women's Institute was also active, with Della Williams and Alice Norrish as its leading members. (The former was president for many years.) They held regular meetings and carried out many worthwhile projects that were of benefit to the Island. Among these were the sponsorship of concerts and a series of demonstrations from the Extension Department of the University of British Columbia.

These two women's organizations continued to be active until the late Fifties and both maintained a record of good service throughout. When the Good Fellowship Club disbanded during the War, they co-operated to add the responsibility of the Christmas celebrations to the lists of their many activities. But perhaps the most important feature of their existence was that they provided an opportunity for the women on Lasqueti to gather together to visit, exchange ideas, and break the monotony and loneliness of living under quite isolated circumstances.

THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION AND THE FARMER'S INSTITUTE

The Agricultural Association and the Farmer's Institute survived the Depression doing as much as the limited funds would allow. The former made plans in 1938 to build a house for Sally Parry but this idea fell through and in November of that year, they decided to devote their energies once again to the construction of a community hall on their 40 acres. They were still working on this project in January of 1939 but with the War going on, a dearth of manpower was developing and construction then stopped. Little had actually been done and no more was heard of a new hall for many years.

When studying the minutes of the Agricultural Association, it is interesting to note that while most of the members assumed some office from time to time, the job of secretary-treasurer seemed to remain in the hands of one man for many years. When Teddy Grant passed away in 1933, Rudolph Kurtzhals carried out the duties until Archy Millicheap was elected. Archy held the post for more than fifteeen years with his tenure being interrupted briefly on two occasions. The first was in the 40's when he was relieved by Percy Crowe-Swords for a short while, and the second was in 1949 when Chester Douglas took the job for a time. The last official records of the Association's activities were made in 1954 by Edgar Darwin.

The last book of minutes of the Farmer's Institute continues from 1938. Although composed of roughly the same people as the Agricultural Association, the Institute continued independently until the Fifties when the records indicate that the two organizations almost merged before they both disbanded. The same people had been interested and the same people had held the offices. They held their last Fall Fair in 1955 ending a long tradition of friendly competition at a yearly festival.

THE TUCKER BAY SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

In September of 1938 a Miss Collins came to teach at the Tucker Bay School and in October a remarkable little paper began publication under her direction. Her students truthfully boasted that theirs was the first newspaper ever to be published on Lasqueti. It was to appear every month at a price of 5 cents per copy with advertisers being charged 2 cents per word. Their express purpose was to raise money for school sports equipment.

The newspaper's first editor was Bud Pappenburger and its business manager was Tom Millicheap; these two were followed by Alice Douglas and Glen Tucker with Lorna Tucker, Eric Nichols and Fred Rhead also filling these positions. Other children who assisted with the paper were Roberta and Donny Williams, Raymond Nichols and George Douglas.

The little paper was hand printed and used a jelly pad process for duplicating. Unfortunately there were only a few issues, for the paper is a gold mine of information about Island activities which took place during the months it was published. From it one can get the feeling of the times and sense the recovery from the depths of the Depression that Lasqueti was slowly making.

The paper mentions the activities of the various organizations. The Farmer's Institute and the Agricultural Association had sponsored the Fall Fair with Louise Cook winning the ladies' cup and Mr. Penny the men's. The Good Fellowship Club had been holding a series of parties for young people and a special Valentine Day dance to raise money for the improvement of the new Lasqueti Cemetery. The land for the cemetery had been donated by Charlie Williams and Albert Cook and was cleared by young men from the Good Fellowship Club. (Several years later, one man, having a dislike for one of the donors expressed his desire to be buried on the piece of land donated by the other.) The Golden Rule Club had been raising money to contribute toward the community hall being planned by the Agricultural Association. To this end they had raffled a cake decorated in her usual artistic style by Evadne Phillips. The Women's Institute was active in social affairs. To make money for the community hall they had held a 'country store' where everything they could make or collect was sold. And to quote from the paper's November issue:

> The Womens Institute gave their first informal banquet at the Hotel Dellamer, when 36 guests were present.. The tables were beautifully decorated in the green, white and gold colours of the Institute. Toastmaster, Benny Carlson gave a very nice talk, also a toast to the ladies of the Women's Institute, complimenting them on their achievement. Mrs. C. Williams as President responded and in her response regretted the absence of several members. After a delicious dinner, the entertainment was dancing, games and singing of old time songs. We members wish to thank our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams for their hospitality.
>
> Submitted by E. Page.

The paper mentions the float which was built in the summer of 1938 for Tucker Bay. A.W. Neil M.P. had arranged for Archy Millicheap to have the job of foreman on this project with $600 being allocated for wages at the following rates:

Foreman - $6.40 per day
Timberman - 55 cents per hour (broad axe, adze, saw, hammer, auger)
Labourman - 45 cents per hour (peevee, pile rocks, spike planks, carry heavy equipment)

Archy managed to spread the wages among twelve other men so that each might get a few dollars. Also helped by the construction of the float was Clyde Tucker who supplied the lumber at $18 per thousand.

The tools for this job were sent up from Vancouver on the SS CHELOSIN and had to be accounted for and returned when the job was finished. *12.

There are references in the paper to Roy Seney's logging operation. It seems that his logging truck caused Douglas's bridge to cave in, necessitating the removal of the truck from the creek bottom and the mending of the bridge. A second mention advises that Pete Fletcher was booming for Roy in Long Bay.

Another reference to the logging which was helping the climb from the Depression tells of Fred Livingstone and Bert Morgan bringing a 'cat' to the Island with plans to log some of the Hadley timber. Later they logged some of the Pemberton timber with Georgie Douglas, Clarence Nichols and Louis Nichols working for them. Bert Morgan had first come to Lasqueti to drive logging truck for Roy Seney and later operated a small machine shop on the Island. He and his wife, Mary, and their young family lived at False Bay.

Throughout its eight issues, the paper captures the atmosphere of those times on Lasqueti as a sampling of quotes from its pages illustrates.

October 1938:

- We started to level the school grounds so we can play basketball and baseball. We all brought tools and went to work. But the men of the district decided to help us.

- The men of Tucker Bay got together on Saturday, September 24 and blasted out some of the stumps on the school grounds.

- Mr. Bob Williams went up north to hunt seals. He will come back next month.

- Mr. and Mrs. George Douglas went over to a dance at Pender Harbour. They enjoyed it very much. The dance hall was about seven miles from the water and they were taken to it in a streamlined car.

November 1938:

- A fire which was lit when the men were digging the well (at the school) is still burning. All the alder trees around the well have been burnt.

- Dr. MacKay came to the Tucker Bay School on October 17 to examine the children. He found most of them in good health. The minister, Mr. Rowbathan, came with him and made lots of fun for the children.

- Mr. B. Williams and the three men who went with him hunting seals returned from Knight Inlet on Sunday, October 16.

- The Catholic priest, the Reverend Father Bradley, came up on October, 24. He stayed for a week with Mr. and Mrs. Lambert. Church services were held on October 20 at Tucker Bay.

-Local Farm Products for Sale - Good Apples - 50 lb. for $1.00 - Mrs. P. Lambert

- Mr. D.C. Nichols said he would swap a new fir stump for a hole in the ground.

- There was a whist drive on October 15. Mr. Cook and Mrs. A. Douglas won ladies' and men's first prizes. Mrs. B. Williams got some seals for jelly as booby prize, while Mr. W. Nichols got a box of shoe polish.

December 1938:

- Mr. C. Douglas and Mr. D. C. Nichols went beach combing on Monday, Nov. 14. Mr. B. Williams went in his own boat two days ahead of them. They were gathering up a boom of logs lost by Captain Harris. The boom had broken and drifted to the beach several miles above Gillis Bay on Texada.

- Gordon, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Whyte of False Bay, passed away on December first at their home. Sadly missed by mother and father, sisters and brothers.

-Interment took place at the new cemetery near Boat Cove on December 2. The funeral service was read by Mr. E. Mason. (This was the first burial at the Lasqueti Cemetery.)

-The new road foreman is Mr. Millicheap.

- Mr. Norrish has his boat just about finished. He built a new cabin and painted it. He is also changing engines.

- Mr. Seney bought a new truck which is bigger than the old one.

- The men got busy on Thursday and Saturday, November 17 and 19 at the Forty Acres. They burned out some stumps to get the land ready to build the community hall.

January 1939:

- Mr. D.C. Nichols went to town on January 4 to get a boat. He came back on Saturday, January 14 with a boat about 30 feet long. On the way home some meat which was on the cabin fell into the water.

- The Golden Rule Club made a three-layer cake to be raffled off for money to help build the community hall. The tickets were sold at ten cents each or three for twenty-five cents. The cake was made by Mrs. Cook and decorated by Mrs. Phillips. It was won by Mrs. Davis.

- Mr. Carlson left the Maple Grove School at Christmas and is now teaching in his home town, Enderby. The new teacher at Maple Grove is Miss Barritt.

- Mr. Parry killed Mr. Millicheap's pig. It weighed 137 pounds. He is going to salt and smoke it.

February 1939:

- Pete Dubois came over to the island and killed one of the cows that he left here. He took the meat back to Pender Harbour to sell.

- Mr. Frank Silvey and Mr. Clarence Nichols went beachcombing.

- The Columbia Coast Mission gave Tucker Bay school two boxes of splendid books.

- Circulation last month was 38.

- The pupils of Tucker Bay School held a little Valentine party on February 14. The children's parents were invited and the ladies brought cakes, cookies, sandwiches and tarts to make the affair a real success.

March 1939:

- The men of Tucker Bay were blasting and pulling out stumps at the school on February 27 and 28. Mr. Tucker and Mr. Rhead brought their tractors to pull the stumps. Other men who worked on the lot were Mr. C. Nichols, Mr. G. Douglas, Mr. C. Douglas, Mr. Millicheap, Leslie Pappenburger and Mr. Roseboom. The school children went to Jap Bay so that they would be out of the way when the blasting went on.

- Mr. Lambert's cow got caught in the mud on March 9. Although he stayed until one o'clock in the morning trying to get it out, he finally had to kill it.

- Mr. C.F. Douglas lost his cow. He hunted for it all day, then went down to a swamp and found it dead in the mud. He took the bell off and went home.

- Mr. R. Williams and Mr. Frank Silvey went to Jervis Inlet to fish for spring salmon.

- Mr. Carl Norlan died on Sunday, March 14. The funeral, conducted by Mr. Rowbathan, was held at the cemetery on March 26

- On Feb. 23 Mr. C. Douglas with the NORMAN D towed Mr. R. Seney's logs out to the tug.

April 1939:

- Mr. F. Silvey took his boat over to Pender Harbour and is having a new one built.

- People of Lasqueti received an invitation from Hornby Island to attend a dance on Saturday, April 29. Since no available boat was large enough to take the people over, the island could not accept.

- Mrs. Phillips (Maple Grove), Mr. C. George and Mr. Crow-Swords and several new people came off the boat on Monday, April 24.

- They have nearly finished logging at the top end. There are only eight more logs to haul, but the caterpillar has broken down.

- Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Douglas went to Pender Harbour on Monday, April 17 so that Mrs. Douglas could have a tooth pulled.

- We are glad to welcome the Dobson family to Tucker Bay.

May 1939:

- The population of the island has grown fast during the last few weeks. There are two families on the Weldon place, a family on the Conn place, Locke, Angus, Charles, and the Dobsons are at Mrs. Hawkshaw's.

- The Government road truck came up by steamer on Monday, May 8.

- Mr. D. S. Nichols has a fine new radio.

- Mr. Chester Douglas took Mr. Conn to Union Bay. A few days later, Mr. Douglas brought him back as he couldn't get any work or a home.

- Fishing season opened on June 1, and the gulf was full of fishing boats at the break of day.

- Mr. G. Mitchell went out fishing and got into a storm. Because his battery died, he sailed into a bay and stayed all night. Later he rowed over to see Mr. Tucker who charged his battery.

- Arthur Page is borrowing the boat belonging to George Douglas Jr. He is putting the boat into the water at Tucker Bay and going to row up to False Bay to go fishing.

- Lorna Tucker is staying up at Rhead's place until they come back from fishing.

- Elsie Copley is looking after the Williams children. Mr. Williams was home yesterday (June 4. He says there are lots of fish this year.

-On May 26th a picnic was held at Pender Harbour. Many people went from this island and enjoyed themselves. They did not come back until the next day.

- Mr. Manning (the school inspector) came to visit us on the twenty-third of May.

- The Tucker Bay school will have a new teacher on June 6, 1939 to take the place of Miss Collins who is going down to Vancouver on Wednesday. The new teacher, whose name is Mr. Greyell, is to teach school until the end of the season.

> - The pupils and teacher of Tucker Bay School wish to thank all the people who have so kindly supported our paper. The funds we have collected have bought a softball, a football and a skipping rope.
>
> - We wish to thank too, the parents who have done so much to improve our grounds and equipment.

And so the paper which the children had named Tucker Bay News Flashes printed its last issue after having recorded events from a brief period of Lasqueti's history. The reason for Miss Collins' seemingly hasty departure three weeks before the end of the school year is unknown, but her ability to get involvement between her students and the community is obvious.

The clearing of the schools grounds continued after Miss Collins left, with the result that Tucker Bay eventually had a good playing field - a field on which countless school and community ball games would be played for years to come.

A MEDICAL REPORT

One problem which Tucker Bay School always had was the availability of good water. The well mentioned in the school paper did not produce satisfactory water and another was dug in 1939 with somewhat better results. In connection with the second well and with the clearing of the school grounds, there was an incident which caused the people of the Tucker Bay district considerable anger.

On September 23 of 1939, Provincial Medical Inspector, C. Wace F.R.C.S. arrived on Lasqueti to make an inspection of the three schools. Eva Tucker and Archy Millicheap, as members of the School Board, accompanied him and School Inspector Manning when the inspection was made at Tucker Bay. At the school, Mr. Wace voiced so much criticism that Eva finally gave way to her indignation, reminding him that the grounds for the school had been donated by a local settler, that the building was there through the efforts of volunteer labour, and that the clearing was being done without pay by the willing school children and their parents. Afterwards Mr. Manning told her that he was glad she had expressed herself, but a very damning report was made to Provincial authorities nevertheless. Some of the comments contained in the report follows:

> Environment of school.
>
> Very dirty. Playground rough, uneven, with snags of old stumps. The whole surroundings are littered with rubbish.
>
> Building, general description.
>
> Old frame building with several small, dirty additional dark rooms. I understand that this school is also the local Community Hall. The whole place, ceiling, walls, floors, badly need repair, cleaning and calcimining.
>
> Sanitation, No. and condition of water-closets.
>
> A new well is being dug near the school. It looks to me like a surface well situated close to a muddy bottom into which the surrounding surface water will flow. The water for washing and drinking is brought in a bucket about one quarter mile along the road. After leaving the road a short way I climbed down a sandy path to the dry bed of what in winter is a running creek. There under a log I found a small pool, I presume from a spring in the bed of the creek, and a rusty tin for filling the bucket.
>
> It is hardly necessary to remark that at the school there is no covered receptacle for the drinking water, but the same fatuous system of separate cups exists.
>
> As to the latrines, they are old and foul smelling, with quite a nice flock of flies, no proper paper but scraps of rough paper.
>
> This is the third school I have inspected on Lasqueti Island. In my opinion, unless immediate steps are taken to remedy the many gross defects, all these schools should be closed forthwith.
>
> The system of sharing the drinking water of the children in forest pools with the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields is hardly up to a reasonable standard of civilization. *13.

The resentment engendered by this report is not hard to imagine. But despite it, the schools kept running and the people, through local school boards, taxed themselves to provide the necessities and did the best they could to supply their children with a school to attend.

As one looks back on the last years of the Depression, the trend toward improvements in the economic condition on Lasqueti can clearly be seen: wages from the logging industry, better runs of salmon, understanding from the Government, thoughtfulness as those receiving regular wages employed others for odd jobs, co-operation and sharing of problems by the newly formed women's clubs. And there were new ideas from the many new residents who were as determined as the long established settlers to manage from available resources. It was a slow business, but as the decade of the Thirties ended there was definite progress.

As it was, however, optimism could not be high; the clouds of a second World War hung over everyone.

LASQUETI DURING WORLD WAR 11

By the last years of the Thirties radios were fairly common on Lasqueti. Their programs brightened the long winter evenings, but they also kept us aware of the threatening conditions in Europe. People were concerned but the problem seemed very distant. Then in September of 1939, the War was a reality. In May, Jean Oben had gone home to Scotland to visit her mother and throughout the summer, while she was there, the situation deteriorated and she was among those civilians who were ushered out of Europe by the shipload at the end of August. On Lasqueti, her family and friends waited anxiously to hear of her safe arrival in Canada. The news on the radio was filled with stories of the happenings in Europe; it became the first thing we heard in the morning and the last thing we listened to at night.*14.

The first man from Lasqueti to enlist was Frank Coombs. He looked very strange in his uniform but this dress was to become a common thing as one by one our boys and girls entered the service of their country. Following is a list of many of those residents or former residents of the Island who served in the Armed Forces:

Frank Coombs
Harvey Richardson
Manfred Cook
Edward Phillips
Jack Phillips
Frank White
Eric Nichols
Richard Higgins
Archy Nichols
Dora Rhead
Carl Shumach

Floyd Watkins
John Richardson
Alan Kurtzhals
Merton Fletcher
Bill Richardson
John Whyte
Raymond Nichols
Herbert Higgins
Clarence Nichols
David Cowley

George Richardson
Albert Cook Jr.
Joseph Copley
Frank Fletcher
Art White
Glen Tucker
Art Page
Louis Nichols
Cedric Hawkshaw
Connie Dobson
Ruth Whyte

And involved less directly with the War effort were three of my sisters, Elsie, Ellen and Jean who went to Vancouver to work in the Boeing Aircraft plant, and others who were "frozen" in essential industries as logging and fishing were considered.

CHANGES ON THE HOME FRONT

The year 1940 saw Lasqueti lose two of its long-time residents. In the spring, Agnes Millicheap became seriously ill and was taken to hospital in Vancouver. The best care available could not save her life, however, and she passed away leaving her husband, Archy, and small son, Tom, to live a lonely life in their home beside the lake. Then on Christmas day, Edward Mason passed away in his home at Boat Cove after a short illness. There the funeral was held with his family and friends gathered to pay their last respects to this good man. He was buried in a corner of the property with Laurie placing a white fence around the grave. Only a month before, he and Margaret had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at a quiet dinner in our home with radio's 'Good Evening' relaying congratulations to them from the Kurtzhals in Vancouver.

Thus the peaceful Mason home was broken. Margaret spent her remaining days with us and with her daughter, Mabel, but with no will to live, she passed away in 1942. A third member of the Lasqueti Masons, Uncle Jack, passed away in 1943.

The land at the Mason place fell into neglect and the sheep were sold. We rented the house in 1942 to a Mrs. Wilson, an elderly lady whose legs had been rendered useless as a result of long hours in the cold sea many years before - an ordeal suffered as she survived the sinking of the TITANIC. A younger woman, Winnie Grogan, was Mrs. Wilson's companion.

Unfortunately these two were not occupants of the Mason house very long when it burned down. It seems that Winnie put a fire on in the kitchen before going to the back of the house to rest. Mrs. Wilson who was in the front room, heard the crackling of fire on the roof; possibly a spark had ignited it. She called frantically, waking Winnie. This young lady, not understanding that there was a rain barrel and permanent ladder to the roof for just such emergencies, panicked. She left her helpless mistress and ran the quarter of a mile to the Cook place for help. Fortunately, Manfred was home. He ran to the burning house and rescued the crippled woman but he was too late to save the building.

The Mason property was then sold to Mrs. J. W. Reid and eventually was purchased by George Richardson.

In 1941, another idea for using some of the Agricultural Association's 40 acres came into being. It had become difficult to find room for the gradually accumulating Golden Rule Club possessions in the now well filled Tucker Bay School. It seemed logical to build a club room on the Association's property which could be used by all organizations on the Island. Permission was soon obtained to use the triangle of land lying between the Main Road and Curran's trail.

The Golden Rule Club went to work as the women and the few available men held work parties to cut down the alders and burn the brush at the site. An outdoor concert was held at the Phillips' home at Rouse Bay where $9 was raised and later another fund raising concert was held. Our hopes could not materialize however.

The Island's young men were away to War and those men remaining had no time to help us for by then there was no unemployment. The spare time which had led to so much community activity during the Depression was no longer with us. The plan fell into the long list of unrealized dreams.

In the late fall of 1942 just after the birth of our third child, Lois, Laurie and I took her and our two boys, Byron and Marvin, to live at Vananda on Texada Island. We returned to Lasqueti after five months to move into the Tim Davis place on the south-east quarter of Section 5. After selling their place to us they purchased a new house at Tucker Bay from Charlie Williams.

After our return to the Island, Laurie went falling for Bill McPherson, an old time logger from Eastern Canada. Bill was full of stories of pork and beans diets and running logs on the Eastern rivers and he ran a shoe-string outfit, but he paid his bills honestly. McPherson's little logging show was backed by Tempest DeWolf, a Vancouver man with no logging experience but considerable determination to learn.

DEATH BY DROWNING

On the 8th of April 1943, while still at Vananda, we were shocked and saddened to hear that George Lenfesty had drowned near Lasqueti. It was another Lasqueti tragedy without even a witness; his boat was found drifting and he was missing. Vi was left a widow with the tiny twins, Linette and Lenore. In time, Margaret Lenfesty took the little girls and raised them in her home where they lived for many years, the recipients of her love and devotion.

RATIONING

By 1943 there was rationing of butter, sugar and meat. Except for the sugar, this did not affect us very much since most families had a cow or two. We could make butter and we took advantage of a ruling, rather loosely interpreted, whereby farmers could form a 'meat ring'. By common agreement, butchering took place at sensible intervals so that we could buy from each other and need very little meat to be shipped in.

The sugar shortage was much harder on us since canning and preserving were so important to our way of life. Usually we could get a little extra in the summer and towards the end of the War, the working men were allowed to have extra, but to keep some on hand was considered hoarding and punishable. Very few Lasqueti people had ever been in a position to hoard anything however.

Many other things were in short supply. Most of our shopping was done by mail order and it was frustrating to spend hours pouring over a catalogue then wait two weeks to receive a small parcel containing little but substitutions and out of stock slips. One time I sent for a coat for my small daughter but there was none available. I decided to try ordering the material and making the coat myself. Back came a tiny parcel containing only the buttons! It was several months before the material arrived.

NEW ARRIVALS

As the War went on, there were some noteworthy changes among the Island's residents. Fred Cook married in 1940. He and his new wife, Grace, lived in a cabin on the Reid property that year. In 1941, long time residents Dawson and Alice Norrish and their son, Jack, left Lasqueti to live in Nanaimo. Their property was purchased in 1943 by Charlie BEARCROFT who brought his wife, Nellie and teenage daughter, Evelyn to the Island that fall. They immediately entered into community activities and it wasn't long before Fred Livingstone began to show a considerable interest in attractive Evelyn. After a two year courtship they were married in a lovely wedding at the Tucker Bay School which was attended by the entire Island community. Afterwards they set up housekeeping in a small cabin at the corner of Livingstone's road and the Main Road. Through the years that followed they had three children: Helen, Donna and Robbie.

By 1943 the Roseboomss were gone from Richardson Bay and new residents were there. They were Happy and Annie CAMP and their two small daughters, Phyllis and Bonnie. They had first come to B.C. in 1940; driving out from the Prairies over the dangerous mountain roads that then wound through the Rockies and the Coast Range.

Happy and a Mr. Johnson first came to False Bay on a fishing boat. When they could not get accommodation at the hotel, they prepared to spend a night sleeping on the wharf. However, my father came along in his truck and persuaded them to stay in his home. Then when the Camps moved into their home at Richardson Bay, he took their household goods down the steep road in his truck.

Neighbours of the Camp's at that time were Bill and Peggie LAWSON who had purchased the Jack Venables property. The Lawson family consisted of four boys: Bill, Dave, Clyde and Dennis.

About the same time, Agnes (Ness) FORBES and her children, Peter, Cyril and Mary, moved into the Millicheap home. Her husband was away in the navy, but by her keeping house for the Millicheaps, all the children were able to have a good family upbringing on the fine old farm beside the lake.

Also in 1943, Harold TALBOT moved onto the property behind Mt. Trematon which had originally been preempted by Jack Mitchell and then improved by the GREENS and the WARBURTONS. Mr. Talbot developed the black soil in front of the house and planted gladioli with the intention of selling them off the Island. He was able to produce some very fine blooms but as was the case in so many other ventures on Lasqueti, transportation proved to be inadequate. A week between boats was too long for such fragile produce and he never did realize much profit.

About 1944, a retired couple, the MALLOYS moved into the Hadley place. They were from the Prairies where Mrs. Malloy had taught school. On Lasqueti they kept a few cattle and grew a good garden, selling their produce to the people living around False Bay.

In late August of 1944, the Oben family left Lasqueti to live in the old Oben home adjacent to Central Park in Burnaby. The Lawsons moved into their house and Bill Lawson became the new Post Master.

THE LOCAL WAR EFFORT

Throughout the War, Lasqueti people attempted to do their part to support their country. In December of 1940, the Golden Rule Club began making shelter quilts to be sent to cities in Great Britain for use in the bomb shelters. We covered these quilts with flour sacks and any used material which seemed durable. They were always filled with good virgin sheep wool. This project continued until the end of the war.

In the fall of 1940, the Lasqueti Branch No. 166 of the Royal Canadian Legion was organized. Among others, D.E. (Dobey) DOBSON(i), and Roy Oben were active in getting it started. In a letter dated December 31, 1940 and written by Mr. Dobson to Mrs. M.E.H. Hawkshaw the following statement appears: "I have just received the Charter ... we have 15 members. Roy Oben is president and myself secretary."

A list of these 15 men, all of whom were veterans of World War I, was given to me by Roy Oben in 1973. They were:

F.W. Bisson
A.F. Douglas
W. Lawson
R. Oben
W. Richardson
D.E. Dobson
P.A. Fletcher
W. Mirchell
J.H. Phillips
J.R. Rutherglen
S.A. Dondale
T. Knowles
D.C. Nichols
H. Rhead
J.Whyte

Branch 166 held regular meetings and remained active for many years. As time went on their ranks were joined by the men returning from the Services. Two of these who played an especially prominent part were Alex Laing and Ed Vosper. In later years the Legion purchased the False Bay School and used that building for their headquarters.

In the summer of 1941, a branch of the Red Cross was organized. A series of fund raising projects were carried out; the first of these being a chicken supper in the home of Margaret Lenfesty.

Another War inspired group which was organized on Lasqueti was a branch of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers. Boer War Veteran, George Sweet, proposed that Jack Rutherglen be in charge and there was unanimous agreement. PERCY CROWE-SWORDS was chosen to be second in command. Other members included the following:

Charlie Bearcroft
Bill Richardson
Albert Cook
George Sweet
George Douglas Sr.
Harvey Richardson
Carl Nichols
Merian Copley
Mr. Smalley
Fred Livingstone
Tim Davis
George Richardson
Barney Beatty
Archy Millicheap
Laurie Mason
Happy Camp

The purpose of the Rangers was readiness in case of a Japanese attack. They were issued rifles and ammunition with which they practised regularly. Also issued were uniforms which were worn at all meetings and which sometimes were the cause of considerable amusement because of the way they fit. Laurie was given a pair of pants that went around him twice and a tunic that would have fit a wrestler. The hat also followed this massive shape. When he donned this bizarre outfit, wrapping it around his tall spare frame, we went into spasms of laughter.

But in spite of such problems, the organization received good support for we all felt that our Island might have to be defended. Fortunately the need for the Rangers to go into serious action never came and when they were disbanded at the end of the war, they were given their rifles in appreciation of sincere effort and vigilance.

Throughout the War the radio kept us completely up-to-date and aware of what was happening. On December 7, 1941, I wrote in my diary "... awful news that the Japs have attacked Honolulu ... so this madness of killing spreads."

By the next day the whole coast was under the order of a blackout. For the next four days we hung heavy blankets on our windows with perhaps a degree of the feeling that we knew was being experienced in homes beyond the sea. As the War went on we really did not know what to expect and news items like the shelling of Estevan Point in 1944 maintained our apprehension. After this occurred, we were warned not to touch any strange objects that might drift onto our breaches. Imagine the excitement when a large weather balloon from the United States was found drifting near False Bay!

(i) At that time Mr. Dobson and his wife with their three teen age daughters Marion, Constance and Norma were living on the Hawkshaw place. Later Marion married Floyd Watkins.

Yes, the radio, kept us informed, but perhaps the words of Tom Lennie echoed the feelings of many of us. One day he told me, "we decided to limit ourselves to the news from London once a day. They are near the scene and most likely to be informed. No good can come from listening to it hashed over all day, it only deeply depresses us."

Throughout the War, the Union boats were frequently crowded with military men. I remember boarding the CHELOSIN one night to find the floors and aisles covered with sleeping soldiers. We did not know their destination and we didn't ask them any questions.

Our mail was always subject to sensorship. In relation to this fact an amusing incident occurred. Our small son, Marvin, had written a 'letter' and mailed it to his Aunt Beatrice who was living in the United States. It consisted of all the letters and figures which he had been learning from his older brother. Beatrice sent the letter back to me much later; it had been stamped by two censors. They must have found it an undecypherable code.

Even the schools were affected by the War. It became more and more difficult for Inspector Manning to get teachers for the Island Schools. He did succeed in getting a series of young teachers for Maple Grove (these included Dick Monk, Mary McCauley, and Julia Myrtle), but at False Bay and Tucker Bay, he was unable to get anyone from the Normal Schools after 1943. He solved the problem by requesting Annie Camp to take the False Bay School and Eva Tucker to take Tucker Bay. Eva taught for two years, filling the lives of her students with practical as well as formal learning. Annie taught at False Bay until 1950 when the Camps moved from Lasqueti. She was a skilled and inspirational teacher who was well liked by both parents and pupils.

Throughout those years the schools had active Junior Red Cross organizations which raised money for the War effort. These activities reached their height one night at False Bay when $106 was raised at a tie and apron dance. The highlight of the evening was when Happy Camp auctioned off one of Charles Williams' shirts.

IN MEMORIAM

We could not expect our young people to pass through the War unscathed, but it was a great shock when we heard that young Albert Cook had been wounded in action and had had his leg amputated. Then only four days later, on November 4, 1944 word came that his brother, Manfred, was also wounded. Louise Cook kept her grief in check with characteristic fortitude, but old Albert poured out his feelings to his friends, the men who worked with him on the road.

The tragedy of war came closer to our own family in December of 1944 when we learned that Alan Kurtzhals was missing over Belgium. Then a short while later we heard that Frank Fletcher had also been in a plane which was shot down - this time in the Far East. Thus the terrible dread that we carried from day to day had been fulfilled.

THE POST WAR PERIOD

Peace came at last, but as history has so bitterly shown, it was not to be a peace for everyone. 1945 marked the end of World War II yet other theatres of contention remained: it seemed fortunate to us that our country was no longer directly involved, that we could look forward to a new way of life. On Lasqueti there was relief from the continuous anxiety, a slow relaxing of rationing regulations and a gradual end to the shortages created by the priorities of war. Many of those who had left the Island to serve their country were returning to add their skills and ambitions to the efforts of those at home who faced the future with new hope and the feeling that the community would progress once again.

POPULATION CHANGES

With the quickening of the economy and the increased mobility of people which followed World War II, there were many changes in Lasqueti's population. Many people came only to take part in the rapidly expanding logging industry, usually leaving as soon as the timber they were taking out was gone. Others came as the majority of settlers before them had done - to make a home on a peaceful and beautiful island, apart from the hustle and bustle of city life.

In August of 1945, I wrote in my diary that I had visited a new store. Kate Livingstone and her family had moved to the new home which her sons had built nearer the Main Road. She had sold the old Livingstone home to Ralph LEWIS and his wife, Kay, who opened a grocery store there. This enterprise carried on for many years but never increased in size despite the friendliness of Mrs. Lewis whose cheery nature attracted many customers. It does not seem that the store could meet with great success, however, since it had a rather out of the way location and faced stiff competition from the long established False Bay Traders. In respect to the latter, though, it is true that some Islanders dealt with the Lewises just to spite Charlie Williams at times when they might have been at odds with him.

Archie and Georgie Douglas had left the Island during the war years to work in the fishing industry. After the war, Georgie returned to raise his children, George, Doreen, Irene, and Evalyn on Lasqueti.

As the War ended, there were new settlers on Lindberg Island. Paul Lambert had sold the beautiful island in Scotty Bay to Charles GRAHAM in April of 1945. This spare, active man was originally from Scotland. He had spent some years on the Queen Charlotte Islands where he had married prior to serving for three years in World War I. Later he and his family had lived in Vancouver and Langley. In the summer of 1945 Charlie and his youngest daughter, Mollie, camped in a tent on their newly purchased island. Soon a mill was set up and lumber was cut from their own trees to build a cottage for themselves and other cottages to rent.

At the other end of Lasqueti, Ed VOSPER had bought the Tom White place at the head of Squitty Bay and the Whites had moved to Nanaimo. Ed, with his housekeeper, Winnie TORBET, lived on the property for several years. Staying with them for varying lengths of time were Winnie's son, Cairns and Ed's nephew, Fred. During his years on Lasqueti, Ed Vosper was very active in community affairs, especially Branch 166 of the Canadian Legion. He was a familiar figure as he sped up and down the Island in his war surplus jeep and as he cruised through the fishing grounds in his streamlined speed boat.

Another man of independent means who arrived on Lasqueti about the same time was BERTRAM CARTER. Originally from Manitoba, he was a bachelor of many talents. He was expert in wood carving and taught piano as well as tuning and mending these instruments. He also possessed the skills of a homesteading settler and used many of these to pursue such hobbies as building small bridges and creating labour saving devices. Paul Lambert had first interested Bert in Lasqueti and the latter made his first trip to the Island on September 1, 1945. He purchased a small piece of land on the west side of Richardson Bay and built a small house there. Then in the late 40's he sold this property and bought another small acreage on the shore of McKinnels Lagoon where once again he built a snug cabin. Bert remained in this spot until he moved to Nanaimo in his late Fifties.

While Bert Carter was living in Richardson Bay, his neighbours were Ian and Paula PEARSON. Living with the Pearsons were Ian's aging parents and two of their daughters, Cathie and Ina. About 1960, the Pearsons moved to Orchard Bay for a few years.

Another resident of the Richardson Bay area at that time was Mrs. Marjorie WILKINS. She was a very interesting lady who spent much of her time painting scenery in water colours, selling many of her pictures to the Islanders. She was also working on a book while on Lasqueti and was later successful in having one published. During her stay on Lasqueti she married Harold Talbot and the two lived for a few years in his home at the base of Mount Trematon.

Also in 1945 an acquaintance of Bert Carter's, Bill MOODY, bought the Boldthen place and brought his wife, Fern, and three children, Rodney, Gary and Gloria to Lasqueti in time for school opening. They tried to farm the place with the help of a big horse, a tractor and a variety of other equipment. However, the horse soon died and they experienced many other problems which made them quite dissatisfied with our undeveloped Island. Eventually Bill got the job of driving the school bus and they remained as residents until 1951.

On a much sadder note, two changes in the Island's population in 1945 were the deaths of Clyde Tucker and Paul Lambert. In September, the former died after a lingering illness. Of that kindly man, it could truthfully be said that he left no enemies. Eva Tucker was left upon her own resources to raise their family. One asset she did have was the mill so she arranged to sell it to a Mr. Bond and a Mr. Leary who moved it to Tucker Bay. This was the same mill which had cut the lumber for such jobs as Lenfesty's barn, the Nichols and Page houses and Pete Dubois' boat and which was powered by an Avery tractor which Clyde had shipped up to his father in 1930.

The deal with Bond and Leary did not work out well for Eva however, and she soon received the mill back. She then purchased the property onto which the mill had been moved - the property belonged to Celia and Tim Davis - and moved into the Davis house with her children so that she could manage the operation. Vic Locke, who had worked for Bond, stayed on as her employee to run the mill.

Eva operated the mill for about two years supplying many local needs, including lumber for the new school. When the mill closed down it was somewhat in the red due to problems with an employee, but in the years that followed, Eva paid off all her debts.

In the fall of 1945, Paul Lambert became desperately ill. He was taken to Pender Harbour hospital by Charlie Williams just as many others had been similarly transported in times of emergency. The doctors could not save Paul, however, and he passed away soon after arriving in Pender Harbour. Velina Lambert remained on Lasqueti for a time and then returned to her people in the East.

During the War there had been marriages of interest to the Islanders. Bob Acton brought his new wife, Dot, to live on Lasqueti for a while in 1945, and about the same time, Dave and Doris (Hadley) Livingstone came back temporarily, bringing their young son, David Jr.

In early January of 1946, Gwen Cook and John Whyte were married by the Reverend Alan Greene. They lived on Lasqueti for a few years and their first child, Lilian Rose was born there.

And there were other marriages which took place just after the War's end. Shelagh Bryson married Percy Crowe-Swords, Roy Lenfesty married Pat Sherly, and Marion White, who for years had been the dependable clerk in the False Bay Traders store, married Manfred Cook. As well, my brother, Joseph, returned from the Air Force with his bride, Mary (Molly) Bruce. They built a log house on the Cattle Swamp property and lived there with their two sons, Bruce and Dale, before leaving the Island in the late 40's. And returning from overseas with his pretty Irish bride, Cathy, was Dave COWLEY. They lived on his father's property on the west side of Anderson Bay for about ten years. During that time they had two sons, David and Patrick. Cathy was always a contender for the Women's Cup at the Fall Fair thanks to her faultless preserves and baking.

In 1946, Edgar DARWIN returned to live on Lasqueti, bringing with him his wife, Betty and their three children, Nikki Gail, Karl and Peter. In time, three more boys were added to their family: Michael, Jan and Dana. The Darwins bought the property on which Laurie and I had lived when we were first married. They enlarged our former house to suit their needs and entered wholeheartedly into Island life, contributing their time and skills to local projects. In 1956 and 1957, they built a comfortable house at the head of Boat Cove where they still reside.

As a final and sad note to population changes just after the war, four deaths must be mentioned. Two old timers, Rudolph and Otto Kurtzhals died within two weeks of each other in the spring of 1947. A little later, old Mr. Cowley passed away, and then there was the death of the infant child of Chuck and Ann Watkins. It was with understanding and finality that we gave respect at the funerals of the aged members of the community, but in the case of the Watkins family, there was great sorrow for the bereaved. Beautiful flowers from many gardens were brought in silent sympathy and neighbours stood with tears and bowed heads as Chuck carried the little casket up the hill to the grave.

EXCITING INCIDENTS

Just after the War, there were three incidents which held the potential for serious results but which turned out to be little more than good sources of conversation.

In early December of 1945, the Moody family suffered a great fright. Bill came home just at supper time to find that his three children were lost in the woods. It seemed that they were playing near the bush and when their mother called them they had disappeared. Bill feared the worst - that they might have wandered through the woods to the sandstone bluffs which rise from the sea south of Boat Cove. He hurried off with his lantern in that direction. All available neighbours joined in the search and Laurie took our gas lantern to head into the woods behind the Moody house.

It was a still, cold moonlit night and there was fear that the children might die of exposure if not found quickly. About nine o'clock that evening, I left Byron in charge of our sleeping younger children (we now had a baby daughter, Stephanie, as well as Marvin, Lois and Byron) and went up to the Moody house to sit with Fern. Just as I arrived I saw the light of the gas lantern by the barn and heard the shouts of the returning searchers. Laurie had found the children about a mile from their home, where they had fallen asleep from exhaustion on a little hill. The calling and the lights of the searchers had awakened them; there was joy and thankfulness in the Moody house that night.

FIRE

The second incident occurred while Miss Elvie Karen Lake was teaching at Maple Grove during the 1945-46 school year. One afternoon our boys arrived home from the school with the tell-tale look which encourages a parent to ask "What happened?"

Byron said, "The school caught fire!" Marvin stated most solemnly, "I'm never going to be a fireman."

There had indeed been a fire. Smoke seeping down through the ceiling from the attic had been the first sign. Miss Lake had quickly and calmly taken charge of the situation. She set the younger children to work carrying everything moveable out of the school while the older boys were told to bring in the ladder from outside and start getting buckets of water from the pump in the cloakroom. Bob Bryson, the oldest boy, went up the ladder and through the trap door which led to the attic. There were flames rising from the chimney area, but as the other boys handed him buckets of water, Bob doused the fire.

The prompt action was effective and the fire was out by the time the alerted road crew who were working nearby had arrived on the scene. After a waiting period to be sure that the danger was over, the pupils mopped up the water and carried everything back into the building. Further inspection of the attic seemed to indicate that the fire had started in a mouse nest which had been built next to the chimney.

The incident was reported to the proper authorities and in due time a small plaque was received and hung in the school room to commemorate the bravery of the teacher and the children who had saved their school from burning.

EARTHQUAKE

The third incident which prompted many a story to be related afterward was of much more general interest. This was the earthquake of June 23, 1946, which did so much damage around Bowser, Courtenay and other parts of Vancouver Island. We felt the 'quake quite strongly on Lasqueti but no serious damage was done.

On that quiet Sunday morning I was in our kitchen when there was a strange roar and the stove began to rattle alarmingly. I was afraid the brick chimney would collapse so ran out onto the lawn with the two little girls, calling to the boys to come too. The grass was undulating wildly. In less than a minute it was all over. Laurie came up from the garden to tell of the lively dance of the pea sticks and of the way that the new chimney at the side of the house waved back and forth but did not fall.

Everyone had their own tale to tell about the earthquake, but of all the experiences of the Islanders, none was so serious as that of Vic and Agnes Hill who were fishing off the Bowser shore. They saw a water spout and watched as 100 feet of the Bowser shoreline disappeared beneath the water. In the resulting tidal wave they were hard put to keep their boat afloat while a nearby rowboat carrying one man vanished beneath the waves. Later, the rowboat was found washed ashore and nine days later the body of the man was found.

POST WAR SCHOOLING

For years, Inspector of Schools, V.Z. Manning had talked about amalgamation of the three tiny school districts which existed on Lasqueti and early in 1946 this took place when they were taken into School District #47 (Powell River). Charlie Williams went to Powell River as our representative and was chosen as one of the trustees. He served in this capacity until 1955 - a period of outstanding service to the Island. He owned a boat sufficiently seaworthy to make the regular trips to attend Board meetings, and year after year he went, presenting first hand the needs for adequate school facilities on Lasqueti.

On June 7, 1946, the entire Powell River School Board visited the Island and in honor of this event a school holiday was declared. The site of a proposed new consolidated school was chosen. It was six acres of flat land bordering the Main Road a few hundred feet towards False Bay from Hadley's corner. It would be five years before a completed school would stand on the site but a start toward this objective had been made.

In June of 1947, the Maple Grove School closed its doors for the last time; no more would the old log building echo to the sounds of children's voices. The building was used by the community for social functions for a short time before Treant Wamer tore it down and used the logs to build a house. During the last year of its operation, Maple Grove had less than ten pupils with Miss Andrea Nordman as their teacher. The highlight of that last year was the acquisition of a battery powered radio which enabled the students to listen to the Department of Education school broadcasts.

In September of 1947, the few students from the Maple Grove district were transported to Tucker Bay School for their education. Miss Norma Melvin was the new teacher there and Bill Moody got the job of driving the children there each day. He used his car, taking out the back seat and putting in lumber benches for his passengers. It was not a comfortable ride, but the children enjoyed the new experience.

And all the pupils at the Tucker Bay School enjoyed having Miss Melvin for a teacher. She shared her interest in sports with her pupils and her enthusiasm for teaching was highly motivating. Her class was very disappointed when she became ill in November and had to give up her position. Mrs. Annie Grant came to the Island to take her place. This was the same Mrs. Grant who some years later married Charlie Williams. Also some years later, Norma Melvin was to marry George Richardson and with him take up residence in Nanoose Bay.

On February 20, 1948, there was considerable excitement among all the school students on Lasqueti when the new school bus arrived. Three days later it was in operation with Bill Moody as the driver. Also at that time there was a re-structuring of the two schools so that all the Primary pupils would go to Tucker Bay while all the older pupils went to False Bay to be taught by Annie Camp. This arrangement was made possible of course, by the new bus.

In the spring of 1948, Pat Christie completed her teacher training with a practicum at False Bay School and the following September she became the teacher at Tucker Bay. Annie Camp continued as the teacher at False Bay and included the supervision of pupils taking High School correspondence courses as one of her duties.

The site for the new school was surveyed in December of 1948 and the following month, Happy Camp got the contract to do the clearing. Soon construction of the building was underway and although the contract was let to an outside company, many local men were employed. For more than two years everyone watched with interest as the new school took shape and finally on June 15, 1951 there was an official opening day.

On this momentous occasion, the new school stood in modern splendour. There were two large, bright classrooms, a teacherage, a furnace room and washrooms with indoor plumbing. High windows faced the south, new blackboards and tackboard adorned the walls, shining linoleum tiles covered the floors, and a gasoline powered generator provided electricity for lights and audio-visual equipment. Never had Lasqueti school children dreamed of such luxury.

At the opening there was an audience of about one hundred people including the more than thirty school children who were being taught at that time by Miss Doris Harden at Tucker Bay and Mrs. Patricia Laing at False Bay. After 'O Canada' and the Invocation, Mr. J. P. Dallos, Chairman of the Powell River School Board, gave the welcoming address and introduced the special guests who included T.G. Carter, Inspector of Schools. During the ceremony the school was officially named in honor of our trustee, Charles Williams.

In the fall of 1951, Ken and Jean Jackson came as teachers for the new school and since the Moodys had left the Island by then, Ken drove the school bus as well. This double shift for Ken was only temporary however and the bus driving job was soon taken over by Ed Darwin. The Jacksons were energetic teachers who besides providing their pupils with a good education, were very active in landscaping the new grounds.

The Jacksons left Lasqueti in June of 1953 and the following school year the teachers were Oliver and Dorothy Evans who were visitors from England. With the Evans were their son, Glyn and daughter, Judy. The Evans family stayed for only one year and were replaced by Earl and Vi Allen as the Charles Williams School continued to be an ideal situation for a husband and wife teaching team who wished to work in the rural areas. In the following years the number of school age children on Lasqueti decreased to the point where only one room of the school was used. And it is interesting to note that the teacher on Lasqueti during many of the years following 1955 was the same Pat Forbes (nee Christie) who had started her teaching career at the old Tucker Bay School in 1948.

After the opening of the Charles Williams School, the old False Bay School was used as a dwelling by Bill Nasadyk's brother and his wife and a restaurant was built in one corner. Later it was taken over by the Canadian Legion. Tucker Bay School was used by the community as a hall until it was torn down in the 60's.

MISHAPS ON THE WATER

Throughout the Forties, the Union steamships continued to provide regular service to the wharf at False Bay. On the night of July 16, 1948, however, the normally punctual schedule was considerably interrupted when the U.S.S. CARDENA went on the rocks. Della Williams reported the first warning that something was amiss when she failed to receive the usual radio call announcing the expected arrival time. Then when the boat did not dock at its usual time (around 11 p.m.) those awaiting its arrival were sure that something had gone wrong.

About 2 a.m. it was reported that the steamer was on the rocks near McKinnels Lagoon at the entrance to False Bay. Soon afterwards, lifeboats began coming in to the wharf to corroborate the story.

Charlie Graham recounts that he in his boat, the PHELMA, anchored in False Bay that night. He had seen the lights of the steamer but when they disappeared he assumed that it had not called at False Bay but had gone directly to Campbell River. He was just getting into his bunk when he heard voices and looking out could see a lifeboat full of passengers with ship's officers in charge. Mr. Graham immediately went to their aid and spent the rest of the night towing lifeboats filled with people into False Bay. Also using their own boats that night to help in the rescue were Charlie Williams and Bert Carter. The Indignant and uncomfortable passengers found refuge in the freight shed and in the hotel where Della did her best to feed and shelter them.

The night of the grounding was very calm, a fact which greatly helped in the safe transfer of all 188 passengers to the wharf at False Bay. All personal belongings were gathered in pillow cases by the stewards and also brought ashore. The next day another steamer called to pick off the passengers and take them on their journey north. The CARDENA herself was taken off the rocks and eventually repaired and put back on her regular run.

Only three months later there was another vessel in trouble in False Bay. While riding at anchor, Charlie Williams' newest boat, the VANIDIS, caught fire and burned to the water-line. There were conjectures and theories as to the cause of the fire but few, if any, knew the whole truth of the matter.

Several years later in the fall of 1953 the CARDENA had another serious adventure. In the early hours of the morning, enroute to Vancouver, she ran into heavy fog just outside of the First Narrows Bridge and was in collision with the C.P. PRINCESS ELIZABETH. With a metal-rending shock the two ships became locked together just above the water line. Amongst the passengers who were hurried into life jackets were some from Lasqueti including John Osland, Ruby Nichols, Betty Darwin, my two small daughters, Lois and Stephanie and myself. After a few hours the two vessels were cut apart and allowed to proceed to their destinations. The only injuries were received by two crewmen on the first impact.

LOGGING

In the decade following World War II, the logging industry on Lasqueti was much more active than at any other time in the Island's history. There was a demand for all kinds of timber, and even the low quality Lasqueti wood became worthwhile taking out. And besides good prices, improved methods and machinery were making the less accessible timber profitable to log. One of the main improvements in logging technology had been the development of the power saw. Laurie had been the first faller to use a power saw on Lasqueti while he was working for DeWolfe and by the post-war period it was in use generally on the Island.

During the boom period, many families and single men came to the Island for varying periods of time to work in the woods and most of these left as soon as their job was finished. It is impossible to tell about all the logging ventures and their exact locations here. Those mentioned will undoubtedly bring others to mind and will serve as examples of how the industry operated after the war. Of course the camps were very small - sometimes no more than two or three men working together to take out a pocket of timber which had seemed unprofitable or inaccessible to earlier loggers like Bergman or Seney.

One of the first operations after the War was the LMR outfit run by Roy Lenfesty, (later replaced by Joe Copley) Laurie Mason and George Richardson. It logged near Anderson Bay from 1946 until 1949 using a Murdie yarder to 'cold-deck' and then swing the logs into the water. They averaged $45 per Thousand, not counting peelers which brought $90.

About the same time one of the larger camps was run by Alex McDickens. He employed local loggers for a period of several years. Others taking out timber in the late 40's were Godkin, the Pappenburgers, Bob Lamb, Norm Carter and Bill Nasadyk, Dave Livingstone and Len Picket. Fred Livingstone logged Dan Peg's Island in False Bay and in 1949, Dave Cowley used a team of horses to take alders off Mrs. Annie Lynn's property. Also in 1949, Fred Schroeder came to the Island to set up a camp at Moody's. His wife and family as well as the families of men employed by him lived there. Another family which came about the same time were the Flagers. They lived at Barnes Bay and took out timber there. And by 1950 there were others: Jim Drake who logged the Cattle Swamp, Olsons from Lake Cowichan, Merle and Dale Fretts, Ken William's Alder Logging, W.B.C. Black, Blackwood, Spitz, and Mitchell and Snyder.

In 1951, Earl LOWRY and his sons, Pat and Dale, came to Lasqueti to log. He built his main camp on the Main Road just south of Lenfesty's. One of the local people who worked for this growing company was Eva Tucker and in 1956 she married Earl. After they were finished on Lasqueti, the Lowrys moved to Nanaimo and continued their operation on a much larger scale on Vancouver Island.

At the peak of the logging in the early 50's, there were 14 operations using about 70 vehicles on the Island roads ranging from cars to large trucks. Everyone who wished to do so was working; wages were good; Lasqueti was finally prosperous. All the coming and going of the loggers demanded quicker transportation so Compton Domville began a water-taxi service to French Creek. He got plenty of business from those who did not want to wait for the weekly steamer and for those who did not want to wait for Compton there were always the small float planes which were arrived and departing with amazing frequency. On one day alone in 1951, five planes landed in False Bay!

Several long time residents took advantage of the timber market to sell their property to those wishing to log it. Among those who left Lasqueti during those times were Moodys, M.J. Copleys, Phillips, Cooks and Lenfestys. New residents included Treant and Phyllis WAMER, Marj and Tom HARRISON and the KELLYS. There were so many children on Lasqueti in 1951, that the new school had both rooms well filled.

In late 1955, George HOLLAND bought out the Olsons. He logged for eight years and when he left almost all of the Island's merchantable timber had been harvested. George and his wife, Gerry, were active in Island affairs and people were sorry to see them go.

Thus the logging was virtually over and by the late Fifties, Lasqueti's population was dropping. The period of prosperity had passed.

And in all of the whine of power saws and the roar of heavy equipment, one beautiful stand of virgin timber was never cut. Archy Millicheap steadfastly refused to have the trees on his Mount Trematon property cut and his son Tom remains of the same mind. This piece of woodland remains untouched - a monument to what Lasqueti was before the settlers.

THE LASQUETI LAND COMPANY

The vast Pemberton estate on the northwest end of Lasqueti sat undisturbed for many years but in 1949 a company was formed to exploit some of its resources. Known as the Lasqueti Land Company Limited, the enterprise was formulated by three individuals: Richard Laurence Stapleton Pemberton who had inherited the estate from his father, Compton Domvile who was a nephew of Richard Pemberton's wife, and Charlie Williams who had been looking after the estate for many years. Charlie contributed working capital, managerial skill and the water rights to Peterson's Lake.

This company sold timber and subdivided and sold some property. They also developed the water system by improving the dam and installing new mains to serve the growing community around False Bay.

In 1963, Mr. Pemberton died and Laurence Fisher, his great nephew inherited the Pemberton interest in the company. Then when Charles Williams died in 1970, Mr. Fisher purchased both the Domvile interest and the Williams interest.

THE LASQUETI POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY

Sparked by the increasing number of homes around False Bay, Charlie Williams became involved in the founding of another company. About 1956, in partnership with Lance Johnson, he formed the Lasqueti Power and Light Company. Poles were erected to carry the wires and the community around False Bay was serviced. This was a welcome development since it brought the luxuries of refrigeration, television and other electric appliances as well as the end to coal oil or gasoline lamps. However, by 1969 many people were getting their own light plants and the two partners in the company had moved from the Island - Lance to Parksville and Charlie to Nanaimo. There was not enough interest in keeping the operation going so the company was dissolved that year.

THE SECOND SCHOOL NEWSPAPER [November 1948-June 1950]

During Annie Camp's last two years as a teacher at False Bay School, her pupils produced a monthly newspaper which accurately reflected contemporary life on Lasqueti just as the first school newspaper had done ten years before. During its first year of issue the paper was called **The Cheerful Liar** and its editors were Phyllis Camp, Byron Mason and Denis Lawson. In the second year its name was **The Grapevine** and its editors were Yvonne Camp, Sheila Tucker, Marvin Mason, Darlene Sherley, Ina Pearson, Dorothea Douglas, Douglas Cook, Fred Vosper and George Douglas. Mrs. Camp and her pupils worked hard to be sure that their paper properly reflected Island life and it is by quoting directly and at length from its pages that one best gains a feeling for those days of increasing prosperity on Lasqueti.

November 1948

- A hundred guests attended a pretty wedding which took place in Tucker Bay School on Saturday November 8, at 8:30 p.m. The Rev. Pattison from Qualicum Beach united Vera Cook, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Cook and Johnnie Richardson, son of Mr. and Mr. W. Richardson in marriage. The bride was gowned in a lovely long white crepe dress. The lace veil which reached the floor was held by a headress of pearls. Her shoes were silver. She carried a bouquet of carnations. The bride's mother was dressed in a grey knit jersey dress. Marion White, matron of honour was frocked in a long pink dress with little jacket. She wore white shoes and carried carnations. Manfred Cook was best man.
Fred Livingstone and Happy Camp played the wedding march.

- The captain of the Cardena announced that they would be able to take Mr. Fretts' car on the boat to Vancouver. We are sorry to see Lasqueti's most modern car go off the Island.

- Two lots of contractors came up and looked at the school site. The first lot came by plane on November 15. on Nov. 21 some came by boat.

- Mr. and Mrs. Rickey (Mrs. Rickey formerly Mrs. Gilchrist) are going to make their home on Lasqueti... they will reside in one of Mr. William's houses in sunny False Bay.

- Mr. Carter, School Inspector for District 47, visited Lasqueti Island. He went to Tucker Bay School and False Bay School on the 16th and 17th respectively. At the close of the day at False Bay, he gave a short speech asking all to try not to disfigure the school bus.

January 1949.

- It is understood that Mr. Carter and his partner (Bill Nasadyk) from Texada Island have bought a timber show close to Richardson Bay. They have rented a small house to live in from Mr. Douglas, near Pearsons.

- Mr. Lewis hauled his logs to the water with his truck and homemade trailer. Chester Douglas is going to tow them to Pender Harbour where they will be sawn in half. They will then be brought back to the Island for building purposes.

- On Jan. 14. Mr Cook took four pigs over to Nanaimo. He sold them all with success.

- On Jan. 11, Mr. Camp's tender was accepted for slashing and burning an acre on which the new school will be built. He is working at it now.

- The Tucker Bay float is quite busy these days. On Saturday, Jan. 5. eight boats docked. Among them was the MESSENGER III, a mission boat...

- Mr. Domvile, a nephew of Mr. Pemberton arrived in False Bay from England on Jan. 24. He is staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

February 1949.

-We are sorry to report that Lasqueti lacks community spirit. There are good reasons why the inhabitants of Lasqueti don't come to social gatherings as much as they used to. There is good music on the radio at home where it is more comfortable than in a draughty school. People go to the big city more and get enough excitement to last them until their next trip. And of course our old island is running out of people between the ages of sixteen and twenty. But when a very old pioneer friend dies and only the pallbearers, three grown-ups and three children attend the funeral, old timers should be ashamed of themselves. For about nine months now a club has been trying to improve our cemetery with the help of the rest of the island. There have been five 'cemetery Bees' and the same few people went everytime until last time when no one went. (i).

- On February 14, Mr. Donkervoort brought a two ton truck up via the Union Steamship.

- Mr. Domvile bought one of the cabins at Mud Bay from Mr. Crow-Swords and made it into a two room house. It was loaded on Mr. Williams' barge ready to be towed to Orchard Beach.

- Manfred Cook left the Island to go contracting with Roddy and Buddy Pappenburger.

March 1949.

- Mr. P.R. Crowe-Swords and family are leaving the Island. He is going to take over a store at Egmont on April 1st. Mrs. Crowe-Swords and her son Reid will follow in their barge around the end of March.

- There is love blooming on the Island again. Miss P. Christie received an exquisite diamond engagement ring from her fiance, Peter Forbes as he went up the coast on the Chelosin on March 28.

- ... suddenly on the 29th of March, Mr. and Mrs. Welsh went to Vancouver in a See Bee ambulance plane. Mr. Welsh was feeling quite ill and so decided to go to the hospital.

- On March 3, Mr. Donkervoort, Mr. McManus, Mr. Locke and Harry Conn took a load of shingles to Vancouver.

- The LMR logging company sent five sections of logs to Vancouver, Saturday, March 26. I'm sure Mr. Mason, Mr. Joe Copley and Mr. George Richardson are glad that the boom is gone. This is the 10th boom that they have sent in.

April 1949

- Mr. Albert H. Welsh passed away on the morning of April 26 after being ill all night. Mr. Welsh who was 86 has been a resident of Lasqueti for about 38 years... Rev. Greene is expected to come and officiate at the ceremony.

- The socials held at Maple Grove School on the second Saturday of every month are improving. On April 9, a lively group enjoyed ping pong, lexicon and cribbage.

(i). This paragraph is part of an editorial written by Phyllis Camp. The comments related to declining community spirit are certainly true for Lasqueti was in a period when everyone was working and conditions were good. The problems which drew the community together during the Depression and the War which followed no longer existed. Prosperity was at hand but the way of life was not necessarily better.

The funeral referred to was that of T.J. Weldon; Annie Camp and Peggie Lawson had walked into the old Weldon place to attend. Bill Moody read a long funeral service while those attending shivered patiently in the rain. T.J.'s son, Albert, his horse and his dog followed the coffin up the hill where it was laid in a grave beside his wife.

- The Golden Rule Club is planning a picnic, May 24, at Boat Cove. Everyone is invited to come before noon. Bring your lunch and we will supply beverages. Ice-cream will be sold separately. A ball game and other sports will provide afternoon entertainment.

- On April 1, a Liberal meeting and a whist drive was held at Tucker Bay School. The purpose of this meeting was to organize the Liberals.

- Clyde Lawson is away on his travels again. This time he is going to Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti.

- Mr. Lewis has got his logs back from Pender Harbour. They are cut into pieces thirty feet long and five inches thick. His store will be sixty feet long. He is building at Marshalls Beach.

- The road crew and Mr. Camp have finished blasting the stumps from the school site.

- Rev. Alan Greene came to the Island in the John Antle to take Miss Henderson to Pender Harbour. She is staying in one of the cottages for elderly people.

May 1949.

- We are glad to see that there is more business on the Island. Alec McDicken has brought up an International Diesel caterpillar to take his logs to the water.

- At 6:30 a.m. Sunday May 22 Mr. Moody was rushed to Nanaimo hospital by plane. He took sick about 7:30 p.m. Saturday.

- Of interest to old timers are the death of Mr. L. Bergman, an old Lasqueti logger and Mrs. Purviance, Mrs. Kurtzhal's sister.

- The junkmen brought Mr. Lance Johnson and his lumber to build a house on what used to be the Angus property. They took the old steam donkey engine at Mud Bay away with them.

- Mr. G. Coburn and Mr. Slade from Hornby bought 18 sheep from Mr. G. Douglas Sr.

- Mr. John Richardson left for Kelsey Bay on May 3 where he is working for Emerald Timber Co.

- Statistics: People on island ... 153, Men ... 56, Women...49, School age children ... 30, Married couples ... 35.

- On the 26th of May, Irene Douglas's leg was broken when she ran into the hind wheel of George Richardson's car. She had alighted from the school bus and was walking home... it is thought Irene tried to cross the road as the car passed... Mr. Williams took her to Pender Harbour Hospital.

September 1949

-Cathy Pearson left good old Lasqueti to go to school in Vancouver. She is attending Magee High School.

- The Island Fair was a great success with almost everybody there. Mr. and Mrs. B. McIntyre (MLA) honored us by coming for the occasion. They arrived at Tucker Bay by flying from Westview about 11 o'clock and Mr. Chas. Williams took them around the Island. Mr. McIntyre presented the farm produce cup to Mr. Chester Douglas and the Ladies cup to Mrs. Cowley.

- Bill Nasadyk and Norm Carter took a contract to haul logs for Alec McDickens.
- There was a going away party held for Mr. and Mrs. Whyte on the 28 of August at the hall. A barge took Whytes and their belongings over to Wakefield (Sechelt)...

- Chester Douglas is building a house by the beach just across from Tucker Bay. He brought the lumber on a float from Vancouver.

- On July 25, Mrs. Pray and her two daughters, June and Vicki, came up to live on Lasqueti in Mrs. M. Rhead's old home. Mr. Pray came up on the ISLAND PRINCE on July 27 with his truck and tractor.

- Mr. Laing our new postmaster has brought up his wife and his five youngest boys, Stuart, Ian, Tommy, George, and Terry to live ... in the Post Office.

October 1949.

-About twenty ladies and girls joined the Pro-Rec at Tucker Bay Hall. Mr. Williams explained the running of the bus in a short speech. Mrs. Darwin the instructress, gave her class a few exercises to get limbered up.

- Since the island has needed transportation for so long the residents thought that the bus would transport people from one place to another. But the school board have their side of this too. Their angle is that it would cost $10 to carry people from one end of the island to the other and back. Another thing is that if we were able to use our school bus, the other places like VanAnda and Lund would also have to have the use of their buses.

- Mr. L.E. Warburton has finished Mr. Chester Douglas's house. He left the Island on Oct. 15 for his home on Saltspring.

- On Oct. 16, a man came up for Topaze on the Chelosen to go logging. He had to sleep in the freight shed all night so he phoned for a plane to take him back to Vancouver the next day. Topaze has lost a man.

- Edward Phillips has come back from fishing in the north. He went to town for ten days so fishing must have been good.

- Tommy Millicheap came from Texada to fall some timber with Joe Donkervoort for Mr. Alex McDicken.

- Harry Conn left on Oct. 2 on the KERRANNE W with Capt. Warnock to fish in the northern waters.

- Mr. Matten's house burnt sometime through the night on Oct. 3. His house was on an island in front of False Bay.

November 1949.

- George Douglas and David Richardson rowed from Tucker Bay to False Bay to see the boat come in.

- Mr. Williams flew to Powell River.. to attend the meeting of the area representatives. He was again elected as school trustee. He flew back again on Thursday morning.

- A near tragedy was averted when Helen Livingstone fell in the well behind her house. At the time Gary Donkervoort was playing with her and tried to pull her out but failed so he ran to get Helen's mother who pulled her out.

- Another new family arrived on Monday night. Mrs. and Mr. Dayton and two children reached the island on Monday night's boat. They are living in the house next to the post office.

- Mr. Camp and Mr. Mason are making a dam up at Pete's Lake. It is to bring the water supply to False Bay.

- On Nov. 23. Mr. Les Pappenburger got a Ford truck. Two men with a barge brought it into Mud Bay from Qualicum.

December 1949.

- After three years of hard labour, Mr. George Richardson has his boat running. He is going to tow logs for Mr. Alex McDickens.

- The most recent fire on the Island is the home of Mr. Clint Pray and family. It is unknown how it started ... It started about 12:10 in the afternoon and by 1:30 there were just the two chimneys left.

- The grounds committee for the new school met on the site on Nov. 29 and tramped over the place discussing its possibilities...The actual building will start in the early summer of 1950. It will be finished for the start of the school term in September 1950.

- Edward Phillips was towing logs for McDickens this month.

February 1950.

- Through the Christmas Holidays, Mr. Scotty Lawson went out to look after the Sisters Lighthouse while Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their little girl went to Vancouver for ten days.

- Mr. Moody was flown to Powell River Hospital on Feb. 24. He was working on his tractor when a prop broke and came down and hit him in the jaw... Mr. Donkervoort is driving the bus in his absence.

- Mr. Charlie Williams went to Chemainus for some lumber ... to build cottages on the beach.

- Mr. C. Williams took Mr. Godkin and his fallers over to Cramp's Bay. It was quite rough and getting into the row boat to go to shore he fell into the water. Mr. Godkin and Happy Camp pulled him out by his shirt.

- Miss Christie and Mr. Peter Forbes flew to Vancouver on Feb. 18 to attend her uncle's wedding. They returned on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Donkervoort who had flown to Vancouver on Feb. 15.

- An Associated aeroplane went aground in Long Bay while waiting for timber cruisers. They were cruising for Mr. Pappenburger.

- Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and their two small children moved onto Mr. Graham's island this month.

- Mrs. Tucker returned to work at the F.H. & A. Logging Co. on Feb. 9.

- A wedding of interest to Lasqueti took place in Vancouver when Miss Diane Phillips became the bride of Dick Acrestream.

March 1950.

- The Donkervoorts have left Lasqueti to live in Bralorne.

- Mr. Darwin flew to Vancouver to get a power saw. He came back to the Island on Monday. He and Mr. George Douglas are falling for Mr. Bill Nasadyke.

- On March 6, the caterpillar Mr. Pappenburger had been waiting for arrived at Tucker Bay... Mr. Pappenburger started logging in Long Bay on March 6.

- Rod Pappenburger was on the Cardena on Mon. 6th going to some logging camp up the coast.

- In March, Manford Cook went to work for Bill Nasadyke and Norman Carter. He worked so hard that the cat could not keep up with him and wore its tracks off, so Bill and Norm sent down and got up new tracks, which were hauled around to Scottie Bay by Vic Locke on a barge.

- On March 24, Mr. Williams' feed shed, oil house and work shop were broken into. The locks had been pried off. The police were here on the 25th to see about it. Mr. Williams has offered a three hundred dollar reward for the person who finds out who did this dreadful thing.

-On March 21 there was a plane in Long Bay for a mechanic. As it was going out it hit a dead head and punctured a hole in the pontoon. It was in Tucker Bay for four days.

- Friday, 24th, Cyril Forbes cut his hand with a power saw. He was flown to Vancouver to get it fixed. In the meantime Eric Nichols is taking his place.

April 1950.

- Miss Olga King came back to Lasqueti after a long visit in Vancouver. She is staying in Mrs. Camp's until she fixes the house she is renting from Mr. C. Williams. She is working in the store because Miss Louise Laing is resigning.

- Cars and more cars are coming onto the Island. Mr. Weldon brought a 1934 Ford panel delivery up on April 24.

- On April 3, three men came up to log Mackenzies place. That night they slept in the Freight Shed. There are now six logging companies on the Island.

- On April 26, Mr. Thompson brought his cat down to Mud Bay to clear land for Lasqueti Land Company.

- On April 27, Mr. H. Camp went up to Bralorne. He has bought a trucking outfit up there. If he can get a house his family will go up after school is out.

- Three men came in on April 26th to look at the timber at the head of the bay where Richardsons live. They went back on the 27th by plane.

- Mr. Fitzgerald went down by plane about 1:15 April 5 because of a sore tooth.

May 1950

- A tragedy occurred on the Island when Manfred Cook got his leg broken while logging on May 17. Mr. Darwin went to False Bay and phoned for a plane, Mr. George Douglas went up into the woods where Manfred was while Mr. Norm Carter went for a stretcher and two men to help carry him out. Mr. Graham put the splints on his leg. The men carried him down to Spring Bay and a plane took him to Powell River hospital. (i)

- New loggers arrived for the Atwater Logging Co. They are staying in Mrs. Aivasoff's cabin. They brought a car with them. A 'Cat' arrived at Tucker Bay on Sunday for them.

- Edward Phillips left for Nanaimo on the 30th to get fishing gear for the fishing season. He may also go to Vancouver if he can't get the gear necessary.

-On May 24th a picnic was held on Marshalls Beach under the auspices of the Woman's Institute. The crowd consisted of seventy three people. A baseball game before lunch worked up an appetite for everyone. Mrs. Darwin was in charge of the races... Ten dollars was collected for prizes to be distributed by Mr. Millicheap.

- On May 27 a dance was held in False Bay hall by the Women's Institute. Mr. Johnny Richardson was kind enough to bring his P.A. system and supply music *(15) for the gathering. Mr. Red Edwards played a few tunes on his accordion for variation. Approximately forty-five people turned up to enjoy the fun.. (ii)

(i). Manfred's wife, Marion, visited him regularly while he was hospitalized. Usually she went by plane and on one of these trips the plane overturned at the mouth of False Bay. The pilot was drowned, but Marion, being a strong swimmer, managed to get out and was eventually picked out of the sea by a passing fish boat. However, her leg was broken in the accident so she was also taken to the Powell River hospital where she and Manfred convalesced together.

(ii) Red Edwards was an old timer in the Gulf who lived out of a rowboat and stayed wherever he could find an unoccupied house near the beach. He claimed to have been a sniper during World War I and to have taken up this unique life-style soon after getting out of the service. He was fond of telling stories of such marathon trips as rowing from Campbell River to Vancouver, stopping only to sleep while drifting in his boat. He was a skilled blueback fisherman and was credited by some old timers as being one of the first to rake and use whole herring for bait. Red's prized possession was an accordion which he carried with him in his rowboat and which he played for dances at small settlements along the coast.

- Anthony Phillips and his mother and father came to the Island from British Guiana. He started school on May 15 and is in grade eight.

- Lately, Mr. Cook, Mr. Mason and Mr. George Richardson repaired Squitty Bay float. Also they have repaired Tucker Bay float.

- On the 6th of May, a Farmers' Institute meeting was held at Tucker Bay School. They wanted to see if they could get a bull.

- Mr. Alexander was injured badly when he fell on a power saw. He was flown out by plane from False Bay and taken to Powell River Hospital.

June 1950.

- Mr. Johnson called a meeting at Tucker Bay to discuss Island matters. A P.T.A. was formed as follows: President - Mrs. Nichols, Vice-President - Mrs. Pappenburger, Secretary - Mr. Johnson, Treasurer - Mrs. Evelyn Livingstone.

- Edward Phillips launched his new boat which he built, on the 21 of June. He is hoping to get help from Jimmy Riddel at the launching.

- Jimmy Riddel was married to Mrs. H. Hughes on the 2nd of June. They are now living on Jedidiah.

- A plane took Tommy Millicheap and Cyril Forbes to Vancouver on June 15. Cyril has given up his job on the Island.

- A new store is being built at Graham's Island. It is to serve the fishing boats and yachts at Scotty Bay.

- Mr. Devaney's barge with all his furniture in it was sunk in Davie Bay on June 9. The children were forced to swim to a rock where a plane sighted them and went to False Bay for Mr. Williams who went after them and rescued them.

The June issue was the last for the little school paper. Mrs. Camp and her family moved from the Island that summer and Miss Pat Campbell who succeeded her as teacher did not choose to carry it on. The paper raised $48 during its first year and $50 in its second year - money which was gratefully received by the Junior Red Cross Crippled Children Fund. In sharp contrast to the other school paper of only a decade earlier, its issues covered a period when jobs on and off Lasqueti were easily available; when people chartered planes just to have their teeth fixed or go for a weekend holiday; when logging camps, loggers and logging machines were coming and going in ever increasing numbers.

During those years the population changed so rapidly with many people remaining such a short time that they were known only to those residents with whom they worked. Among those who stayed to become part of the community were families like the Laings, Johnsons, Avisoffs and Becks.

Alec and Claire LAING took over the Post Office after the Lawsons left Lasqueti and in 1952 built a comfortable home just above Mud Bay and moved the Post Office to that location. This couple and their large family took a keen interest in Island affairs. Their oldest son, Alec Jr., married Patricia Campbell who was teaching at False Bay and this family made their home on Lasqueti for some time. Louise and Dennis did not spend much time on the island but the younger boys, Stewart, Ian, Tom, George and Terry attended school there.

Lance and Lucille JOHNSON and their children, Linda, Susan, Timber, and Sailor were very active in Lasqueti affairs for almost twenty years. Lance was a carpenter and he worked on various Island construction projects during the busy Fifties before taking over the store at False Bay from Charlie Williams.

The Aivisoff's had purchased the old Grant property from the J.W. Reids. Later, Amelia Aivisoff lived at False Bay with her two sons, Mitchell and Greg.

Mrs. Ruby Beck, a friend of the Cooks, had come to the Island with her sons, Alan and Terry. Later she was to marry Eric Nichols and remain on Lasqueti.

Also becoming well-known Islanders during the late 40's and early 50's were Fernand ROUSSEL and Johnny OSLAND. Mr. Roussel was described on the voters list as a physicist. He had written a highly technical book on electro-magnetism and was recognized by a French Scientific Society by being called back to Paris, expenses paid, to give lectures on his theories. With his Scottish wife, he lived for more than ten years on a small piece of land near West Point. After his death in 1960, Mrs. Roussel left Lasqueti. Johnny Osland had moved from the United States to take over the southeast quarter of Section 15 which had been the Venables property. He became active in Island affairs and has remained one of Lasqueti's best known residents to this day.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS

With the building of the consolidated school, keen interest in educational matters resulted in the formation in June of 1950 of a Parent-Teacher Association. This soon became a strong organization with stimulating meetings and a good attendance of teachers, parents and interested persons. Gradually the P.T.A. came to plan many activities and there was fund raising for various purposes. Perhaps the boldest venture was carried out while the Jacksons were teaching at the Charles Williams School. This was the purchase of a 16 mm. movie projector which was used to show films once a month. There were audiences of a hundred or more and by careful budgeting, a sinking fund was set aside for repairs and possible replacement.

Other activities in which the P.T.A. became involved were such events as scavenger hunts, a fishing derby and dances for young people. About 1954 it was suggested that this organization take over the Christmas Tree social - an idea which resulted in a story of human interest.

People do things for interesting reasons, loyalty being one of them. The 'Christmas Tree' had been held in Tucker Bay Hall for most of its years because of its central location. Vera Richardson had been the convenor several times and had certainly done her share to make the party an annual success. With the approval of the Golden Rule Club and the Women's Institute, she gathered the pertinent records together and attended a P.T.A. Meeting.

But events took a remarkable turn. After Vera had handed over the papers and the responsibility to the P.T.A., there was a motion from the floor to hold the next Christmas Tree at the Charles Williams School. Vera was so upset at this upheaval of tradition that she immediately paid the dollar membership and joined the P.T.A. so that she could have a voice in the meeting. She then offered to once more convene the Christmas Tree celebration on the condition that it be held as usual in the Tucker Bay Hall. Her offer was accepted by the meeting thus ending perhaps the last echo of the war of the north, the south and the centre.

In the late 50's after Vera and many old timers had moved away, the Christmas Tree parties were held in the Charles Williams School, a location which was at that time most convenient for a majority of the Islanders.

The Golden Rule Club wound up its affairs in the fall of 1958 and donated various sums from its treasury to the Columbia Coast Mission, Branch 166 of the Canadian Legion, the Cerebral Palsied of B.C. and the Women's Institute. A sum was also donated to the 'Christmas Tree'. Thus ended more than twenty years of a women's organization which had succeeded in living by its name.

And within a year, the Lasqueti Women's Institute also terminated its activities. It seemed that there was no longer a need for these organizations.

The P.T.A. continued to function until the end of the 60's remaining principally concerned with the activities for children. After the Fall Fairs were no longer held, this organization sponsored competitions involving the display of garden produce and baking entered by the children. Book awards and sports awards were given to the school. Local people did the judging with John Osland assuming this responsibility most frequently. Johnny was also the frequent impersonator of the jolly, white bearded star of the Christmas festivities.

THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

After many years of planning and at least one unsuccessful attempt, an Anglican Church was built on Lasqueti. The site chosen was just off the Main Road overlooking False Bay and was donated by the Lasqueti Land Company. Lance Johnson was the carpenter who constructed the beautiful little building. It featured a natural wood interior with laminated beams and arches supporting the roof.

Named the Church of the Good Shepherd, the first service was held on Sunday, November 18, 1951 with Canon Alan Greene officiating. There were 25 present. A small picture of the Good Shepherd was received from Deaconess Robinson and hung in the building. The church was dedicated by Bishop Godfrey Gower in 1952.

The first funeral service held in the Church was that of Albert Cook in late 1951. On another memorable occasion, the church was lent for the full Catholic funeral of Lasqueti pioneer, Emma Douglas. Almost the entire population of the Island turned out to pay their last respects.

The first two of many Christenings were those of Barry Peel, son of Compton and Jane Domvile and Donna Livingstone, daughter of Fred and Evalyn Livingstone.

And there were two lovely formal weddings held during the early days of the church. The first was that of Herbert Richard (Dick) Smith and Eileen Brown in 1952, while the second was that of Tom Millicheap and Molly Graham in 1953. *(16).

Alan Greene held monthly services at the church for several years with Clara Laing as his organist and often with Joe Titus assisting. He paid his last visit to Lasqueti in 1961. (The wedding of Linda Johnson and Sandy Gillespie took place in the Church of the Good Shepherd in 1969.)

In fair weather and in foul, this hearty old gentleman brought the JOHN ANTLE to the Island and there was always a small faithful congregation which turned out to hear him preach. Once while being entertained by the Domviles, Jane closed a window behind him. "Why did you do that?" asked Canon Greene.

Replied Jane, "You were sitting in a draught."

"My dear," said the veteran of thousands of coastal voyages, "I live in a draught."

A SUCCESS STORY

There was always considerable discussion among the permanent residents about what would happen to the employment picture when the timber was gone. There were ideas of varying practicality, but three men found an answer.

During the height of Lasqueti's prosperous period, Peter Forbes and Tom Millicheap were able to obtain a worthwhile quantity of timber. Fred Livingstone owned the necessary logging equipment so these three men pooled their resources and as West Point Logging, they operated successfully for several years. Then in the late 50's they decided to build a boat and in this new venture they became the Lasqueti Fish Company. For several months while the wives watched the budget, the men, with Charlie Graham's assistance, spent long hours building their first boat - a 42 foot drum seiner, the LASQUETI FISHER.

On a memorable day in 1958 the ship was launched with much ceremony. From the spot in the woods where she had been built, she was pulled down into Scotty Bay on a sleigh. The 'cat' which provided the power almost mired in the beach mud, but soon, as the tide rose, there was the great satisfaction of seeing the stout vessel afloat. They took her out to the fishing grounds that summer in time to participate in the Adam's River sockeye run.

Among the admiring relatives and friends who watched the launching was Kate Livingstone. No one could better appreciate the changes through the years which had brought about such an achievement.

The other boats were bought: The PATTY G, the E.H. CAMERON, and the YURI. All three were eventually sold and Tom and Pete built a gillnetter which they sold to Tom Gillespie.

In 1962, Fred Livingstone retired from the company and Treant Warner took his place. Then in 1966, Treant withdrew.

Tom Millicheap and Pete Forbes carried on the company, however, and its assets have steadily increased. The steel hull of the LASQUETI ISLE a 55 foot drum seiner was built in Nanaimo; the vessel was finished on Lasqueti and launched in 1971. Another seiner, the LASQUETI GAMBLER was launched in 1973 and their boat building goes on.

Pete's son, Bill, is a skipper for the company and many other Island men have found employment thanks to the foresight and initiative of the founders of the Lasqueti Fish Company.

DISASTERS

The ever present spectre of fire reached a climax in 1958 when the store and hotel complex at False Bay burned to the ground. Everyone that could be summoned fought in vain to quell the blaze but they were forced back by the heat and could only stand in dejection as flames consumed the long time landmark on the Lasqueti waterfront.

Among the old timers who stood in the crowd was Fred Livingstone. As the fire reached its height, he picked up a bottle and threw it with frustrated strength through the big plate glass window. With grim humour he cried, "I've been waiting forty years to do that!" A nervous titter ran through the crowd as some of the tension was broke. It was a relief closely akin to tears for this building held many memories and had been a source of pride to the community.

It was also in 1958 that the Union steamships stopped calling at Lasqueti. Their operations on the coast were being phased out and it was a serious blow to the Island residents. A Chamber of Commerce with Fred Bennett as president made great efforts to get a ferry. There were petitions and deputations to the Government with the usual slow results.

Freight boats did call occasionally and the lack of transportation was relieved somewhat by the operation of a second water taxi but such substitutes could not match the convenience and dependability of the Union boats. Too, Lasqueti had passed its period of prosperity; no longer could its residents afford the use of aircraft to the extent they had during the early fifties.

The second water taxi was operated by William FISHER who brought his wife Judith and children, Laurence, Francis, Henrietta and Mark to the Island in 1959. He was a cousin of Compton Domvile and a grandson of J.G.S. Pemberton and was thus interested in the Pemberton estate. For a short period he and his wife operated a store at False Bay which was set up in a feed shed. He also delivered the mail at that time.

Early in 1960, Alex Laing passed away very suddenly, and a Mrs. Nadeau took over the Post Office. This arrangement continued only a short time, however, before the fine home with attached Post Office which had been built by Alex, burned down. Fire had struck the Island yet again!

After this fire, the Post Office was kept in the home of Alex Laing Jr. on the same property in Mud Bay (Jap Bay) for a while before it was moved to False Bay.

The fires had been bad enough, but in the fall of 1960 a series of mysterious tragedies at sea shocked and saddened the Lasqueti people.

The RYANS, Arthur, his wife, Helen and their large family had lived on Bull Island for two years and had just moved to Lasqueti when Art disappeared. On October 16 he had left his home to make a trip in his fishing boat and on October 23 the boat was found washed up on the shore near Sunset View and his dinghy was found on one of the small islands nearby. It seemed evident that he was returning to the Island when by some mishap he had fallen overboard. His body was not found until mid-December. Helen Ryan remained on Lasqueti to raise her family, residing there for twelve years.

Even while the anxious search for Arthur Ryan was going on, tragedy struck the Fisher family. On the quiet afternoon of November 11, 1960, William Fisher and his three youngest children left False Bay for French Creek but they did not reach their destination. No trace of William Fisher or his boat was ever found. The bodies of his three children were later discovered washed up on the Vancouver Island shore and brought back to Lasqueti for burial. They were still wearing their life jackets when found.

And about the same time another mystery developed. Compton Domvile brought an elderly woman, a Mrs. Corefield, to the Island in his water taxi. She was seen a few times near False Bay and then she disappeared. All searching failed to turn up any clues. Sometime later her remains were found by Pete Forbes and Tom Millicheap near Richardson Bay. Positive identity was established by her doctor. It was assumed that she had somehow fallen into the water and drowned but if this had occurred at False Bay, it seemed strange that her body had drifted so far.

So the sea claimed its victims and guarded its secrets well.

In the fall of 1964, Compton Domvile's water taxi ran aground in fog on the rocks near French Creek. Then after many years of daring trips across the Gulf in weather which was often of gale force, his power cruiser visible only as a pillar of high flown spray, Compton discontinued his taxi service.

The Islanders were then in dire straights with no regular contact with Vancouver Island or the mainland. Charlie Williams provided some relief as he commuted between his home in Nanaimo and his interests on Lasqueti and a few others made trips in their own boats. As well, the occasional freight boat called.

Fortunately, such haphazard service did not last long. In October 1964, the Davis Shipping Company, subsidized by the Government, placed the CAPTAIN VANCOUVER on a daily run between French Creek and Lasqueti. Captain Davis ran this ferry for a short while before Ian COLE took over the job. Eventually, Ian bought the CAPTAIN VANCOUVER under the name of Western Ferries Limited. This vessel is still in service.

SCOTTY BAY

In the spring of 1950, Laurie and I bought the old Bob Conn property at Scotty Bay and we moved there that fall to begin what was to being our last five years of life on Lasqueti. While there we improved the house, renovated the fences, re-cleared the fields and exulted in the matchless, ever-changing scenery of that beautiful piece of waterfront.

In the sheltered harbour there were always boats riding at anchor - trollers, beachcombers, gillnetters, and even the occasional seiner. The busiest season was the fall when a fish buying scow tied up in front of our house attracted dozens of gillnetters which were operating between Lasqueti and Texada.

We accumulated boats of our own: a fine skiff left from LMR logging days; a dugout canoe picked up drifting; a pretty clinker-built rowboat purchased in Vancouver; a former North Vancouver ferry lifeboat complete with cabin, bunks and single cyclinder Easthope engine; a thirty foot troller, the SWIFTSURE.

The salmon runs in the waters around Lasqueti were very good in several of the years of the late 40's and early 50's. Few Lasqueti residents took advantage of the fishing, however, due mainly to the fact that jobs were so readily available in logging. But the salmon did attract scores of fishermen from throughout the gulf and with them, cash buyers. B.C. Packers regularly had a scow in Rouses Bay; Ed Palliser from Sooke put a scow in False Bay; Tom Gregory in the JOE KAYE and Ed Baird in the BON AIRE packed fish to Nanaimo. While we were living at Scotty Bay during summers, our boys made the most of opportunity and equipped our smaller gas-boat to go fishing commercially. They lived in the boat, cooking on a little gas stove, sleeping on the narrow bunks, and coming home only for necessities. They made their own weights using lead from old batteries, made their own flashers from sheet brass and silver, and made their own hootchy-kootchies from old plastic raincoats. Without gurdies, they used cotton lines and learned how to troll for coho in the shallow water close to the kelp beds. It was good experience and they were able to bring home spending money for the coming year.

While living at Scotty Bay we were able to renew acquaintances with many old friends whose lives revolved around the fishing industry. Among them were Charlie Higgins, Pete and Susan Dubois and their daughter, Eliza, Ruth Walker (nee Boldthen), Owens and Gladys Copley, Archy and Louis Nichols.

One of the new acquaintances we made at Scotty Bay was Charlie GRAHAM who owned the little island across from our house. At the time he was rebuilding an old hulk which was to become the 42 foot SCOTTY BAY, a twin screwed diesel. Doing all the work on the boat himself, he cut small trees for the ribs which had the proper curves grown in them naturally. We heard many stories illustrative of Mr. Graham's character - one of the best being about the time he accidently lost an anchor overboard. Determined to retrieve it but unable to dive deep enough to put a line on it, he used a heavy rock to weigh himself down, submerged to the vicinity of the anchor, dropped the rock, grasped the anchor and walked ashore with it!

Also living on Mr. Graham's island when we moved to Scotty Bay were Fred and Mary BENNET and Mary's brother, Dick SMITH. Dick was a veteran of seven years in the Canadian Navy and it was during that time that he met his Irish fiance, Eileen Brown. After their marriage in 1952, they lived in one of Charlie Graham's cottages.

Fred and Dick had formed a company which operated a store on Lindberg Island catering to the boat traffic in Scotty Bay. They owned a landing barge with which they had done beachcombing around the Island; now in

1950, they were towing logs into Scotty Bay, with Charlie Graham doing the booming for them. Soon, they owned two landing barges, the S & B I and the S & B II with which they did various freighting and towing jobs. In 1951 they began towing logs from small logging camps on Texada to be boomed in Scotty Bay. Laurie went to work for them, doing the booming and assisting in the towing when they were bringing the bag booms across. It was hard work and the hours were controlled by the tides, but it was very lucrative.

It was not long, however, before the store in Scotty Bay was abandoned with Fred and Mary taking over the False Bay Traders store from Charlie William, while Dick took over the towing business in Scotty Bay. Fred and Mary modernized the store in False Bay and ran it until 1954 when it was returned to Charlie Williams who then sold it to Lance and Lucille Johnson.

We sold the Bennets a small fraction of the northwest corner of our property and they built themselves a house overlooking the bay. As well, we sold another small parcel of land to Molly Graham, on which her father built her a comfortable sea-side cottage. It was in this cottage that she and Tommy Millicheap lived after they were married in 1953.

Life in Scotty Bay was always interesting and satisfying for all of us, but there were two near tragedies, both involving the Bennett's two small boys. The first occurred when Michael fell into the water from the walkway to their float. He was spotted in the nick of time and only the life-saving knowledge of his father enabled him to be resuscitated. An Air-Sea Rescue plane came in to complete the job. Later, David fell on the rocks and cut his head, requiring 21 stitches in the Powell River Hospital.

Of course such unfortunate incidents were greatly outnumbered by the lighter moments as exemplified by a story told by Dick Smith. He had taken freight around to Godkins on Weldon's shore and as he stood on the barge bidding them farewell, he stepped back a bit too far and fell into the water. Everyone knew him to be an expert swimmer (his last year in the Navy had been spent as swimming instructor) so when he surfaced there was much laughter and ribbing. But Dick had the last laugh. He clambered back onto the barge, stood up dripping wet and patted his pocket. "You won't think it so funny when you remember that the mail you just gave me is right here," he told them.

And we made other new friends while living in Scotty Bay. In 1950 we met the Arnolds - Jack, Minnie and daughters, Carol and Jill. They purchased a piece of land bordering Mud Bay within False Bay where they built a summer home. And there were the DOMVILES - Compton and Jane and their children, Barry, Serena and Juliet. Their home was high on a bluff overlooking False Bay. Compton buzzed about on a motor cycle when not piloting his water-taxi, the JEHU out to sea. Another new friend who travelled by motorcycle was Bert Carter. He taught our girls to play the piano and interested our children in the caves at Spring Bay.

There was a reawakened interest in the Spring Bay caves at this time. There were several expeditions of exploration including one by the school children. These caves were known by the early settlers. Jimmie Riddel had seen them as had Harry Higgins who may have learned of their existence from native people. The caves seem to have been formed by an upheaval of the land. The interior passages are coated with a lime formation as is common in other caverns.

Another family with whom we became acquainted about the same time were the LEHMANNS. They were German immigrants to whom we had sold our place in the Maple Grove district. Their children were Hans, Zeigfried, Gudrun and Ellen. Hans became a good friend of our son, Marvin and in later years frequently visited us in Nanaimo. After his family moved to Sechelt in the 60's he returned to Lasqueti and went to work on the fishing boats. We were deeply saddened to hear of his death by drowning when the seiner COMBAT sank in Queen Charlotte Sound.

SHEEP PROBLEMS

It was while we were living at Scotty Bay that the sheep situation came to an impasse on Lasqueti. Many of the older settlers still owned flocks which they occasionally sheared for the wool or butchered. There was little conflict among these owners as sheep have a habit of sticking to familiar territory and as most of the flocks came from different breeds and thus were distinguishable on sight alone. There were few fences or marking of the sheep; such precautions had not seemed necessary.

It was with alarm that the Islanders heard that new residents were simply catching a few sheep with the intentions of starting their own flock. The police were immediately summoned. When they arrived they called a meeting to clarify the situation. I attended to represent my father who was unable to be there. The key point made was that deer in the wilds have protection but sheep do not. If a sheep was found unmarked and outside a legal fence, it could be taken quite legally. Those at the meeting were shocked. Honour had been the rule for so long that it was accepted as law.

The police offered to help us with a giant round up to mark all of the sheep but few people were interested. The question seemed to quiet down for a while but as the years went by, sheep began to be taken at will. In spite of indignation, nothing was done or could be done. Some settlers attempted to round up their flocks and sell them or keep them penned or marked but many sheep remained in the hills, prey to all.

SEASIDE LIVING

All in all though, living in Scotty Bay was a happy time for us. The road beside our house was the thoroughfare between False Bay and Scotty Bay and there were always people coming and going. They would stop to pass the time of day and would often borrow our skiff to visit Smith and Bennett's store or some boat anchored in the bay. Most were people experienced in the ways of the coast but some of them were most ignorant of the tides and we were occasionally chagrined to see a man standing in the rowboat pushing on a bending oar while the tide fell away from him leaving his weight pushing our carefully painted boat onto the barnacled rocks. One man even dropped the skiff's anchor at low tide, neglecting to take the line ashore. Of course the tide later lifted the anchor. Early the next morning, we were surprised to see Charlie Graham returning our boat; he had found it floating far outside the bay.

There was always the excitement of the barges bringing in the bags of logs from the Texada shore, just beating an impending storm and then the satisfaction when a tug towed out the made-up booms on a quiet day.

There was the thrill of the boys catching spring salmon up to 20 pounds right in front of our house. Throughout the winter, the salmon followed the schools of herring into the bay in the late evening and could be caught on light gear using freshly raked bait. And there were often grey cod behind the herring as well, feeding so voraciously that they could be caught on a bare hook.

We would have liked this to be our permanent home but our children were growing up. In order to continue his education, Byron had to leave the Island in 1952 to live with my sister, Jean Davie in South Burnaby. Marvin and the girls would soon have to leave for the same purpose so we decided to sell our home to Dick Smith and Fred Bennett.

On August 24, 1955, we left Lasqueti. Thus ended nearly forty years on our Island. A backward look to an empty house; the roar of the S & B I, loaded with our belongings; the long familiar shoreline receding; we were taking our children to a largerlife - church, education, opportunity - let the throat tighten as it might.

RETURN

I wonder if the winds still blow at home
And do the gulls hang crying in the sky
And does the tide pursue its endless surge
To lift the quiet waters of the bay...

Near the end of June in 1972, I yielded to a persistent urge to once again visit Lasqueti. A friend and Ted, our youngest son, accompanied me. I especially wished Ted to see the scenes that filled so much of our nostalgic conversation.

On the crests of a waning south-easter we wallowed across the Gulf aboard the CAPTAIN VANCOUVER. Ian Cole was at the wheel. As we entered False Bay, my heart quickened. The rock girt coast remained the same; each little bay, each reef and islet was still familiar. But the wharf was changed; it was smaller and the float extended to the south and front instead of hanging behind. I wondered how it would ride in a Qualicum.

I searched in vain for a familiar face.

Once bundled off the gangplank and up on the approach I met Shirley Mann, the capable taxi lady. I found that she had been filling this much needed role since 1970. She had lived on Jedediah prior to bringing her growing family to Lasqueti in 1966. Shirley transported us to Edith Livingstone's trailer home overlooking Mud Bay. At Edith's warm welcome I felt at home at last.

Edith had been the janitor at the school for the previous sixteen years. She has the honor of having called the Island 'home' longer than any other living individual.

Edith told me about former friends and acquaintances who were still associated with Lasqueti and I was able to see many of them during my visit.

Tom and Molly Millicheap were living in their comfortable home in Maple Bay which they had purchased from Dick and Eileen Smith. They also had a home at Errington to which Molly and the children, Judy, Joan, Jimmie and John, commuted so that the children could carry on their education. Tom and Molly still owned the old Millicheap farm beside the lake - their future retirement home.

Molly's father, Charlie Graham was on his island and making a game comeback from a stroke suffered some years before. His mind was keen and he was working as ever despite having to favour a 'gamey' leg. His means of transportation on land was most original - a three wheeled, gas powered vehicle which his daughter Marg's husband, Johnny Beale, had constructed for him. With it he negotiates the tidal flats and then the gravel road on his visits to the Post Office at False Bay. At anchor in Scotty Bay was the WASCO, a sailboat he had built.

Eric and Ruby Nichols with their son, Christopher, owned the old Louis Page property and had built a home near the Main Road. Eric had been road foreman since the death of his father in the late Fifties.

Edgar and Betty Darwin were at their home in Boat Cove. Betty was waging her battle with arthritis while Ed was still driving the school bus.

Jack and Minnie Arnold were preparing for retirement to their summer home in False Bay. Minnie's landscaped rockeries were bright with flowers.

Since 1965, Cedric Hawkshaw had been renovating and restoring the family ranch. He was living in the picturesque log cabin while working on the old log house. That year, 1972, he brought Ellen Beauchamp, then the frailest of old ladies, to lay a flower on Sally Parry's grave. It would be the last time for Ellen to make the trip.

I visited Johnny Osland at his homestead. His sheep grazed peacefully nearby, while in his yard a sailboat of some size was being built. John's eyes glinted with mischief as he told me tales of recent Island happenings. I discovered that along with his many contributions to community life, he had taken on the serious responsibility of caring for the cemetery, marking the graves and conducting the funerals.

I found Rosa Shumach sitting in her home, a tired old lady. She could no longer care for her once beautiful garden, the flowers were running wild, the shrubs and trees unpruned. Friends frequently looked in on her to make sure that her wants were supplied. She was to die in 1974.

I was brought up to date concerning other residents I had known. The Roberts who once kept the Sisters Lighthouse had made Lasqueti their home since 1953. Marg Harrison had remained on the Island after her husband Tom's death and Ness Forbes was spending long periods there. Pete and Pat Forbes had kept their family home in False Bay, but Fred and Evalyn Livingstone and the Warners had left Lasqueti to move to Parksville. It was interesting to find that Laurence Fisher had returned from school in England and was now the latest owner of the Pemberton family estate.

I passed the cemetery*(17) and thought of the days when Albert Cook and Charlie Williams had first donated the land to the community. Now both men lay buried there. Albert's funeral had been on Lasqueti in 1951 while Charlie had been brought home to rest in 1970 after a funeral in Nanaimo which was conducted by Canon Alan Greene just before his own death in 1972.

Charlie Williams had spent a lifetime on Lasqueti. He had come as a penniless young man and had left as a man of considerable wealth. In his long years as school trustee, Justice of the Peace and Coroner he had been in a position of influence which he filled with dignity. After his funeral, many old timers accompanied the casket aboard the ferry on the trip to Lasqueti. The vessel had been chartered for the day by his widow, Annie.

My mind flew to others now laid to rest. Many of them had gone since we left Lasqueti: Mabel Kurtzhals (wife of Rudolph), Alex Kurtzhals and Mabel, his wife; Jack Rutherglen; T.A. Millicheap, who had held the position of Road Foreman for so many years; Kate Livingstone, who in her old age had visited my home in Scotty Bay to admire my flower garden with all its bits and snips from other Island gardens; Dan and Margaret Lenfesty; Charlie and Nellie Bearcroft; Carl and Florrie Nichols; Louise Cook; my parents; Della Williams. Most of them had spent the better part of their lives facing bad times and good, taking an active part in making a sturdy community.

I found the little Anglican Church in seeming good repair, but the path was moss grown and the door secured by a rusty wire. A step inside revealed the candlesticks to be polished and the picture of the Good Shepherd still hanging on the wall. But the organ showed no sign of recent use and the Bible lay open with damp curled leaves. Perhaps in time I thought, a people will come again who will be as glad to enter as the first settlers would have been.

From the church I walked up to the old False Bay School. The moss rose which had been there for more than forty years still bloomed at the back door. I looked within - how old, how old - how steeped in memories! After several new foundations and much paint through the years, the building seemed finally to be sinking into ruin.

RUSTLING

Wherever I went there was nostalgia, but with whomever I spoke it was not the past that dominated our conversations. The Island was being rocked by the daily developments of a rustling trial!

It seemed that in 1967, Ted Siderius and George Orton had moved with their famlies into the old buildings on the Pete Fletcher place on Tuckers Road. From this nucleus a commune developed which attracted, during a period of more than three years, as many as 80 people at a time including several young Islanders. Great quantities of food were shipped in to feed this multitude and it seemed to be more than suspicion that Lasqueti's fat lambs and sleek cattle had at times supplemented their diet.

One of the activities of the group was the construction of a large stone house. When it was completed, the place was sold for a tidy sum and the main body of the commune left the Island in 1971, apparently moving to Calvert Island. In 1972 Siderius and Orton were charged with rustling which was alleged to have occurred during their stay on Lasqueti.

Many were the startling ramifications laid bare during the 13 day trial which was going on in Qualicum Beach even as I was visiting the shocked and dismayed residents of Lasqueti. And despite evidence which the Islanders felt was irrefutable, the two men were not convicted. It seemed that the judge could find loopholes in the arguments of the prosecution despite the testimony of a self-admitted accomplice. A major problem was that the remains of the alleged 35 or 40 animals stolen could not be identified as to ownership. Another problem was "the danger of convicting on the uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice." (i)

The Islanders were upset at what they felt was a lack of justice. One resident who had lost cattle and was thus present at the trial, carefully kept his eyes averted from the two defendants. He had never actually met them and he did not want to, lest at some future date he might be tempted to carry out the sentence he felt they deserved.

The great stone house remains a landmark on Lasqueti. It is truly a massive and impressive building with its upper structure of thick split fir shakes and its deep narrow windows which stare sightlessly over the treetops. In the dark interior, the largest room has a fireplace which seems to have been built for light or cooking rather than heat. Above the unlit staircase, the upper apartments are lined with the same type of split shakes as the upper exterior with each suite containing plumbing and one unlit room. And it is said that if one presses the right panel, there are secret passages out under the eves.

In the surrounding area there is little trace of the makeshift shelters which housed those who worked on the project. The forest is already encroaching on the clearing; brush is threatening the young orchard which is just coming into bearing. Only those who were involved could even attempt to explain the strange power which held the group's loyalty and inspired them to build a great stone house in which they never lived.

A NEW HALL?

The cattle rustling trial and the related rumours and facts about the commune at the great stone house were the topics uppermost in everyone's conversation during my 1972 visit, but there was yet another item being discussed which was to hit the front pages of the newspapers. Edith Livingstone told me about the proposed construction of a new community hall. I caught a glimpse of its foundations on the Forty Acres of the old Agricultural Association as we sped by in a car. There were some newly peeled logs and once more the brush had been cleared from the building site. When I asked the Islanders how the project was going I was told that a Government L.I.P. grant had been paying wages but those involved had run out of funds for materials. It was said that they were applying for a new grant to carry on the work. Sixty private citizens had signed petitions on behalf of the project which had been set up to provide winter work for 15 people. Considerable volunteer work had been pledged. To be paid at all for any work on a community project was a new thought for me and I marvelled at how the times had changed. However, I was soon to discover that things were not as good as they appeared.

(i) Parksville Progress. July 26, 1972. Pg. 1

Just three months after my visit to Lasqueti, the Parksville-Qualicum Beach Progress began a series of exclusive articles on the alleged mis-use of the L.I.P. grant of $25,566. In the issue of October 25, it was pointed out that in the beginning the project was well intentioned with many Islanders working long hours to get the job underway. Now the paper published accusations of illegal immigrants receiving wages, of some working only long enough to get unemployment insurance, of short hours and long coffee breaks, and of persons working under names other than their own. It was also reported that Government agents had seized the books. (i)

Later issues of the paper contained further news and statements by Government officials. As well there were letters from Lasqueti both supporting and refuting the articles. However, the investigations of the Unemployment Insurance Commission established that fraud was indeed taking place; 26 Island residents were disqualified from unemployment benefits and the paper was thanked for bringing the matter to the attention of the Commission. (ii)

Thus Government support for the hall came to an end, and among the Islanders there was disgust and dejection. A letter to the Parksville-Qualicum Beach Progress exemplifies the strong feelings. Written by Agnes Forbes, it reads in part,

> Your recent printed articles and letters to the Editor on the Lasqueti Project and the Lasqueti mess in general, have resulted in a series of sad, heated, and self condemnatory talks among a few of our older residents of Lasqueti and have helped considerably to bring into sharper focus our own perplexed thoughts.
>
> We began to ask questions of ourselves.
>
> Just how did we rate as responsible men and women; as citizens of Canada and as guardians of our children? What would be the results of our passiveness and permissiveness on our children and our community?
>
> We discussed old times; times when we didn't talk so much, but were more prone to do things...
>
> From a community more concerned with doing rather than talking, we have developed into a community of mere listeners
>
> Our new young people on the whole seem to have a fair education and they are only too willing to clue one in on any subject that may come up...
>
> We have been a long suffering patient crew and our patience is wearing thin.
>
> We have discovered that despite all the high flown rhetoric and chaotic flights of fancy and pseudo idealism that we have been deluged by, some of your young people are most inconsistent.
>
> They have prated and orated about the natural beauties of the island; they have held lengthy discussions and discourses on the ecology of the land and then proceeded to scatter their little bits of garbage hither and yon and use the little beach at False Bay as a public urinal...
>
> But as long as Freedom is confused with license, there is not much hope; when a ship breaks free from its moorings, it has freedom too - freedom to destroy itself.
>
> We must admit some of these young people have courage of a kind; some of them have dared to flout parental pressures, decent social and moral restrictions and, in some cases, the laws of Canada...
>
> It's a far cry from the old days when a man's word was his bond and our cattle were safe and we didn't lock our doors and above all our children were safe, safe from a cheap drug-enervating, soul destroying sub-culture... (iii)

No, the Lasqueti that I visited in 1972 did not seem to be the same community as the one in which I had spent forty years of my life. I detected a change in the attitudes of many of the immigrants and young people. Many were drifters, looking only for an easy uncomplicated life. Others contributed more to the community but wished no change; they expressed a desire for the Island to remain as it was without new development.

Too, I found the prices being paid for waterfront property to be truly unbelievable. And often the most desirable properties were being sold to wealthy individuals who lived elsewhere.

And throughout the Island I noted the abandoned old houses, many flattened by snow and with untended gardens and fields. Alders were growing up on the land that had cost so much labour to wrest from the forest. And growing up as well were the logging slashes - to such extent in some places that the old dirt roads were like tunnels through the greenery.

But also on Lasqueti I found things which had not changed. There are those residents who are as intent as any before them to make a good life in a progressing community. Some raise cattle; other fish; some pick salal or work on the ferry; they have the desire and ability to be self-supporting. There are well attended public meetings where common problems are discussed - the need for a garbage dump, volunteer labour for the community hall.

And as long as Lasqueti is an Island, the truly changeless thing will be the encompassing sea and its forcing of common interests upon a community.

(i) Parksville-Qualicum Beach Progress. October 25, 1972 Pg. 1

(ii) Parksville-Qualicum Beach Progress. November 15, 1972 Pg. 1

(iii) Parksville-Qualicum Beach Progress. November 22, 1972 Pg. 2

From a radio news report, 1972:

There's a terrific storm in the Gulf tonight ... a full gale and rough... all ferries are tied to their moorings, including the CAPTAIN VANCOUVER which runs between French Creek and Lasqueti Island.

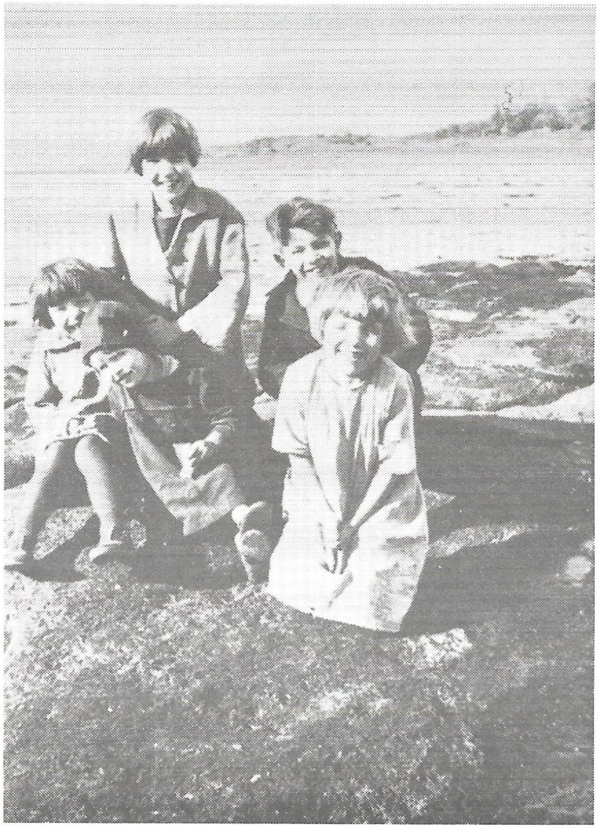
No pains have been spared to make the contents of this book accurate. Nevertheless errors are humanly possible – if any are found, for these I apologise.

(signed author)

E.M.

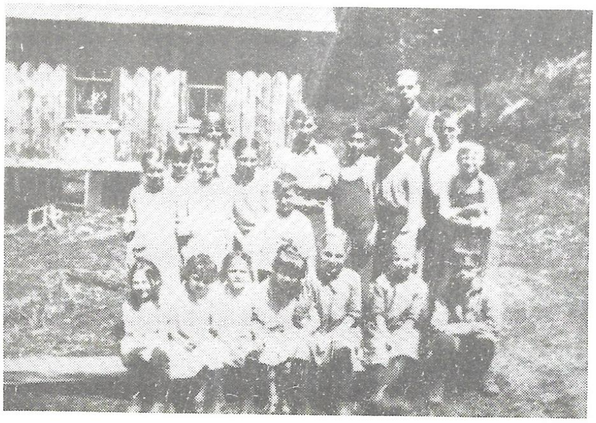
Charles Talbot Higgins with bride, Hazel Goodale

Front row: Ruby Higgins, Ellen Copley
Second row: Richard Higgins, Lorne Higgins, Elsie and Joseph Copley
Third row: Ruth Higgins, Beatrice Copley, Ruth Boldthen

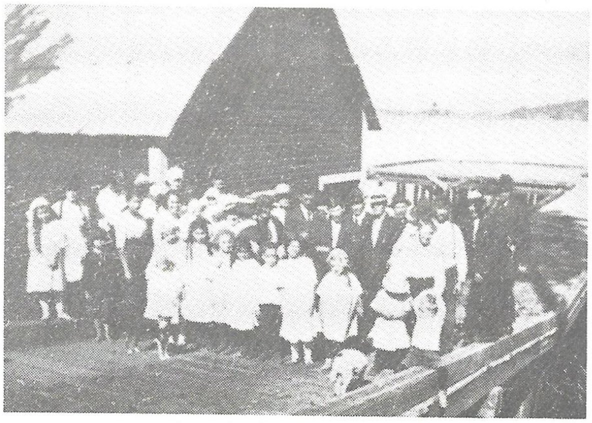


Young Copleys at Sunset View: from left, Jean, Lavonne, Elsie, Joseph, Ellen

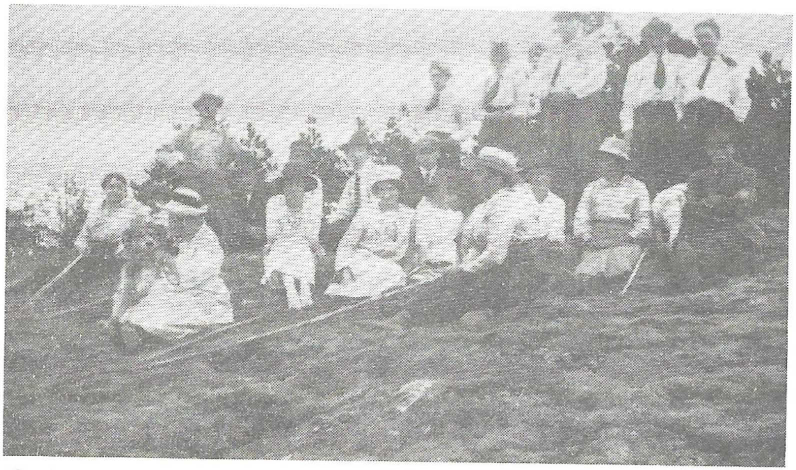
Merian and Hattie Copley - Trucking days



Maple Grove School 1924: Front row, from left: Ruth Boldthen, Violet Norrish, Bertha Cook, Edith Norrish, Lucretia Copley, Geneva Copley, Fred Cook
Second row: Beatrice Copley, Dorothy Petingel, Doris Reitz, Elda Copley, Jack White, Maurice Reitz, George Curran, Art White, Alfred Copley, Frank White
Teacher (standing behind), Florence Eagel and Rev. George C. F. Pringle

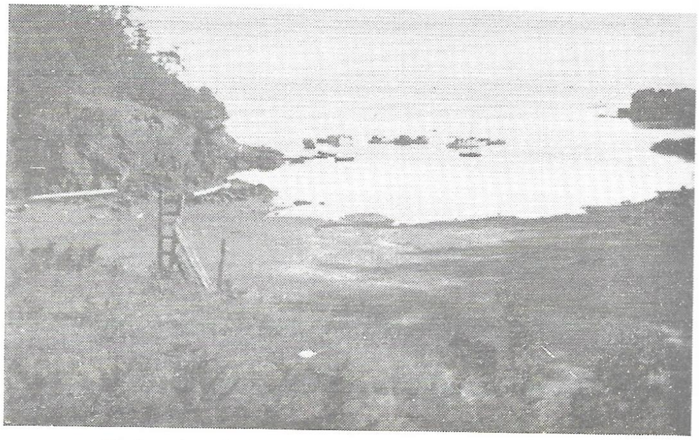


Co-operative building at Tucker Bay Wharf. Group attending Fall Fair, Sept. 10, 1921. Clearly visible in front are: Beatrice Copley, Edwina Hopkins, Agnes Curran, Author, Lilian Pappenburger, Francis Lenfesty Juanita Pappenburger, Fred Cook, Edith Livingstone, Lucretia Copely, Don Lenfesty

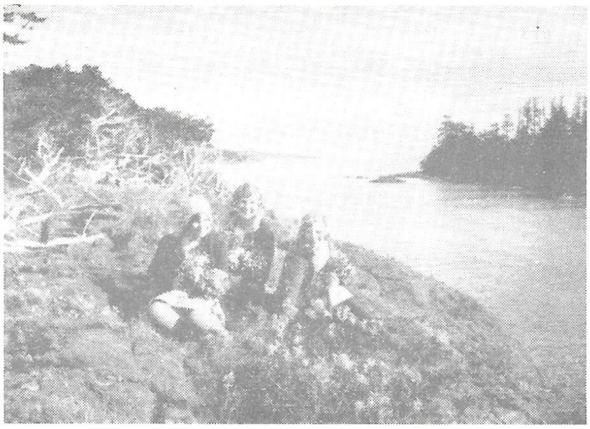


Picnic atop Mt. Trematon about 1922. Sitting from left: Mrs. Larson Tom Curran?, Mrs. R. Kurtzhals with Gyp, Otto Kurtzhals, Dawson and Alice Norrish, Rudolph Kurtzhals, Kate Livingstone, Archie Douglas, Ida Lenfesty, Agnes Curran, Emma Douglas, Lizzie Reitz, Lilly Riddle, Jack Mason. Standing: Archie Millicheap, Georgie Douglas, Harry Livingstone, Fred Livingstone, Don Lenfesty

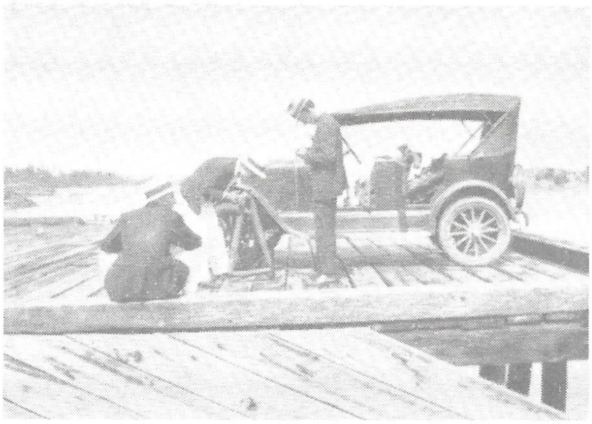
Uncle Jack Mason's boat in False Bay 1922. Ed and Margaret Mason, facing.



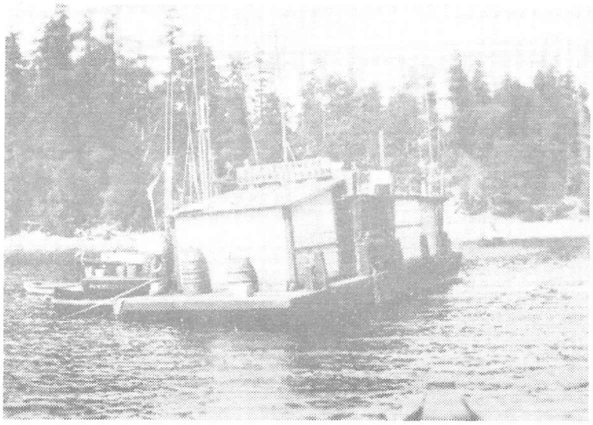
Richardson's Bay — Occasion picnic July 1, 1919



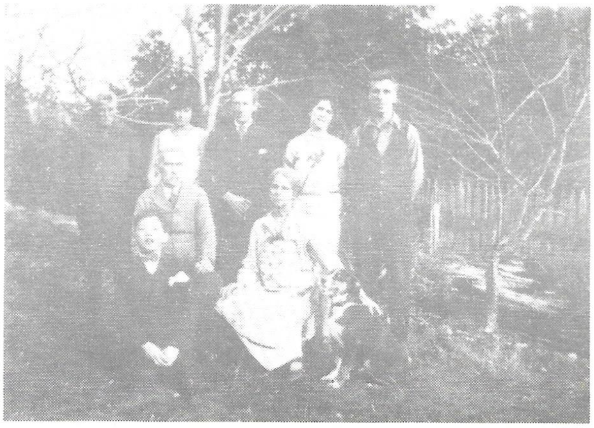
Looking from Finerty Islets towards Olson's Point
Beatrice, Lucretia and Geneva Copley 1930



Tucker Bay Wharf, 1930. Mending a blowout.
David Livingstone, Owens Copley, Laurie Mason

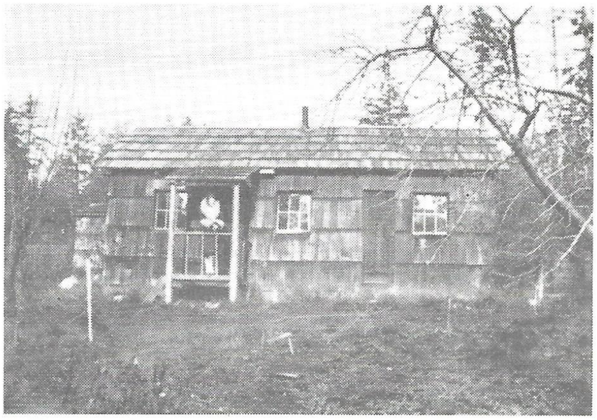


Fish buying scow in False Bay, 1930

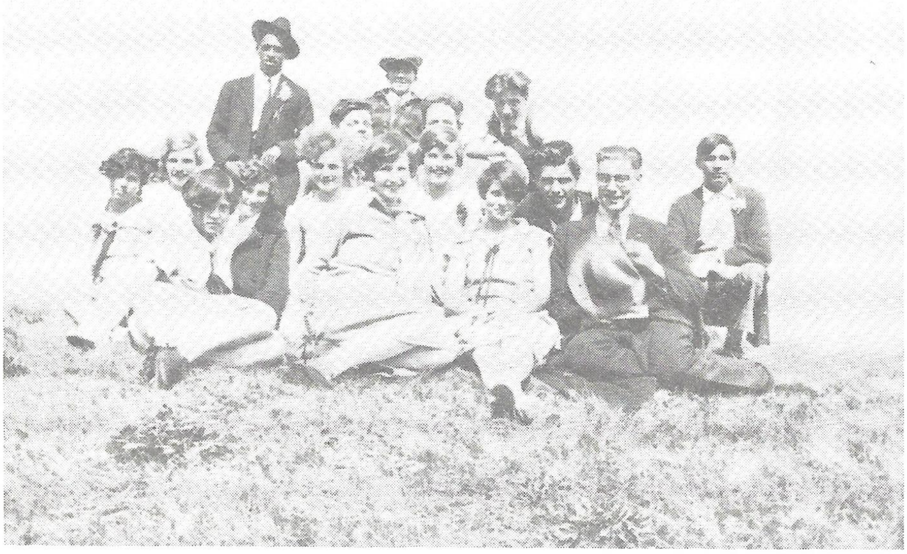


Alan Kurtzhals in front of Ed Mason, Margaret Mason, Back row: Jack Mason, Pegge Kurtzhals, Alex and Mabel Kurtzhals, Laurie Mason, 1930

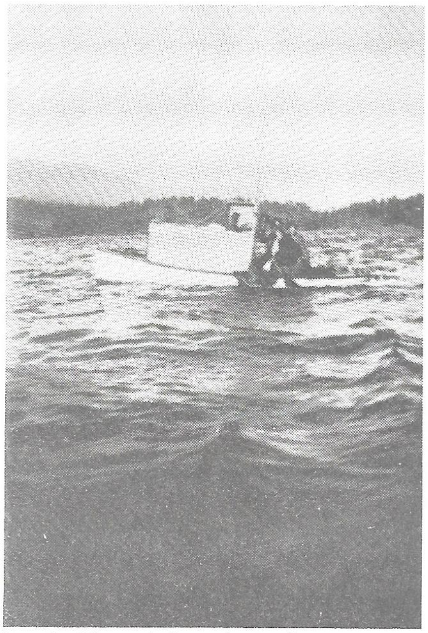
Sudden wind at Marshall's Beach July 1, 1921



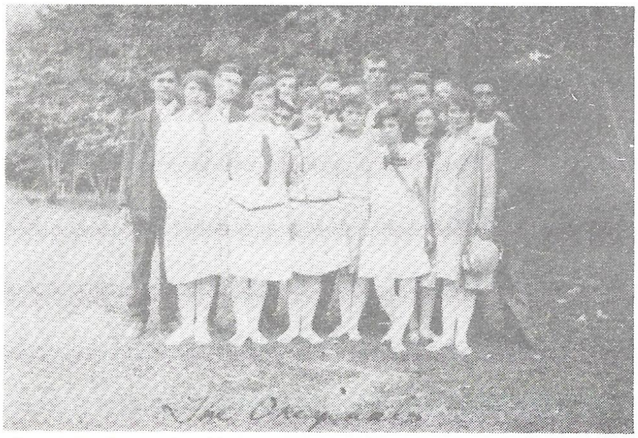
Old Hopkins house, 1930. Beatrice Copley on porch



Good Fellowship Club Picnic. Front row: Doris Hadley, Lucretia Copley, Edith Norrish, Edith Livingstone, Frances Lenfesty, Author, Beatrice Copley, Erma Hadley, Owens Copley, Bob Acton, George Curran. Back: Fred Cook?, Georgie Douglas, Alfred Copley, Billy Holmes, George Lenfesty, David Livingstone.

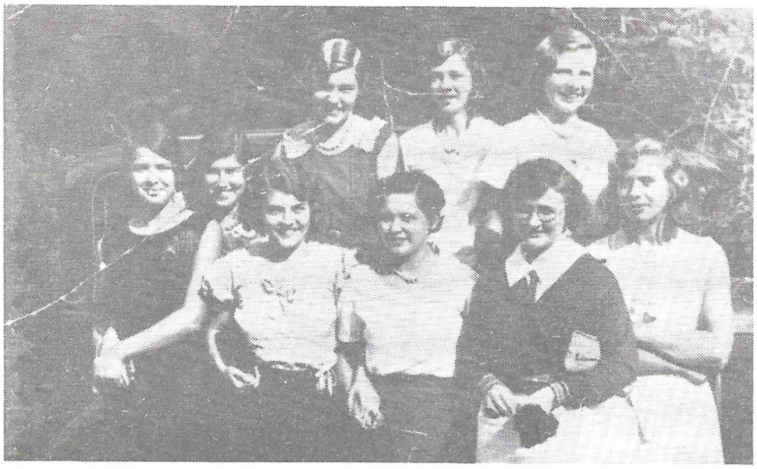


Laurie Mason's boat in Bull Passage 1928.

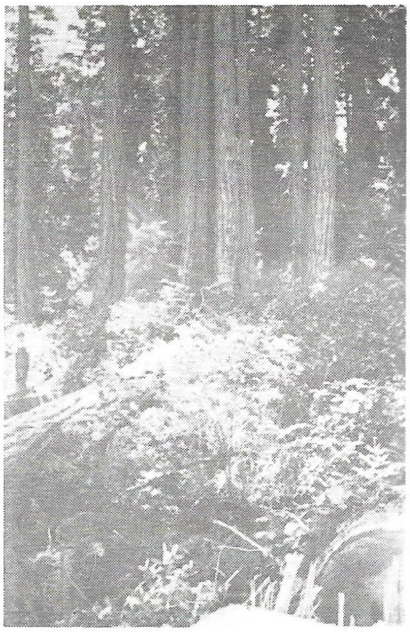


Good Fellowship Club: George Curran, Agnes Curran, Vic. Hill, Author, Harry Livingstone, Maurice Reitz, Beatrice Copley, Jack Venables, Frances Lenfesty, Laurie Mason, Doris Hadley, ?, George Lenfesty, Edith Livingstone, David Livingstone, Erma Hadley, Georgie Douglas.

Good Fellowship Club members on Sangster Cliffs.

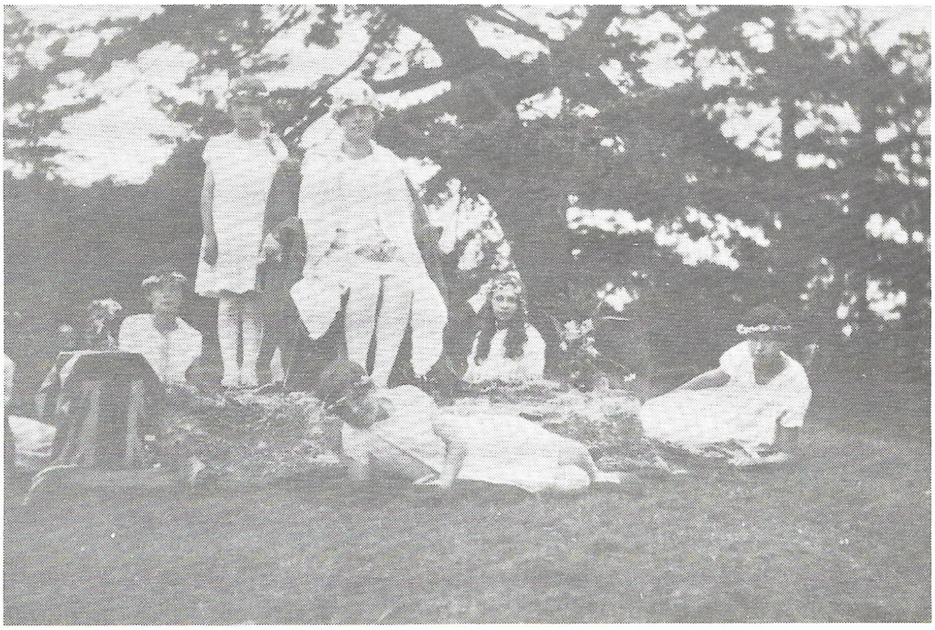


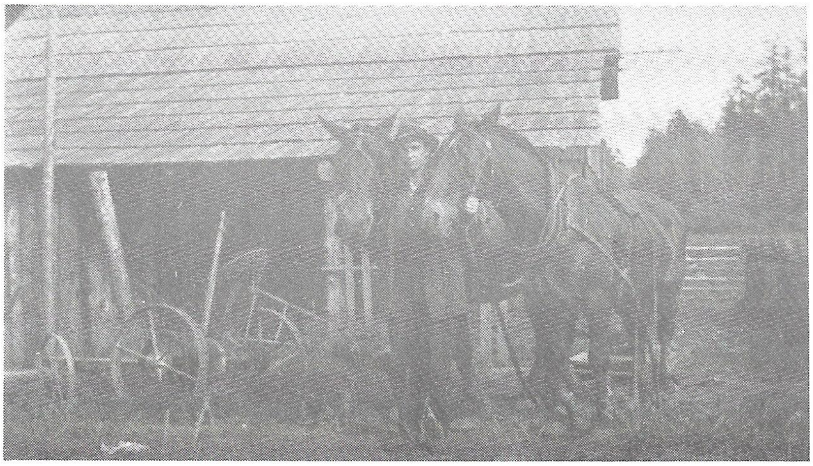
Beauty Contest picture: Front row: Bertha Cook, Pegge Kurtzhals, Beatrice Copley, Juanita Pappenburger, Helen Armstrong, Ruth Higgins. Back row: Lucretia Copley, Ruth Boldthen, Geneva Copley



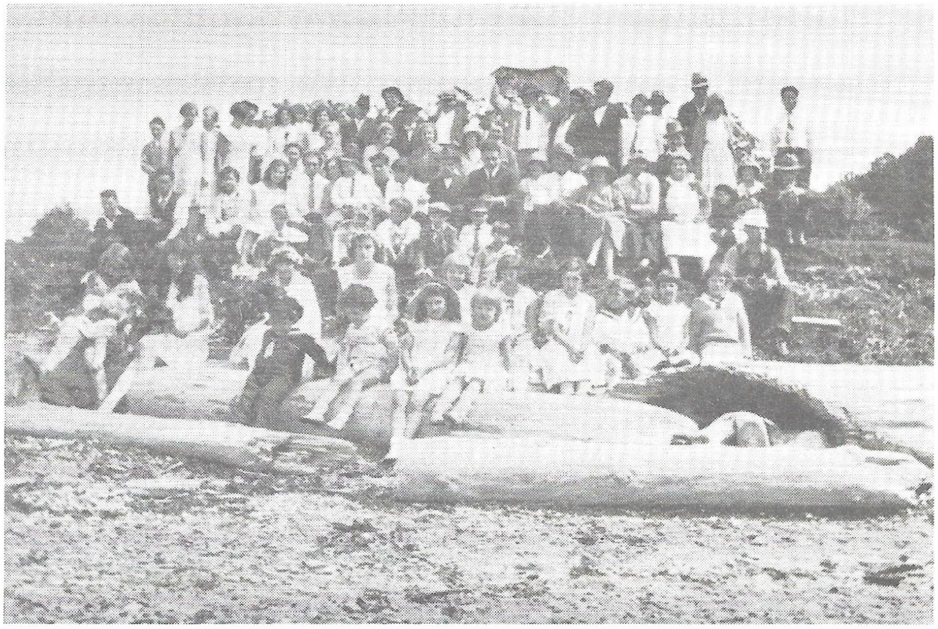
Lasqueti timber

May Queen Celebration
Violet Norrish, Gwen Cook, Edith Norrish, Ruth Boldthen .
Reclining: Bubbles Norrish, and Pegge Kurtzhals.

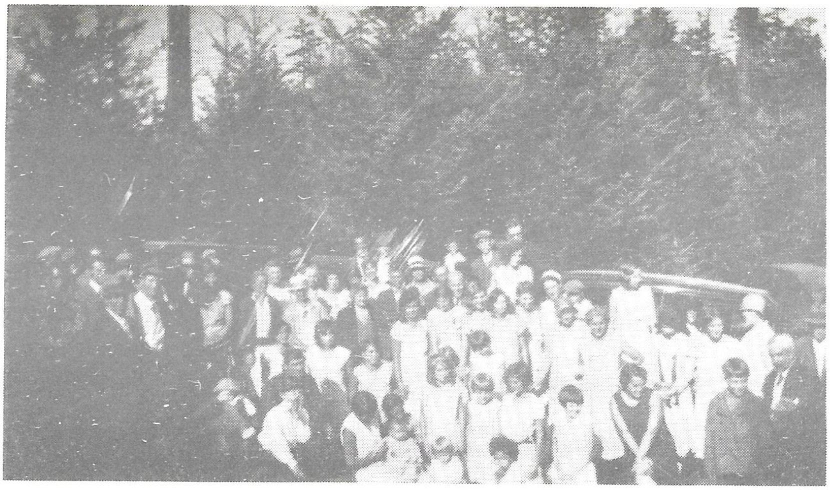




Dawson Norrish with Prince and Barney, old Kurtzhals barn.

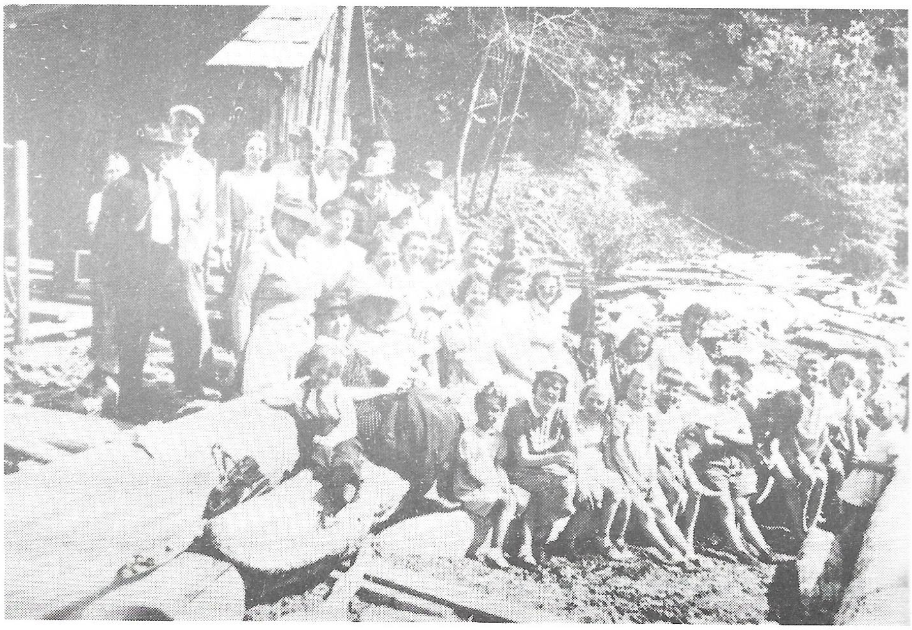


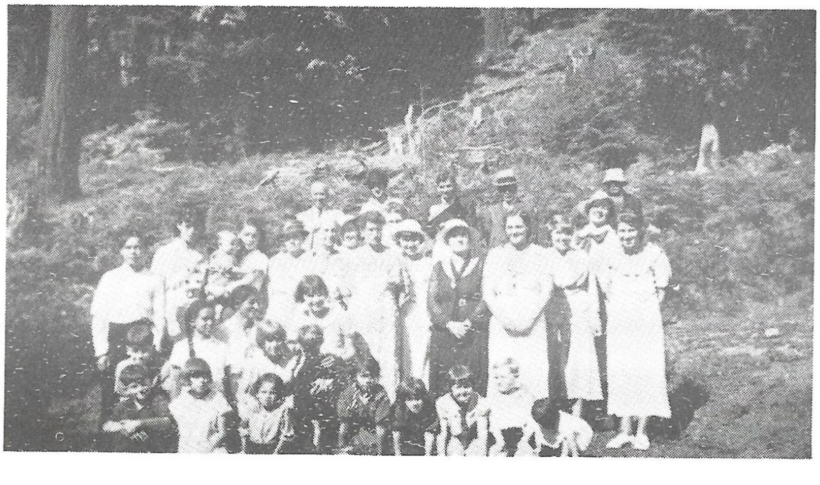
May Queen gathering at Marshall's Beach. Front log: Wilbert Douglas, Tom Millicheap, Jean Oben, Lavonne Copley.
Second Log: Gwen Cook, Ruth Boldthen, Elsie Copley, Violet Norrish, Ellen Copley, Velma Klein, Victor Klein, Jean Copley, Ruby Higgins.



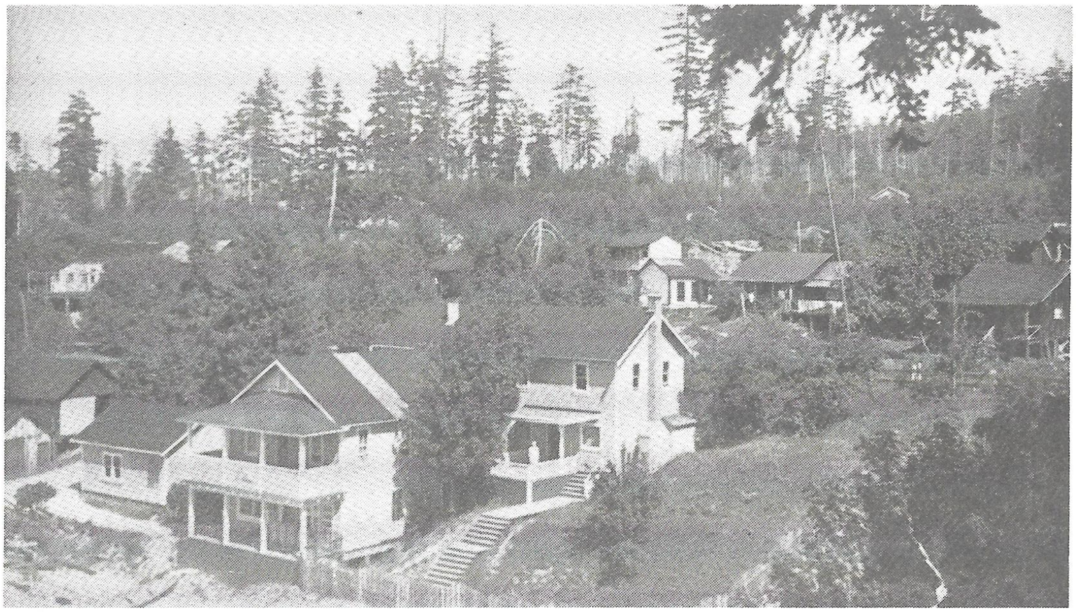
Fall Fair gathering at Tucker Bay about 1931 Front row: Sam Copley held by his father, Fred Copley. Clarence Cook in front of Uncle Albert Cook. Iris held by her mother Agnes Hill, Diane Phillips, Elsie Copley, Louise Cook Joseph Copley and W.B.T. Grant. Prominent in right centre, Velina Lambert, ? Ellen Cook. Further back, left centre, Mrs. R. (Mable) Kurtzhals beside Paul Lambert with bow tie.

Picnic at Richardson's Bay about 1943. Front row: Dorthea Douglas, Ethel Richardson, Bonnie and Phillis Camp, Marvin Mason, ?, ?, Byron Mason, four Whytes? Second row: David Richardson, Nellie Boldthen, Emma Douglas, Florrie Nicols, Evalyn Bearcroft, Lavonne Copley Pat Christie?, Vera Cook, Fred Livingstone Third row: Hattie Copley, Della Williams, Peggie Lawson, Annie Camp, Laura Conn Whyte, Archie Millicheap. Back row: ?, George Douglas, Laurie Mason, Margaret Richardson, Bill Richardson, Bill Lawson, Merian Copley holding Lois Mason, ?, Charles Williams.

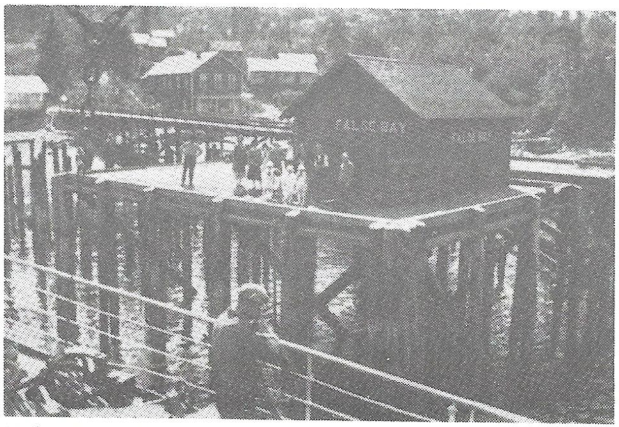




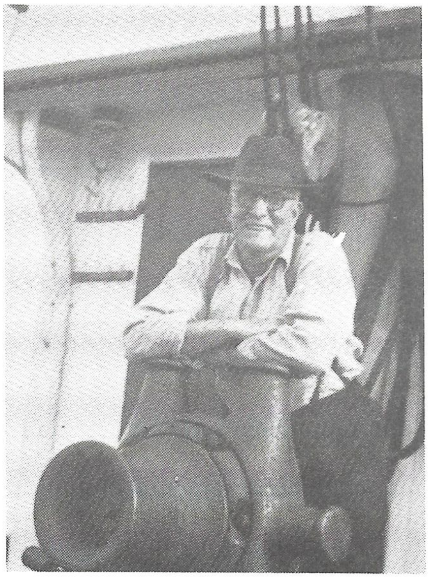
Near Maple Grove School, fairwell party for Benny Carlson 1937. Front row: Jack Norrish, Vera Cook?, Winnie, Gladys and Muriel Douglas?, Shirley Grace and Bob Bryson?, Second row: Wilbert Douglas, Diane and Evadne Phillips, Lavonne and Jean Copley with Byron Mason.
Standing: Manford Cook, Shelagh Bryson, Gwen Cook holding Reid Bryson, Nellie Boldthen, Mrs. Tom White, Beatrice Copley, Grace Reid, Hattie Copley, Elsie Copley and Lucretia, Mrs. Bergman, Alice Norrish, Ellen and Geneva Copley, Beatrice Douglas. Back row: Benny Carlson, Dawson Norrish, Merian Copley, ?, Jack (John) Mason.



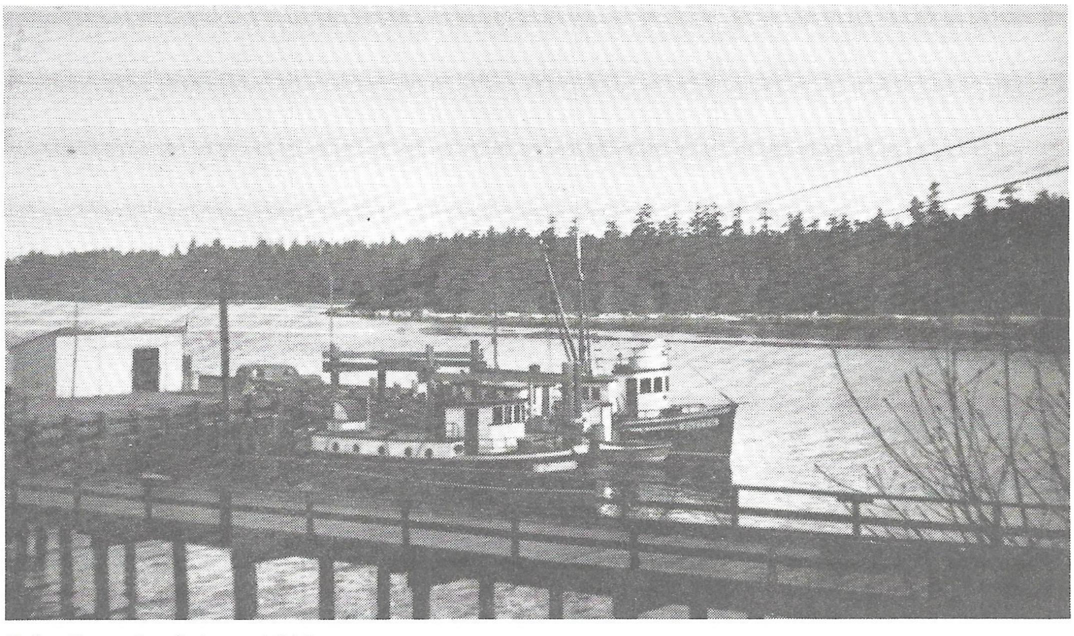
False Bay at its peak of construction. about 1933



False Bay 1928



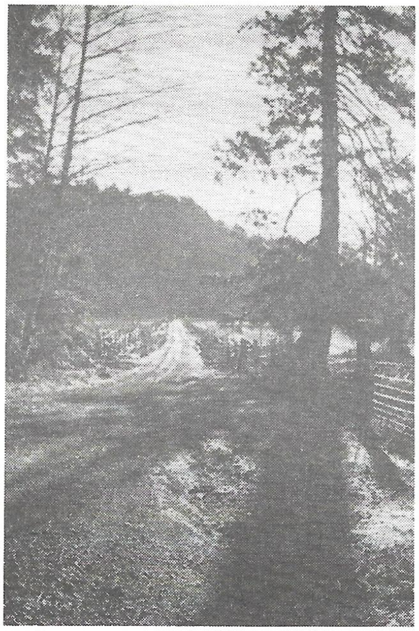
Charlie Williams on one of his boats



False Bay wharf about 1960

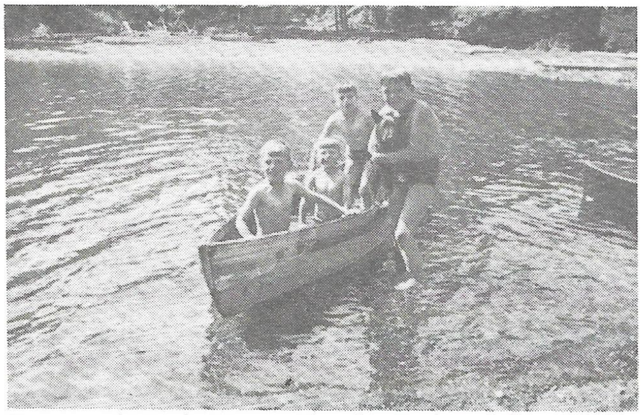
Our first house, 1934

Fred Copley's new car 1930.
Author, Alfred, Fred, Beatrice and Birdie Copley

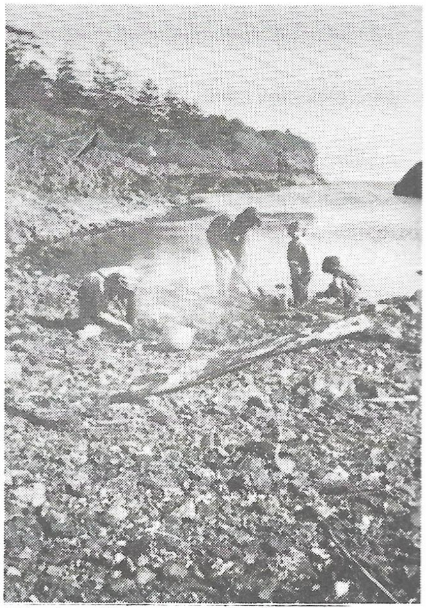


Main road between Kurtzhals
and Norrish property

Roseboom house. Mt. Trematon behind trees
Richardson's Bay About 1940



Byron and Marvin Mason, Douglas Cook and Harry Conn



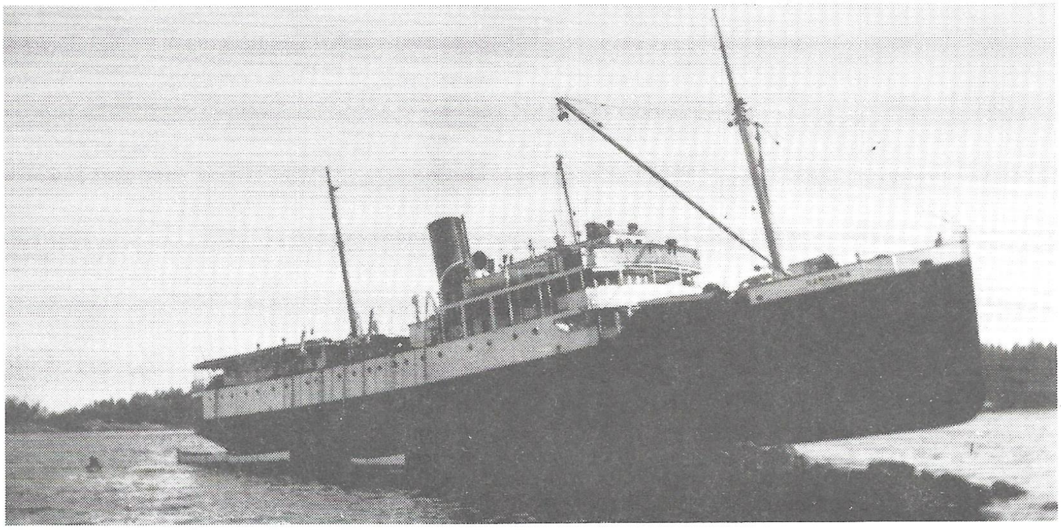
Digging Clams near Squitty Bay
about 1948

S.S. Chelhosin leaving False Bay

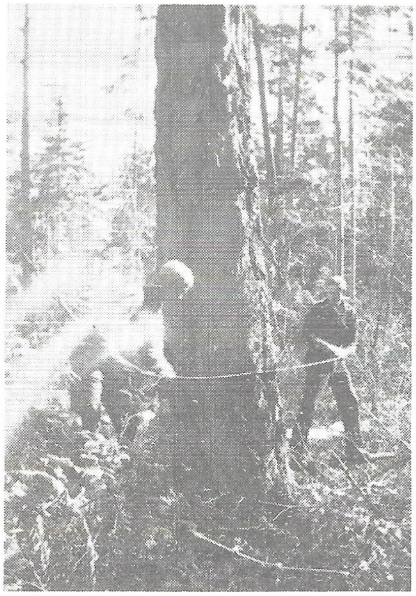
False Bay School 1924

Archy and Agnes Millicheap, Jean and Roy Oben
Children: Tom Millicheap and Jean Oben

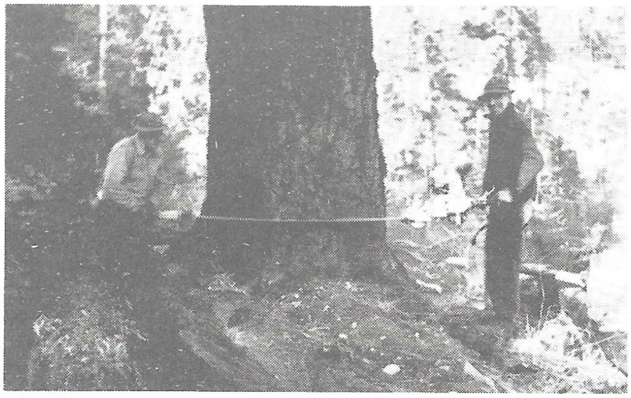
Charles Williams School about 1970



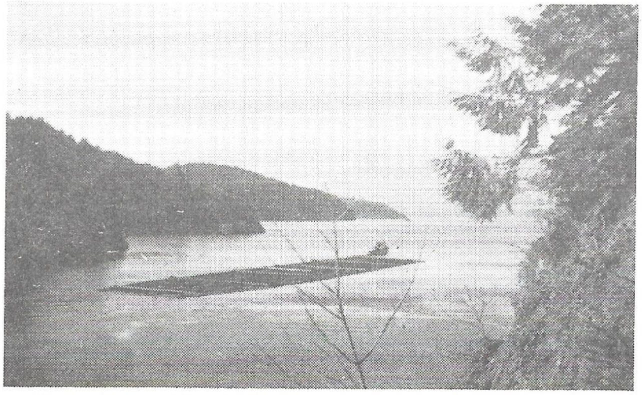
S.S. Cardena on the rocks in False Bay 1948



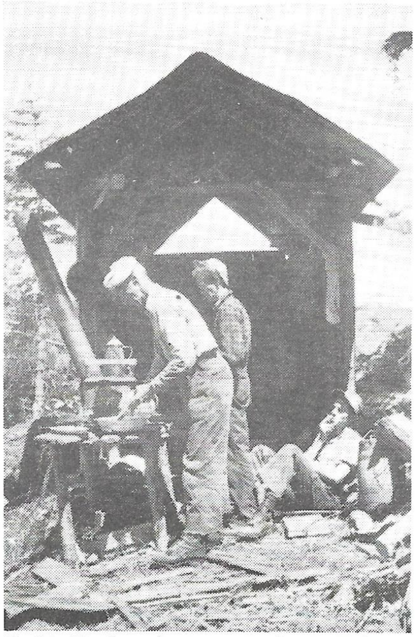
Falling, the old way
Laurie Mason and George Richardson



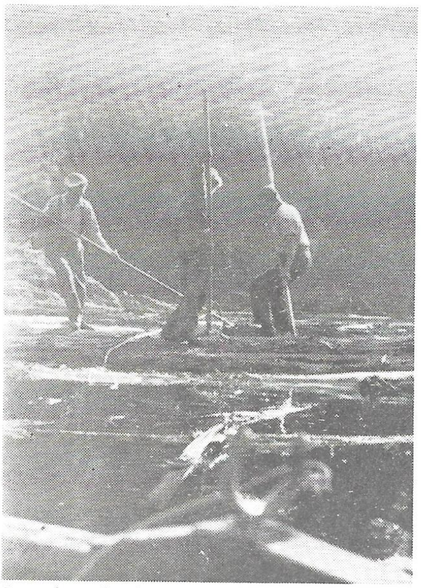
The first power saw. Wm. McPherson and Laurie Mason



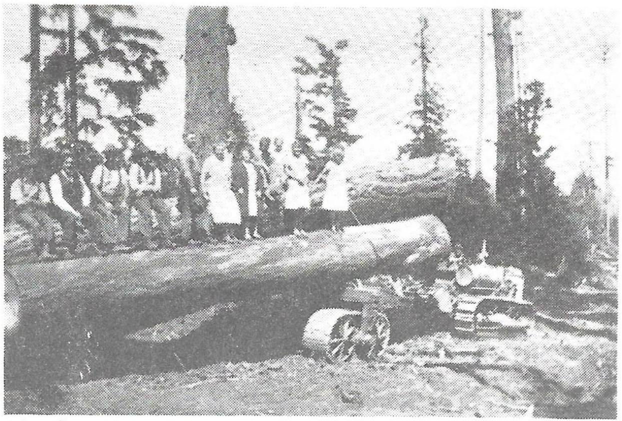
L. M. R. boom No. 10 leaving Anderson's Bay 1949



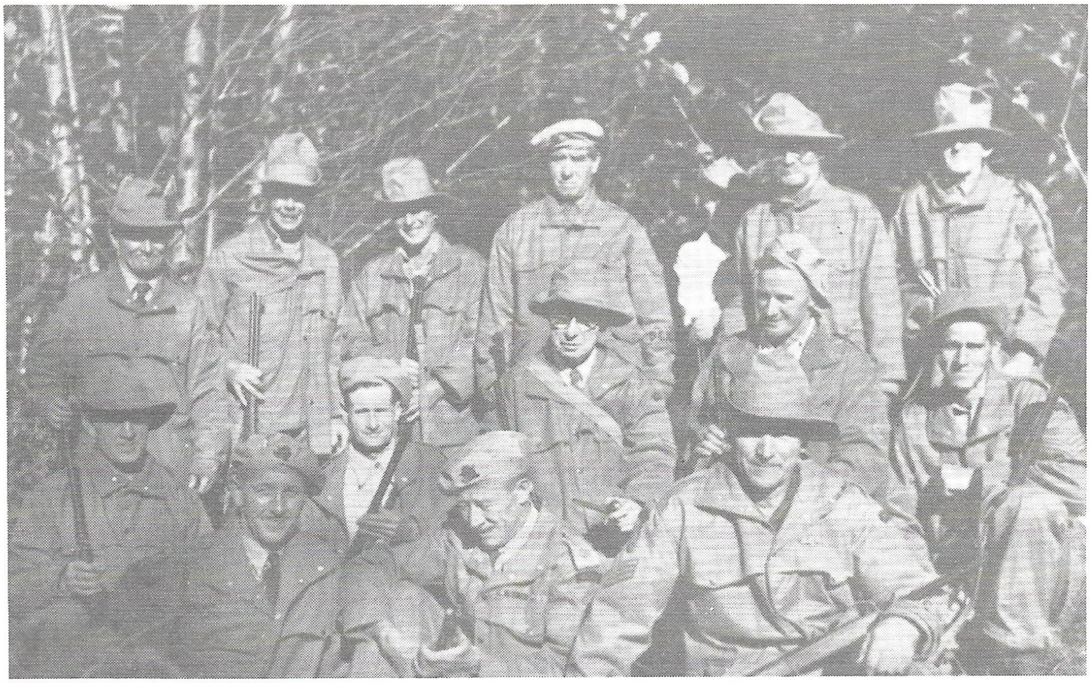
L. M. R. Logging camp-site 1946
Laurie, Roy and George



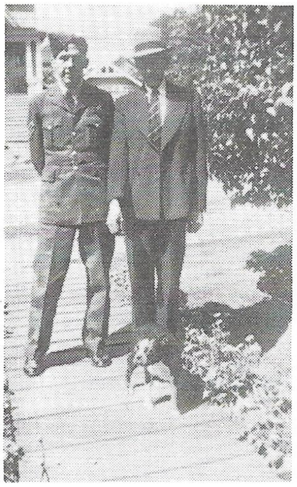
Stowing the boom



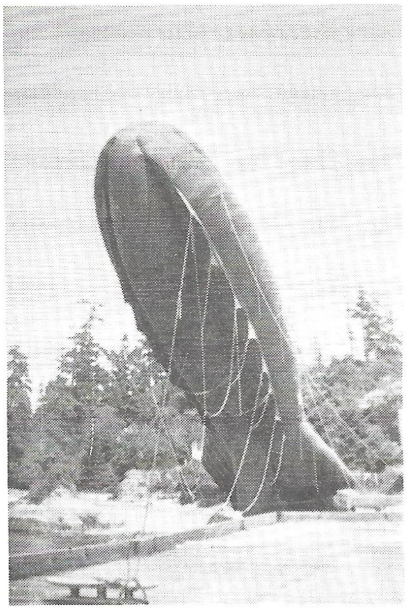
The first "cat"
Ernie Clark and Charlie Klein second and third from left.



The Pacific Coast Rangers about 1944
First row: Percy Crow-swords, Captain Jack Rutherglen, Carl Nichols. Second row: Young, T. A. Millicheap, Tim Davis, Fred Livingstone, George Richardson. Back row: Merian Copley, Charlie Bearcroft, Scotty Lawson, Albert Cook, Happy Camp (without uniform) George Douglas, Barney Beatty.



Alan Kurtzhals in uniform R. C. A. F. standing beside his father.



The U.S.A. weather balloon morred to False Bay wharf.

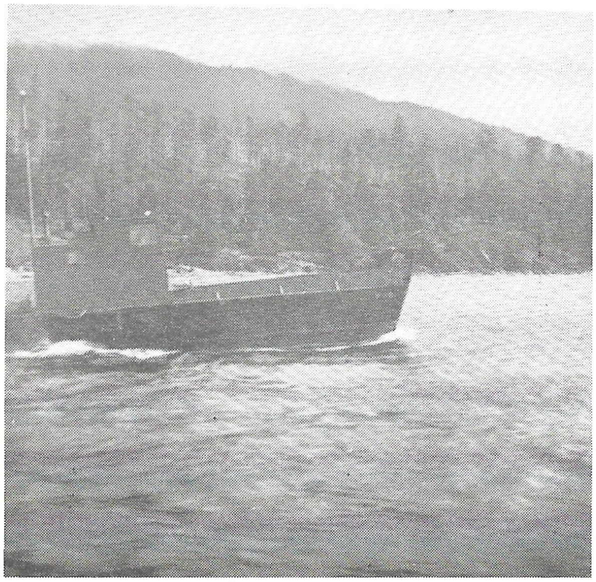
The new bus: Fred Vosper, Doug Cook, Stuart Laing, George Douglas Jr., Anthony Phillips, Ina Pearson, Byron Mason, Pray, Sheila Tucker, Dorothy Douglas, Bonnie Camp, Skip Moody, Marvin Mason, David Richardson, Gary Moody.

Front row: Ina Pearson, Darlene Shirley, Yvonne Camp, Dorothea Douglas. Back row: Roy Whyte, Reid Bryson, Doug Cook, Herb Whyte, Dennis Lawson, Byron Mason, George Douglas Jr., Phillis Camp, Sheila Tucker, Marvin Mason.

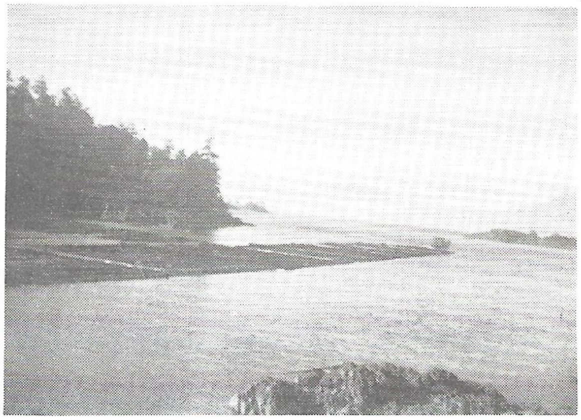
Tucker Bay School. Children from three Lasqueti schools and visitors. Front row: ? Whyte, Gloria Moody, Linette Lenfesty, Lois Mason, Edward Richardson, Helen Livingstone ?, ?, Lenore Lenfesty, etc. Back row: teachers: Eva Tucker, Annie Camp, Andre Nordman

Typical Lasqueti Bridge near Boat Cove

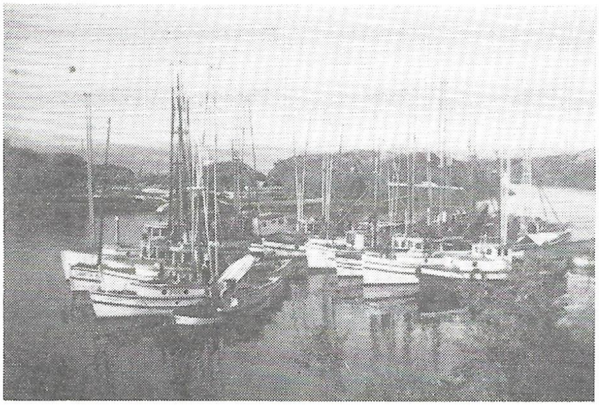
Author with her father, exhibiting the Agricultural and Domestic cups.



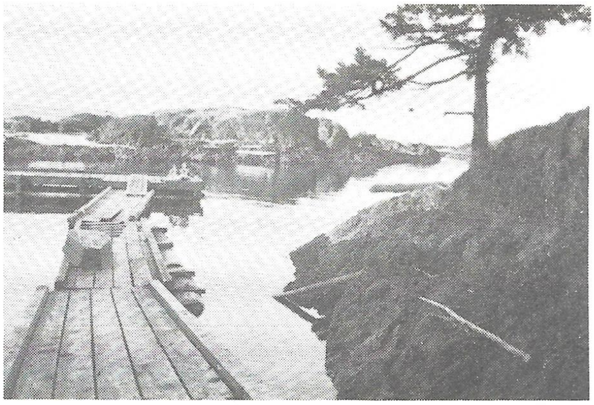
S. and B. 1 1955



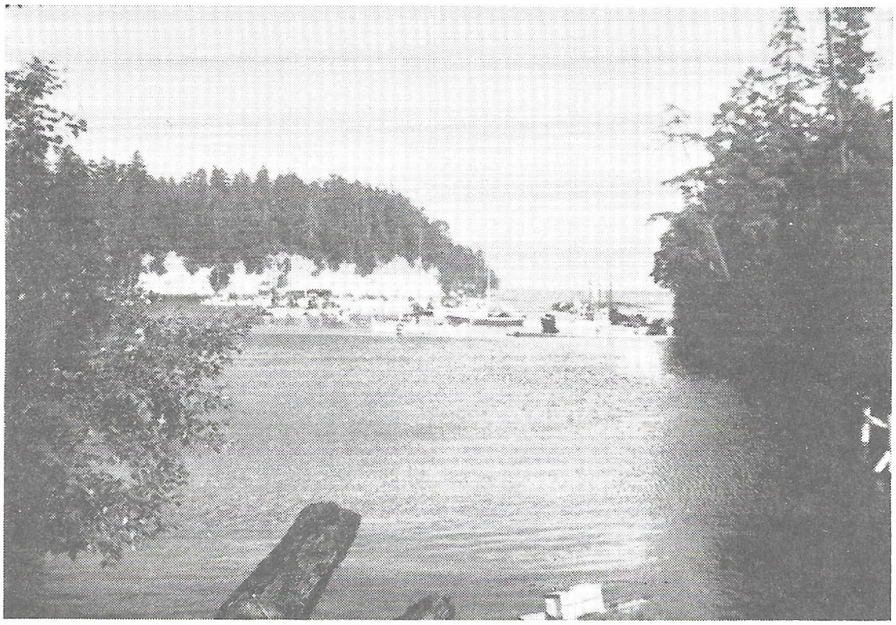
S. and B. 1 towing Alder logging boom from Tucker Bay, 1954



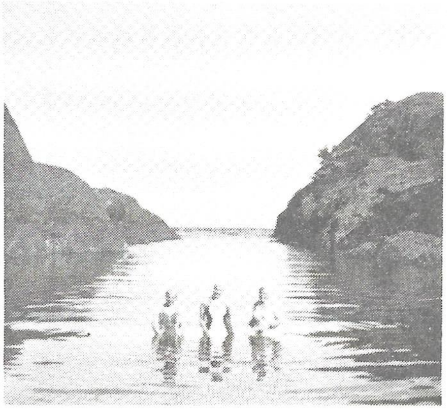
Squitty Bay with trollers 1954



Squitty Bay float 1942

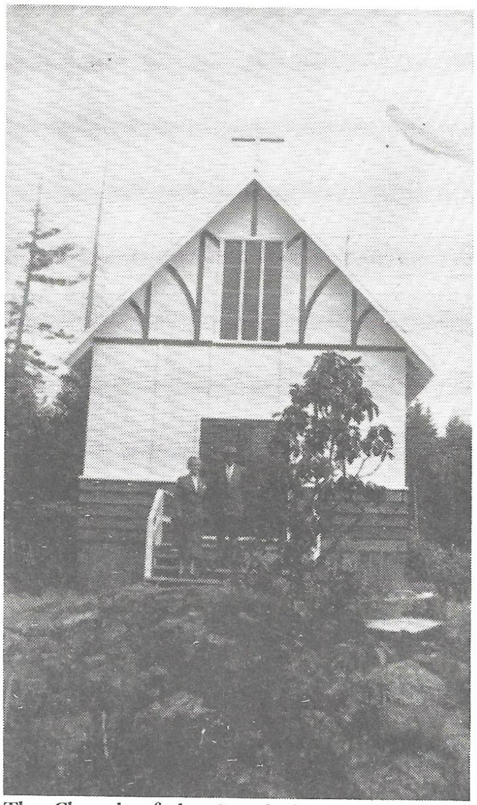


Scotty Bay with gillnetters about 1952



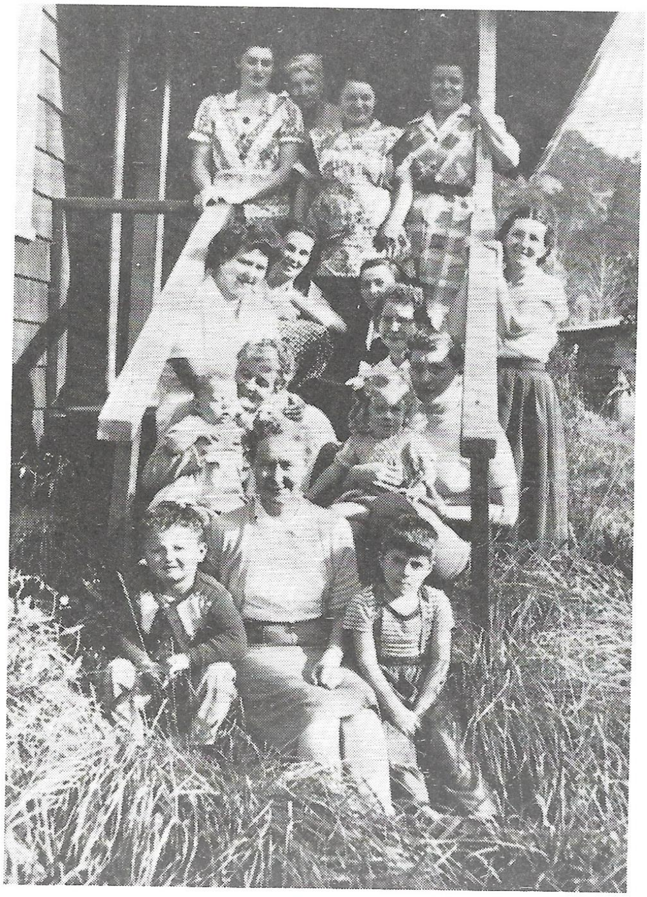
Smokehouse Bay

Klara Welsh, Laura Conn, Eva (Tucker) Lowry



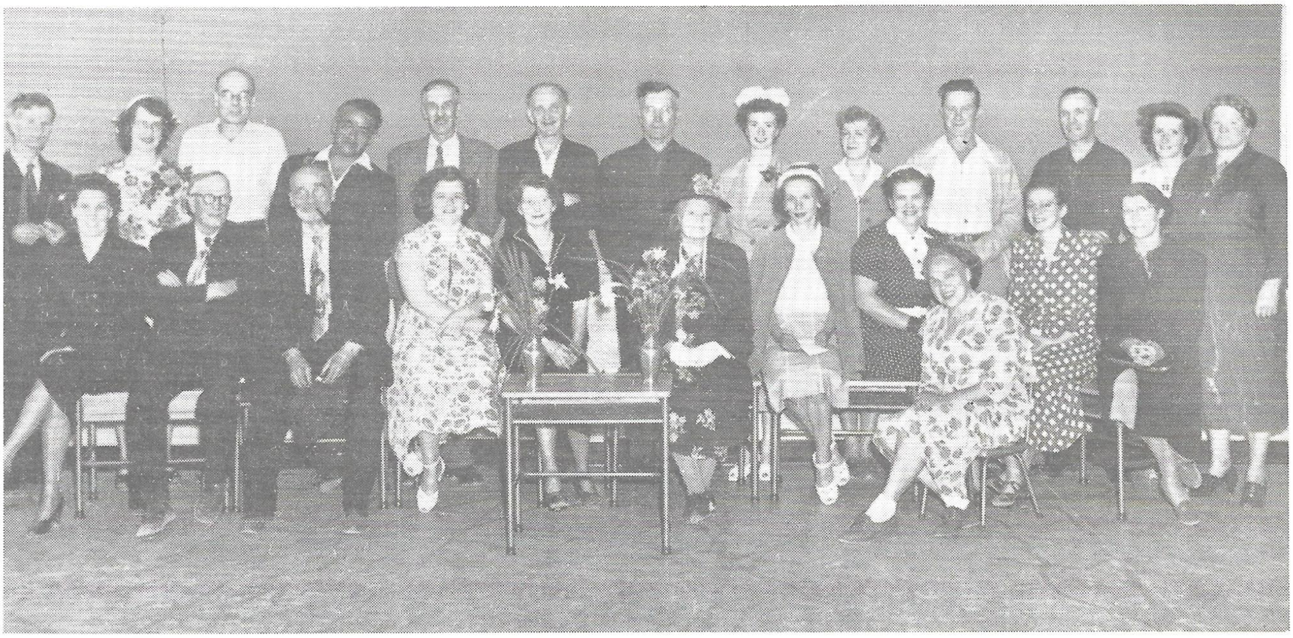
The Church of the Good Shepherd
False Bay 1952

Paula Pearson
Marjorie Wilkins



Some members of the Golden Rule Club about 1954
Front: ?, Mary Bennett, David Bennett
Next behind: Laura Conn holding child, Marion Cook holding Donna Livingstone.
Behind: Vera Cook, Ruby Nichols, Mrs. Lemann, Florrie Nichols, Author.
Back row: ?, Harriet Copley, Nellie Bearcroft, Evalyn Livingstone.

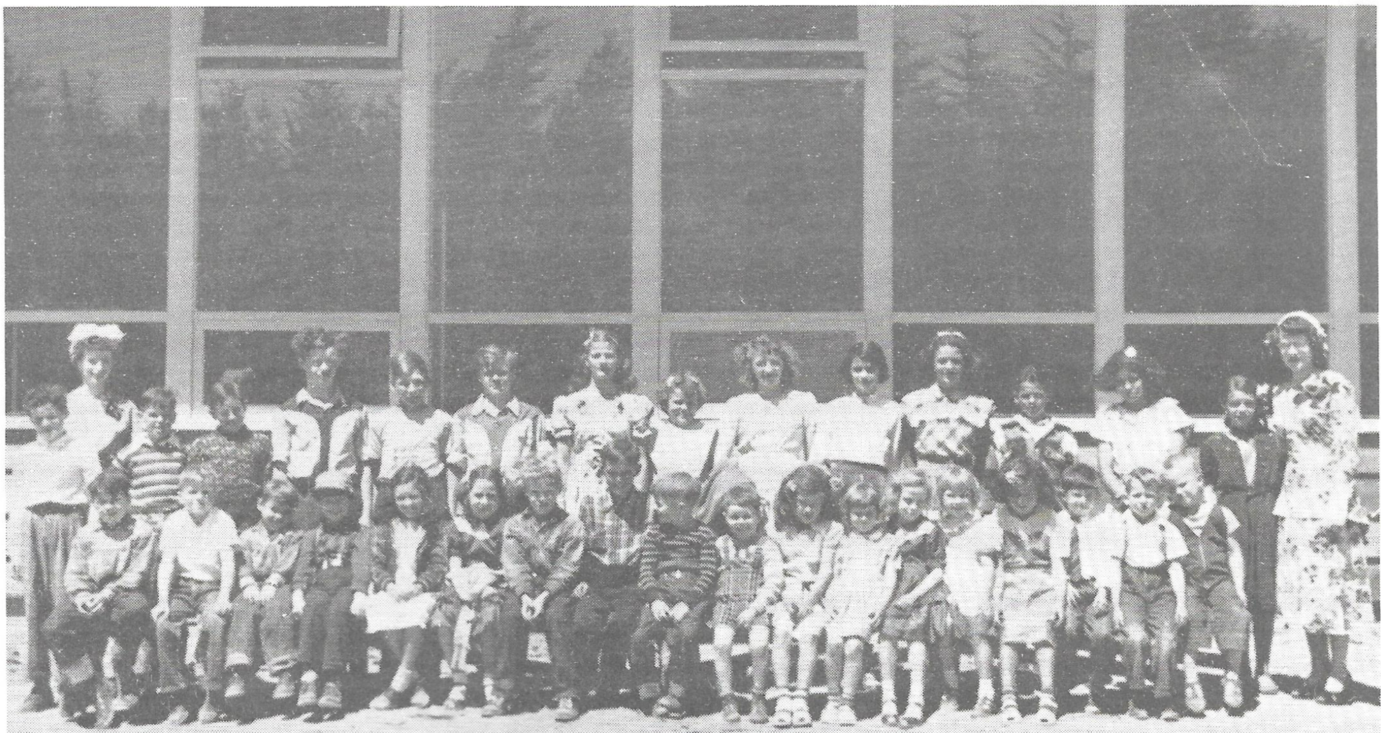
George and Emma Douglas in their garden.
About 1950



At the official opening of the Charles Williams School

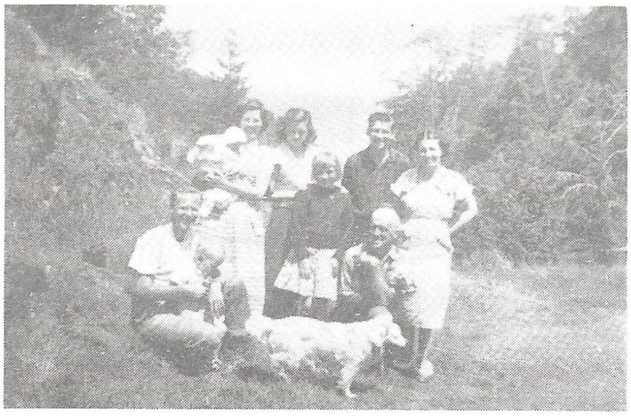
Front: Ruby Nichols, Charles Williams, George Douglas, Evalyn Livingstone, Florrie Nichols, Mable Kurtzhals Amelia Aivisoff, Betty Darwin, Louise Cook, Lucile Johnson, Fern Moody.

Back: T. A. Millicheap, Doris Harden, Alec Laing, Georgie Douglas, Bill Richardson, Albert Weldon, Carl Nichols, Patricia Laing, Clare Laing, Fred Livingstone, Bill Moody, Author and Jessie Richardson.



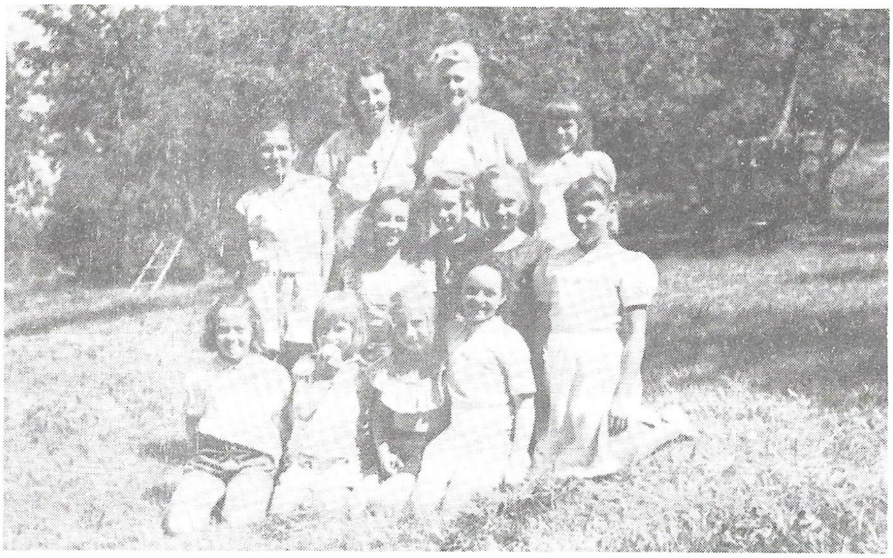
Front row: Don Kelly, George Laing, Glen Kelly, Edward Richardson, Bonny Kelly, Donalda Tortorelli, Wallace Luchi, Murray Carter, Alan Beck, Terry Beck, Evalyn Douglas, Helen Livingstone, Linda Olson?, Stephanie Mason, Irene Douglas, Ken Flager, Terry Laing, Karl Darwin.

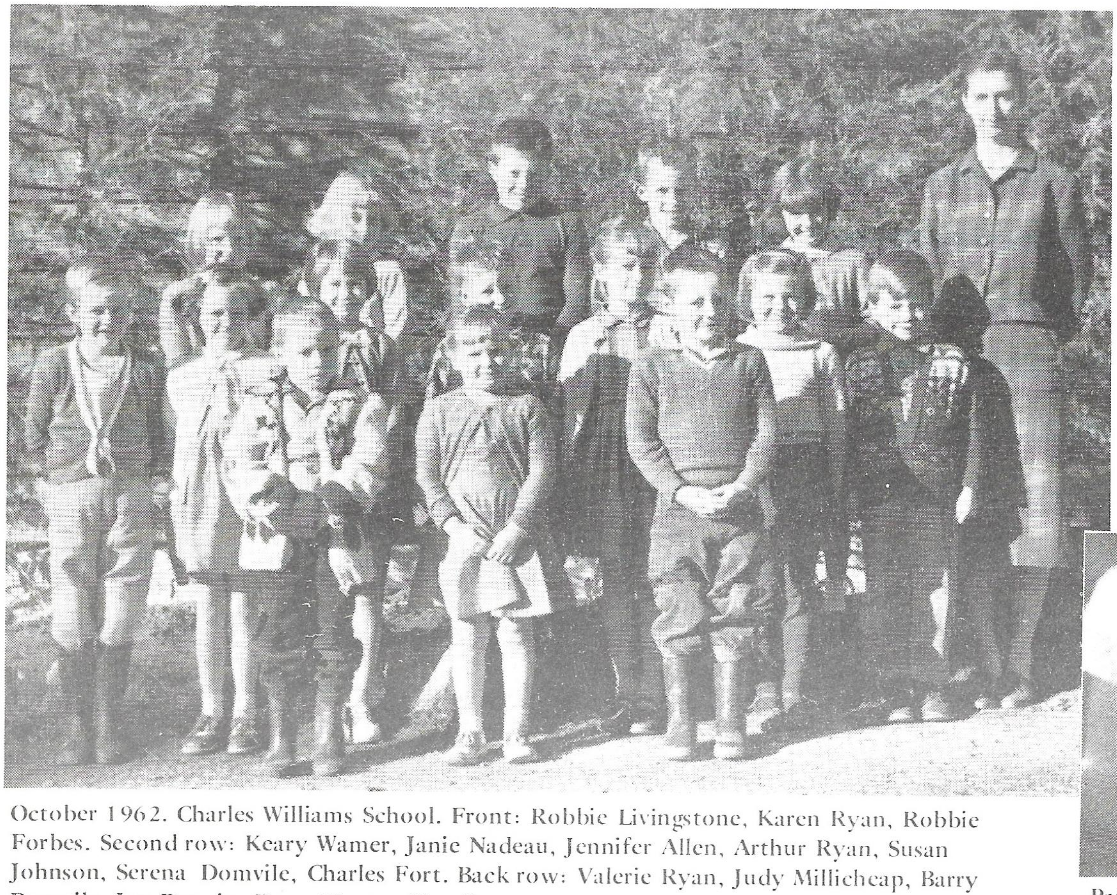
Back row: Leornard Tortorelli, Patricia Campbell, Tom Laing, David Richardson, Skip Moody, Marvin Mason, Gary Moody, ? Alexander, Nikki Darwin, Marilyn Fischbacher, ?, Dorothea Douglas, Alexander, Doreen Douglas, Gloria Moody, Doris Harden.



At Scotty Bay. Front row: Dick Smith holding Kevin, Laurie Mason. Standing: Eileen Smith Holding Peter, Lois, Stephanie, Marvin, Elda Mason.

About 1954. First row: Joan Lorenz, Stephanie Mason, Jill Arnold and Alice Lorenz.
Kneeling: - Lorenz, Judy Evans, Carol Arnold, Gail Skolas.
Standing: Lois Mason, Author, Minnie Arnold, Donna Skolas.





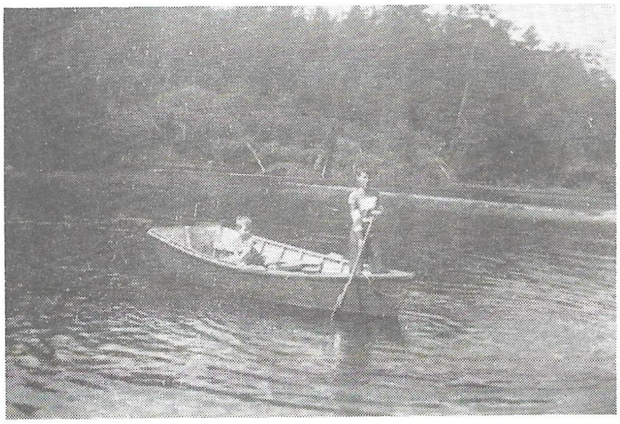
October 1962. Charles Williams School. Front: Robbie Livingstone, Karen Ryan, Robbie Forbes. Second row: Keary Wamer, Janie Nadeau, Jennifer Allen, Arthur Ryan, Susan Johnson, Serena Domvile, Charles Fort. Back row: Valerie Ryan, Judy Millicheap, Barry Domvile, Jan Darwin, Rene Wamer, Mrs. Dom.

Pat Forbes.
Pat (Christie) Forbes.

LASQUETI ISLE in Scotty Bay

Charles Williams School Pupils 1959
Front row: Rene Wamer, Donna Livingstone, Irene Ryan, Jan Darwin, Barry Domvile, Linda Johnson, Bill Forbes, Sydney Ryan.
Back row: Linda Ryan, Sharon Nadeau, Kelly Blackwood, Bob Holland, Keary Wamer, Jean Forbes, Theresa Ryan.

A big spring salmon caught by Marvin and Byron Mason 1953



Don and Bob Williams. Tucker Bay

LASQUETI GAMBLER on the ways

Ted Mason 1960

APPENDIX 1

PLACE NAMES - LASQUETI ISLAND

Mount Trematon — Named by Captain Richards, H.M.S. Plumper, in 1860 after Trematon Castle on the Tamar, from the resemblance of a nob on the summit of the mountain, rising in the centre of the island, to that castle, which is situated in the county of Cornwall and is of great antiquity, doubtless of Saxon origin. A modern house, within the wall surrounding the ruins of the castle was the home of the Tucker family for many years. At the time the mountain was named, the house was the home of Rear Admiral John Jervis Tucker, and he died in it in 1886. Hence the association in the neighborhood (comparatively under the shadow of Trematon mountain) of Tucker Bay, Jedidiah Island and Jervis Island.

Tucker Bay after Benjamin Tucker

Jervis Island after rear Admiral John Jervis Tucker

Jedidiah Island after Jedidiah Stephens Tucker

Sangster Island after Captain James Sangster, of the Hudson's Bay Company's service.

Sabine Channel after Major General Edward Sabine, R.A.

Bull Passage after John Augustus Bull, R.N. Master H.M.S. Plumper and senior assistant surveyor under Captain Richards.

Bull Island (probably of same origin , author's note)

References for the above: British Columbia Coast Names, by Captain John T. Walbran (1971 edition)

False Bay; Sisters; Jenkins Island These names were adopted from Admiralty Chart 576 which was based on surveys by Captain G.H. Richards, R.N. in 1860.

Finnerty Islands; Fegan Islets (i) – Named to honour Captain Finnerty Fegan, Royal Navy, of the Armed Merchant Cruiser, Jervis Bay which was sunk by the German Warship Scharnhorst in the North Atlantic whilst protecting a convoy. He was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. 1948.

Boho Island BoHo Bay no known record of origin. The name first appeared in a surveyors notebook in 1919. (This name was used by the local people from an early date and was pronounced 'boo hoo' - author's note)

Reference for the above: R.W. Sandilands, Marine Sciences Branch, Victoria.

Paul Island named for Paul Lambert

Lindberg Island named by Paul Lambert in honor of Charles Lindberg

Jelina Island (often called Ada Island, also Williams Island for Percy Williams who bought it in 1910. He was a mining man. According to a note in the Toponymy Section of the Surveys and Mapping Branch, Land Service, Parliament Bldgs., Victoria, the present name is for the wife of Paul Lambert. Her name was Velina, and the mistaken spelling of Jelina has somehow taken place. Author's note)

Scotty Bay said by Bob Conn to be named for an earlier Scottish preempter.

Marshall's Beach said to be named for the Marshall Brothers who owned property on the West end of the Island.

Weshe's Lake after an early settler. Also known as Lambert's Lake when Paul Lambert lived on that property.

Lennie's Lagoon for the Lennie family who owned the property surrounding it.

Mount Yellow named by the Copley family for its masses of yellow buttercups and yellow moss. Also about the same time members of the Kurtzhals and Mason families in a boat off shore were struck by the yellow appearance of the mountain and called it by that name. This coincidence was not known until comparing notes years later, each group claimed credit for the name.

Sunset View explained in the text.

Orchard Bay named for the orchard planted there by H.H. Higgins

Higgin's Point after the same H.H. Higgins who had a house there the beginning of the century.

Richardson's Bay said to be named for the Richardson family. Tom Richardson was an early sheepherder.

Graveyard Bay for the little grave of one of the Richardson children.

Poor Man's Rock known by that name for many years as a place where a poor man might catch fish. It was called by that name much before the publishing of the book of that name by Bertrand Sinclair.

Rouse (Rous) Bay named for Bill Rous an early settler.

Powder Flask Cove (Copley Bay on a few maps) called by the former name because a powder flask was found there by George Douglas' father, Captain Douglas; called by the latter name after the Fred Copley family, who found a partly disintegrated skull and a few other relics near the beach.

Windy Bay called for the exposure to the South East Gales. Probably first so named by Fred Copley when he logged there.

Weldon's shore in early days Weldon's was the only house visible along that shore.

McKinnells Lagoon named for the McKinnell family who owned the land surrounding it.

Soapy Smith's Lake see text.

(i). These islands were known locally as the Flat Tops and Bare Rocks.

Anderson's Bay for the Peter Anderson family. Also marked Lasqueti on some early maps because Post Office was there for a short time.

Ogden Lake for an early settler, Dick Ogden. Also known locally as Millicheap's Lake.

Boat Cove was called Long Bay on some early maps but later this name more often referred to Curran's Bay which was named after the Curran family.

Peterson's Lake for an early settler. Often shortened to Pete's Lake and the hill on the main road to Pete's hill.

The Cattle Swamp a natural open grazing area.

Higgin's Island was originally known as Dan Peg's for an early settler.

Squitty Bay thought to be a contraction of Lasqueti.

Lasqueti see text.

Sea Egg Rocks in early times these rocks were often referred to as California Rocks. It was said that a boat by that name had been wrecked there and that cattle from the wreck had swum ashore from it.

Heemis' Swamp - for an early settler.

APPENDIX 2

NATIVE PEOPLE

A.G. Tranfield Jr. gives this personal knowledge of the coast Indians. He had traded with them in the early days and conversed with them in their native dialects. With a natural gift for languages he had learned Chinook, which he claimed had first been used by the natives as a sort of lingua franca before the advent of the white man. It was adopted by the Hudson Bay Company who added French words and words of pidgin English, thus corrupting it. The animal words were of Salish origin, and this common language had at first contained only about two-hundred words.

Mr. Tranfield said that there was once a potlatch house on Lasqueti. It had been owned by the Pentlatch Indians, a very old band. These people suffered the ravages of smallpox and measles which eventually caused their extinction. He had seen a last group of them in a canoe, often called a 'foxnose' because of the pointed prow and made of one log, before the turn of the century. In soft musical Salish he demonstrated how they had greeted one-another; how they effected the trade of flour for salmon.

He was away from the coast for a time. When he returned he inquired about these people and was told they were all gone. Their woolly dogs were extinct, their potlatches outlawed. He regretted this last as he felt that the potlatches had many advantages. If a native had given a gift during a potlatch he was forever entitled to protection from the receiver. Thus in old age he could expect food and protection. The loss of this custom caused hunger and privation to the old people, many of whom died of starvation.

APPENDIX 3

EARLY LAND SURVEYS ON LASQUETI ISLAND

The original Land Surveyor of Lasqueti Island was J.O. W. Carey, whose name, though not used on Lasqueti is seen as a place on Vancouver Island.

He commenced his survey of Lasqueti August 14, 1875 and had completed this task by November 4, 1875 which was duly witnessed by Justice of the Peace, Elliott.

Commencing at the high water mark between sections 2 and 3, where he erected a cairn, he covered the whole island, placing a post at each section and quarter section.

His map which is executed on waxed linen shows hills, lakes, brooks and springs; also stands of timber etc. The careful outline of the shoreline, leads one to assume that he worked from or had access to a boat of some sort.

In his report to the Hon. Robert Beaven, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works of B.C., he gives his opinion that the Island is most suitable for sheep raising, and could support 10,000 sheep.

He records that there were only two settlers on the Island at that time; Captain Pearse who had a dwelling house and offices, 200 sheep and 6 horned cattle and Albion Tranfield who had a small cabin, sheepshed and corral with about 200 sheep.

Interestingly enough, in addition to Captain Pearse's house and Albion Tranfield's pre-emptions, this map shows H.H. Higgins' pre-emption on Section 30, Prouse on section 9 and J.C. Hickson on Section 4.

The above information is available at the Legal Surveys Department, Victoria.

In 1919, Stuart Stanley McDiarmid, B.C.L.S. resurveyed many of the lines on Lasqueti, especially those pertaining to the Government Roads. He made surveys of Ogden Lake (Millicheap) and the end of Curran's Bay.

In 1921, Hubert Mervyn Tulston Hodgson, B.C.L.S. further resurveyed many section lines and a large portion of the shore line around Sections 31, 32, 24, 26 etc.

Information from the Surveys and Mapping Branch, Victoria.

In the late summer of 1930, Harry McQuillan of Courtenay (M.P. for Comox-Alberni, 1958-62) was employed by the B.C. Dept. of Public Works in establishing the location of the then existing roads on Lasqueti and acquiring right of way.

Information: Letter from Mr. McQuillan, Jan. 21, 1975.

APPENDIX 4

Other early pre-emptors before 1890 include:
Corporal Richard Prouse of the Royal Marines, whose pre-emption on the NW ¼ of Section 9 is shown on the old map. Never-the-less the pre-emptors record in Wrigley's directory of 1939, (letter from Lands Branch, 1973) gives Prouse's pre-emption as NW ¼ of Section 27 Pre. in 1879 C.G. in 1884 and NW ¼ of Section 31 Pre. in 1884 C.G. in 1889.
These pieces of land would have included Orchard Bay and Peterson's Lake, unnamed at that time. It is said that during his stay on Lasqueti, Prouse prospected for gold. (See Parksville Qualicum Beach Progress, December 6, 1972).

John Heath NE ¼ Section 3 Pre. 1882 C.G. 1890
James William Creighton SE ¼ Section 34 Pre. 1883 C.G. 1890
George Stubbins Lot 42 Jedidiah Island

A list from 1890 to 1894 includes:

John T. Williams Lot 43 and 44 Jedidiah Island
James Williams NE ¼ Section 33
Alfred Jeffreys SE ¼ Section 29
R.V.F. Marshall SE ¼ Section 30
R.V.F. Marshall NW ¼ Section 30
R.V.F. Marshall NW ¼ Section 31
R.V.F. Marshall NE ¼ Section 34
A. Olson SE ¼ Section 30
Robt. Stubbins NW ¼ Section 3
Robt. Stubbins NE ¼ Section 3
Jas. McRoberts SW ¼ Section 22
Wm. Rous SW ¼ Section 1
Wm. Rous SW ¼ Section 2

The crown grants for these latter run as late as 1904.

APPENDIX 5

On March 18, 1931, under the direction of Roy Oben, the "False Bay Students Literary Club" was formed. The club, with eight members including Velma Klein, Lucretia, Geneva, Elsie, Joseph and Ellen Copley and possibly Jean Oben and Jean Copley functioned until June 1931. These young people collected early Lasqueti history in a journal which is in my possession.

APPENDIX 6

SISTERS LIGHTHOUSE AND FOG-BELL

Canada, Parliament, (House of Commons) Sessional Papers, Vol. IX Session 1899, pg. 61.
"A lighthouse, established on the most easterly and largest of the three rocks forming the Sisters group in the Strait of Georgia, was put in operation December, 1898, replacing the day beacon formerly maintained on the same time.

The lighthouse building consists of a rectangular wooden dwelling-house with a square tower rising above the roof on its north-western corner, surmounted by an octagonal wooden lantern. The height of the building, from the masonry platform on which it stands to the ventilator on the lantern is 36 feet. The masonry foundation and platform are designed both to give good cellar accommodation and to provide a level surface for working around the building. It is in stone and cement throughout.

The light is a fixed white light, elevated 46 feet above high water. The illuminating apparatus is dioptric, of the 7th order.

A bell, hung from a gable on the southeastern corner of the building, is struck by machinery once every 30 seconds as a fog signal.

The building was erected under contract by Mr. Geo. H. Frost, of Nanaimo the lowest bidder, whose price was $3,257.00."

Sessional Paper, 1900, Vol IX. P. 158 Keeper
Higgins, Harry (appointed) October 1, 1899 (salary) $500 (a year)

D.O.T. will build New Lighthouse
(Victoria Times, December 1, 1967, p. 20)
A new light station costing $124,110 is to be built on Sisters Island just off Lasqueti Island in Georgia Strait, —
The new lightstation replaces the existing facilities which are to be demolished during construction of the new station.
Contract - D. Robinson Construction (1952) Ltd. of Nanaimo.
The new tower will be 55 feet high, six feet wide, flaring out to 13 feet at the top. Two 36-inch rotating lights will be visible for 15 miles.

A four bedroom home will be included in the installation and four lightkeepers will be employed working in pairs. They will be transported to the station by helicopter.

The lightstation will be equipped with a marine radio beacon, two 10-kilowatt diesel generators and two sets of foghorns.
(Information: W.E. Ireland, Provincial Librarian and Archivist.)
Author's note: After the 1898 installation there had been changes, thus for many years a fog horn with two blasts at continuous intervals and a rotating light showing two flashes, identified this lighthouse from the other in the vicinity within the Gulf.

APPENDIX 7

THE LASQUETI POST OFFICE

There seems to be some discrepancy in information available from official sources concerning early Post Masters. The following is compiled from these sources and personal knowledge:

	Date of Appointment	Date of Vacancy
J. D. Norrish	1-5-1911	30-9-1912
Pete Anderson	(remembered by old timers, served roughly from this until appointment of:)	
Mrs. A. Weshe	1-10-15	30-9-16
R. Kurtzhals	15- 2-17	23-5-21
Mrs. Addy May Washburn	24- 9-21	18-4-22
William Murray	1- 7-23	30-9-27

The following notations are from: Ken H. Stofer, Public Relations Officer, Victoria, B.C. Post Office, which he quotes from a Mr. Robertson of the Service Requirements Section in the B.C. and Yukon Postal District. Letter 20 June 1973:
(Post Office) Transferred temporarily to Mrs. Ada Washburn (Same person as Addy May Washburn) On Oct. 1, 1927.
Transferred temporarily to Roy Albert Oben on Dec. 21, 1927
Transferred permanently to Roy Albert Oben on Febr. 11, 1928.

Lasqueti Post Office changed sites on December 21, 1927, from Sec. 14 NW ¼ Lasqueti to Parcel "A" of Sec. 31, Lasqueti Island - 4 miles West.

APPENDIX 8

REVEREND GEORGE C.F. PRINGLE

The "quote" from the writings of George C.F. Pringle is from the "Commemorative Review of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in British Columbia" Edited by Rev. E.A. Davis, Published by Joseph Lee, Vancouver, B.C. 1925 and "In Great Waters" by George C.F. Pringle.
Other information is from newspaper clippings in the Archives and from personal acquaintance and memory.

APPENDIX 9

FLEAS

I was much amused many years later to read the following account from Captain George Vancouver's Journal, on examination of a deserted native village, further up the coast:

"Whilst examining these abandoned dwellings, and admiring the rude citadel projected for their defence, our gentlemen were suddenly assailed by an unexpected numerous enemy, whose legions made so furious an attack upon each of their persons, that unable to vanquish their foes or to sustain the conflict, they rushed up to their necks in water. This expedient, however, proved ineffectual; nor was it till after their clothes were boiled, that they were disengaged from an immense hord of fleas, which they had disturbed by examining too minutely, the filthy garments and apparel of the late inhabitants."

In early days, fleas, having no regard for the social status of their host, were a problem on Lasqueti. However, in about the period of the early 40's they seemed to disappear; whether from the common use of linoleum on the floors or as Emma Douglas suggested, the newly introduced pest, the earwig, did away with the flea: author's note.

APPENDIX 10

THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION AND THE FARMER'S INSTITUTE

There is appended in this earliest available record book a list of members, several of whom had left the Island by 1920, thus showing it was written from memory as a historical record. It does not contain the name of H. H. Higgins who was deceased. Captain Molineux was from Texada and H. Hughes from Jedidiah.

P. Anderson
H. Boldthen
A. Brouse
J. Barlow
R. Conn
W.K. Curran
M.J. Copley
W.B.T. Grant
K. M. Grant (Mrs.)
A. Gordon
T. Higgins (Charlie)
R. Kurtzhals
F. (Jack) Mitchell
L. Mason
J.V. Purviance

Capt. Molineux
T. Phillips
J.R. Riddel
H. Siverson
G. Sweet
N.C. Washburn
C. Williams
T. J. Weldon
H. Hughes
D. Norrish
A. Kurtzhals
D. Lenfesty
T. Millicheap
A. Ogden
C. Potter

By examination of lists of members one can see that most of the settlers from time to time belonged to one or both of these organizations.

APPENDIX 11

The last grand challenge cup which is now in the possession of Tom Millicheap was donated by P.R. Crowe-Swords in 1946.

It is inscribed as follows:

G. Douglas 22 points 1946
A.E. Cook 29 points 1947
Mrs. E. Douglas, 22 points 1948
C. Douglas 31 points 1949
Mrs. L. Mason 23 points 1952
T.A. Millicheap 27 points 1953
M.J. Copley 31 points 1954
T.A. Millicheap 20 points 1955

APPENDIX 12

RENEWAL OF THE GOVERNMENT FLOAT AT TUCKER BAY, 1938

The correspondence concerning this Government project is in the possession of Tom Millicheap Lasqueti.

It is worthy of mention that a float had been maintained in Tucker Bay on this site from at least the early twenties: see Farmer's Institute minutes of that period. The float was attached to land by a stationary ramp which led to a movable ramp allowing the float to rise and fall with the tide. Later there was a similar float in Squitty Bay and also one behind and attached to the wharf at False Bay. The two anchored near West Point and in Anderson's Bay in the late 20's were not attached to the shore. These floats were used as landing and anchorage conveniences for fishing boats and other small craft. They were constructed of heavy planks over cedar logs. Renewal was necessary when these logs became waterlogged.

APPENDIX 13

A copy of the report by Mr. Wace is in the possession of Eric Nichols, Lasqueti.

APPENDIX 14

WORLD WAR I

This instant news coverage was in direct contrast to the settlers memories of World War I when papers brought news often weeks old. Archie Douglas and Laurie Mason had served in that war. But of saddest memory was the loss in action of Nancy Phillips' son, happy generous, Jackie, just a short time before the Armistice was signed.

APPENDIX 15

In the early 40's the Golden Rule Club bought a piano which was placed in Tucker Bay School. Such people as Agnes Forbes, Diane Phillips, Tim Davis and "Rickie" Gilchrist often played it for the dances. George Richardson also played his clarinet. With the use of John Richardson's P.A. Sytem run off a car battery, live music became in less favor.

APPENDIX 16

The following is a list of children, not previously mentioned, whose parents spent their first married years during this period on Lasqueti:
Peter and Patricia Forbes: Jean, Bill, Robbie and Patty
Marion and Manfred Cook: Shirley
Treant and Phillis Wamer: Keary, Leonard and Rene
Dick and Eileen Smith: Kevin, Peter, Larry, David.

APPENDIX 17

LIST OF PEOPLE BURIED IN LASQUETI CEMETERY (1972)

Joseph Walter Reid
Joseph George Beatty
Sara E. Beatty
Albert H. Welsh
Klara Welsh
Karl Shumach
Katherine Lewis
Fernand A. Roussel
Fred Diewert
Nellie Elizabeth Bearcroft
Gillespie
Cowley
Rudolph Kurtzhals
Mabel Kurtzhals (wife)
Fisherman?
Fisherman?
Karl Nordland
Henry B. Pearson
Margaret B. Pearson
George Douglas
Emma Douglas (wife)
Beverly Ann Watkins (baby)
?
Albert Ernest Cook
Major William Laurence Pemberton Fisher, M.C.
Francis John Stapylton (Fisher)
Henrietta Judith Maria (Fisher)
Mark Rivet Horatio (Fisher)
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Nichols
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